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BOB STONE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA REPERTORY COMPANY—George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF**; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27, at 8:30, and Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . **Molière's THE MISANTHROPE**, in an adaptation by Richard Wilbur; Previews Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8:30; Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 2 and 8:30; and Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:30. Opening Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 7:30. . . . **T. S. Eliot's THE COCKTAIL PARTY**; Previews Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opening Monday, Oct. 7, at 6:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

THE BOYS IN THE BAND—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE CONCEPT—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE CUBAN THING—A play written and directed by Jack Gelber, with Rip Torn, Jane White, Maria Tucci, Rose Gregorio, Michael Wager, and Harold Scott. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

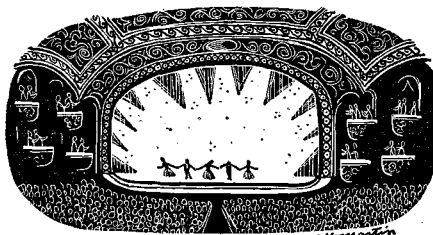
THE FOURTH WALL—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

FUTZ!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE GREAT WHITE HOPE—James Earl Jones in a play by Howard Sackler, directed by Edwin Sherin. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 3. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LIVING THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week repertory of four plays. **FRANKENSTEIN** will be performed through Monday, Oct. 7. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 7:30, and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 3-5, at 8:30.)

LOVERS—Two delightful one-act comedies about young people in love and middle-aged people out of love. Written by Brian Friel and acted to perfection by Art Carney and several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company, directed by Hilton Edwards. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS—Four clumsy sketches that try hard to be funny and fail. The one crumb of comfort is that the cast is splendid. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH—Donald Pleasence in Robert Shaw's play, imported from London. Harold Pinter is the director. Opens Thursday, Sept. 26. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 150 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

AN ORDINARY MAN—A shoddy propaganda play, apparently modelled on old Grade B movies and set sometime in the future when America has become a Fascist state. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PLAYWRIGHTS REPERTORY—Opening performances of the season—Edward Albee's **BOX AND QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG**; Monday, Sept. 30, at 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 1-2, and Saturday, Oct. 5, all at 8:40. . . . **Albee's THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH** and **THE AMERICAN DREAM**; Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 2, and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 3-4, at

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8:40, and Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2:40. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510.)

PLAZA SUITE—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE PRICE—Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Kate Reid, and David Burns carry on a long, sometimes funny but mostly lacerating conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. It is good to have the playwright, Arthur Miller, mixing a few jokes in with his usual grim family flayings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE—Zoe Caldwell in a marvellous comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TOM PAINE—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

WOMAN IS MY IDEA—A comedy by Don Liljenquist, with John Heffernan and Hugh Marlowe at the head of a cast directed by the author. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

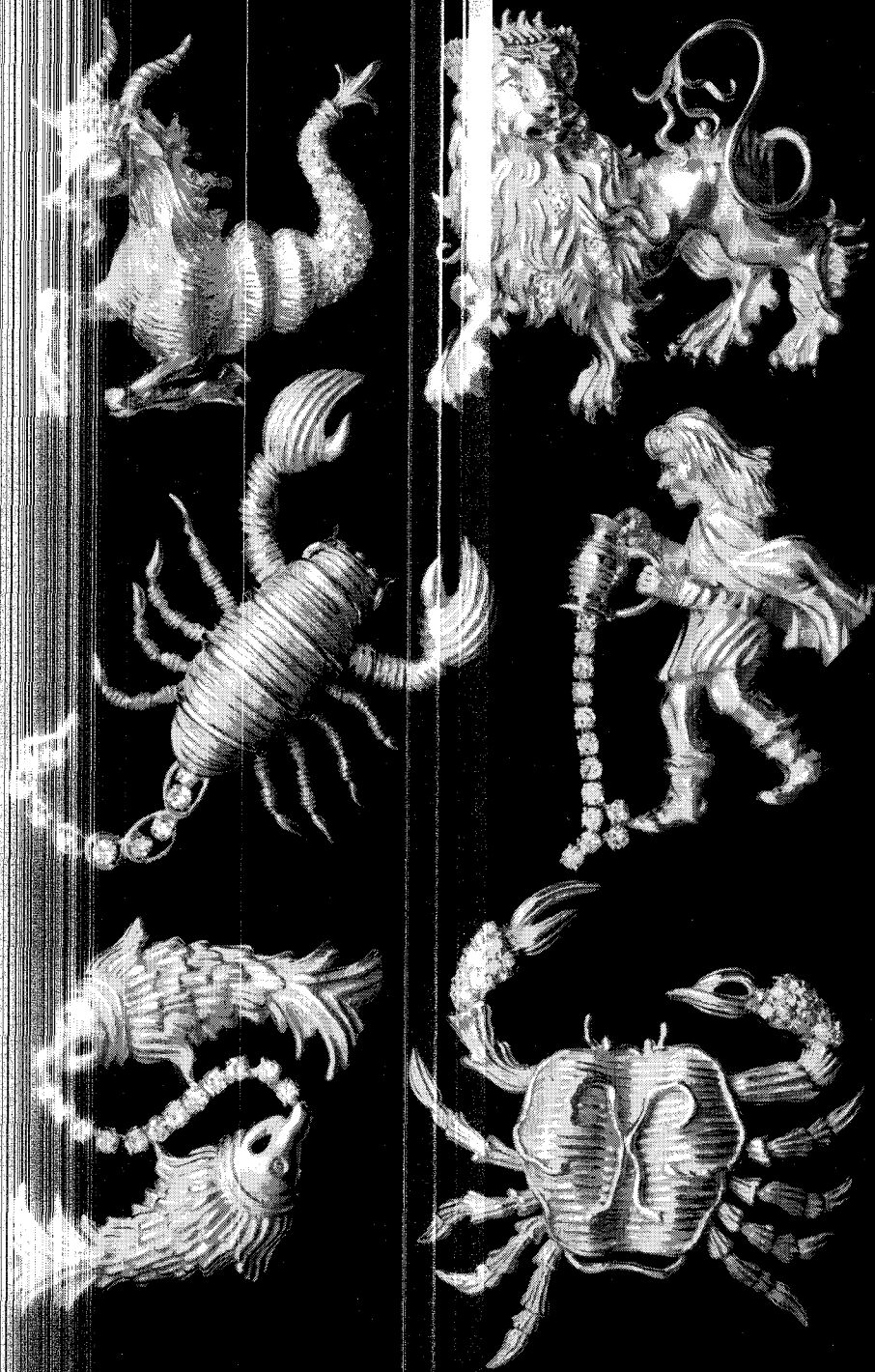
LONG RUNS—**CACTUS FLOWER**: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton are among those present. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD**: Tom Stoppard's account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on R. & G. instead of on Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SCUBA DUBA**: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING**: A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

THE BELIEVERS—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays

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through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

NOËL COWARD'S SWEET POTATO—A revue devised by Roderick Cook from songs, sketches, and excerpts from plays and other works written by Mr. Coward over the past fifty years. The cast includes George Grizzard, Dorothy Loudon, Carole Shelley, and Arthur Mitchell. Previews through Saturday, Sept. 28. Opens officially on Sunday, Sept. 29. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GEORGE M!—A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GOLDEN RAINBOW—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas—a preposterous subject, redeemed in part by many bouncy girls and fancy stage effects. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAIR—Lots of clutter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE HAPPY TIME—A labored, not very tuneful telling of the old tale about how difficult it is to return to the scenes of one's childhood. Robert Goulet and David Wayne perform gallantly against crushing odds. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 28.)

WALK DOWN MAH STREET!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

YOUR OWN THING—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—CABARET: Germany just before the Nazis took control. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE**: A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: All bus passengers transfer at Babylon. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!**: Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME**: A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Janis Paige is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA**

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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29	30	1	2	3	4	5

MANCHA: Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN**: Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "Astarte."... Friday, Sept. 27, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "The Lesson" (company premiere), and "Astarte."... Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2:30: "Pas de Dix," "Night-wings," and "Cakewalk."... Sunday, Sept. 28, at 8:30: "Distractions," "The Clowns," and "Astarte."... Sunday, Sept. 29, at 2:30: "Distractions," "Pas de Trois," and "The Clowns."... Sunday, Sept. 29, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix," "The Lesson," and "A Light Fantastic."... Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Fanfarita" (premiere), and "Astarte."... Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "The Lesson," and "Cakewalk."... Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Incubus," and "Astarte."... Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Opus 65," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns."... Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2:30: "Distractions," "Fanfarita," and "The Green Table."... Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "The Lesson," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Oct. 20.)

MISCELLANY

MARLENE DIETRICH—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. A six-week return engagement that starts Thursday, Oct. 3, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the Critters, along with folk singers Erick and Earl, are onstage. On Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 2-3, folk singer Jerry Jeff Walker and funnyman David Steinberg will join the show as part of a benefit for Biafran children. Starting Friday, Oct. 4, Janis Ian, with three L.P.s behind her, will be making her first appearance in a New York club. Singer Andy Robinson will also be making his first appearance here. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.



CAFÉ AU GO GO, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, *echt*. Rhinoceros, a new rock group, is playing its first New York gig, and the word is that the group is worth hearing. On Friday, Sept. 27, Tim Hardin, back from an English tour, will bring to the show a voice and a bluesy folk sensibility that make him one of the most unusual singers and composers around. The drinks center on coffee. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (689-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The bandstand is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor. The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet provides the music, and some Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Freddie Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top-Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

THE SCENE, 301 W. 46th St. (JU 2-5760)—Downstairs and unimposing; notable for its entertainment, which currently involves the Sunshine Company (through Sunday, Sept. 29). From Monday, Sept. 30, through Thursday, Oct. 3, Ten Years After, a British group, will be there. Around two-thirty in the morning, visiting artists often turn up for jam sessions. Dancing is encouraged.

SLUGS, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Keep walking—you'll get there eventually. It's a dark and elemental hole whose clientele knows pretty much where it's at. Yusef Lateef's quartet is playing nightly. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, the Pharoah Sanders quintet will take over. On Saturday, Sept. 28, from five to nine, the Noah Howard quintet will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, Sept. 29, from five to nine, Weldon Irvine's big band will do the same. Monday, Sept. 30, from nine to three, will be turned over to singer Ozzie Waite.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the Junior Mance trio. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, Marian McPartland, who is still as fluid, as expressive, and as gracefully controlled a jazz pianist as exists, will come in with her trio. On Mondays, the name performers are off, and new talent is auditioned. ... Downstairs: through Sunday, Sept. 29, a potpourri that includes Herbie Mann's twenty-piece band, the Roy Ayers sextet, the Soul Flutes, the Steve Marcus quintet, and comic David Steinberg.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. Its present occupant is the Thelonious Monk quartet. On Sunday, Sept. 29, Chuck Israels' sixteen-piece band will play. Monday, Sept. 30, is reserved for the loud and sometimes experimental sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, a trio led by guitarist Larry Coryell will take over. Starting Wednesday, Oct. 2, at eight-thirty, performances by the DMZ, a political revue, will precede the music, which begins at about ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu, and sawdust is on the



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floor. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. When the musicians take a break, you can go to the jukebox and play "Down in the Boondocks."

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, the fun runs from four-thirty to closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to rampant live rock from time to time. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the customers groove on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. Live groups alternate with records over a potent system. The Apple Pie Motherhood Band plays through Sunday, Sept. 29, after which another band will come in. Alcohol is out.

FRAMMIS, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (355-7160)—Kind of a cool place. Dancers swing expertly on the parquet floor, and the records stay up. Recorded music from nine to three or four through the week and from eight on Fridays. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Closed Mondays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

SALVATION, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—It's steep getting in, and it may be even steeper getting out. You descend to the lower depths, where the stylishly dressed—hoping to be seen by others stylishly dressed—cavort to records played over a sound system whose components may include some old flash cubes. Things run from ten until closing except on Fridays and Saturdays, when things start at eight-thirty. No one is saved.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, the Ronnie David quartet plays for listening. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement, to records, from seven to three or four. It sounds contrived, but it works.

WHEELS, 1501 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. Live-rock groups alternate with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
				26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5

Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Here every bracket is upper, and up, too, is the music of the spheres—the social ones, of course—that goes on every single night in the Café Pierre. It comes from Johnny Mince's band Mondays and Tuesdays, from Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **EL MOROCCO**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): It no longer looks like the Morocco of other years, and no longer sounds like it, because Peter Duchin's live-for-the-day band chortles in one corner and a discus thrower tosses his wares upon a turntable between sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The restaurant is paved with good intentions, such as a take-your-time menu, a workable expanse of parquet, and the resolute beat of the little band run by Ernie Warren, who has spent a night-lifetime at this sort of music. Eight to one in mid-week, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Well, what'll-we-do next is the ruling spirit now, but one can be sure that there will be dance music of some sort from six until one-thirty and that Fran Warren, invisible whereabouts for ever so long, will sing a couple of rounds a night. Clyde McCoy, not at all a myth of antiquity, and his band come on live to do by far the best of the dance music. One-thirty is the limit, and there is no sound Sunday nights. . . . **ROSE-LAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Old Colonial artifacts like the foxtrot and the two-step have been in the family so long that someone has set up a big, comfortable *musée* for them and their practitioners. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, the Jimmy Dorsey band, now in the tow of Lee Castle, moves in for a while. Together with Argüeso's Latin crew, et al., they will be on view every night but Monday: Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at 3:30 p.m., Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary laws are thinning indeed. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Summer camp for adults, and without camp counselors, so it is possible, on the outdoor terrace, for diners who dance to improvise their own special athletics. The music starts at seven-thirty every night, and runs on until after midnight.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The den of the talkative Joan Rivers. The world is her oyster, and not a par-

ticularly good one, to hear her tell it—bravely, brightly, and brusquely. Ten and twelve are her witching hours during the week, but she strikes thrice Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

EL AYRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Fear not the Greeks bearing guitars, the Armenians bearing ouds, the Israelis bearing banter, for they make common cause in this new republic on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. The principals are Yoel Sharr, joker; Tasso Mavris, guitarist; George Mgrdichian, oudist; and Jasmine, a dancer who throws her *ventre* to the four *vents* with great grace and facility. One may dine as the Israelis do. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay" is the name of the small boy-and-girl revue that takes place twice a night, except on Sunday. The cast exhibits unflagging zeal and uncertain technique; as for the skits, some are original thought and some are the sincerest form of flattery. Ronny Graham has, though, been called in as consultant, and the patient is therefore expected to recover.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

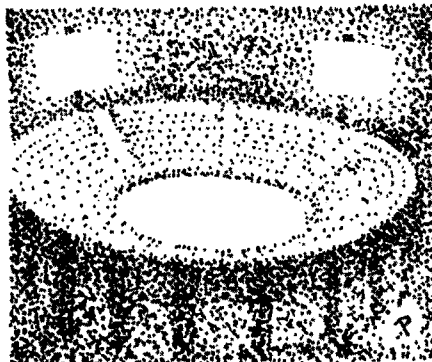
AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Patti Page comes onstage in the Royal Box with a whoop and a holler, for she was bred on mountain dew, but that does not mean that any of her songs are out of line, because she's the sort of performer who lays everything neatly *on* the line. Dinner and supper are her moments; the estimable orchestra of Lee Evans is much more frequent. Closed Sundays.

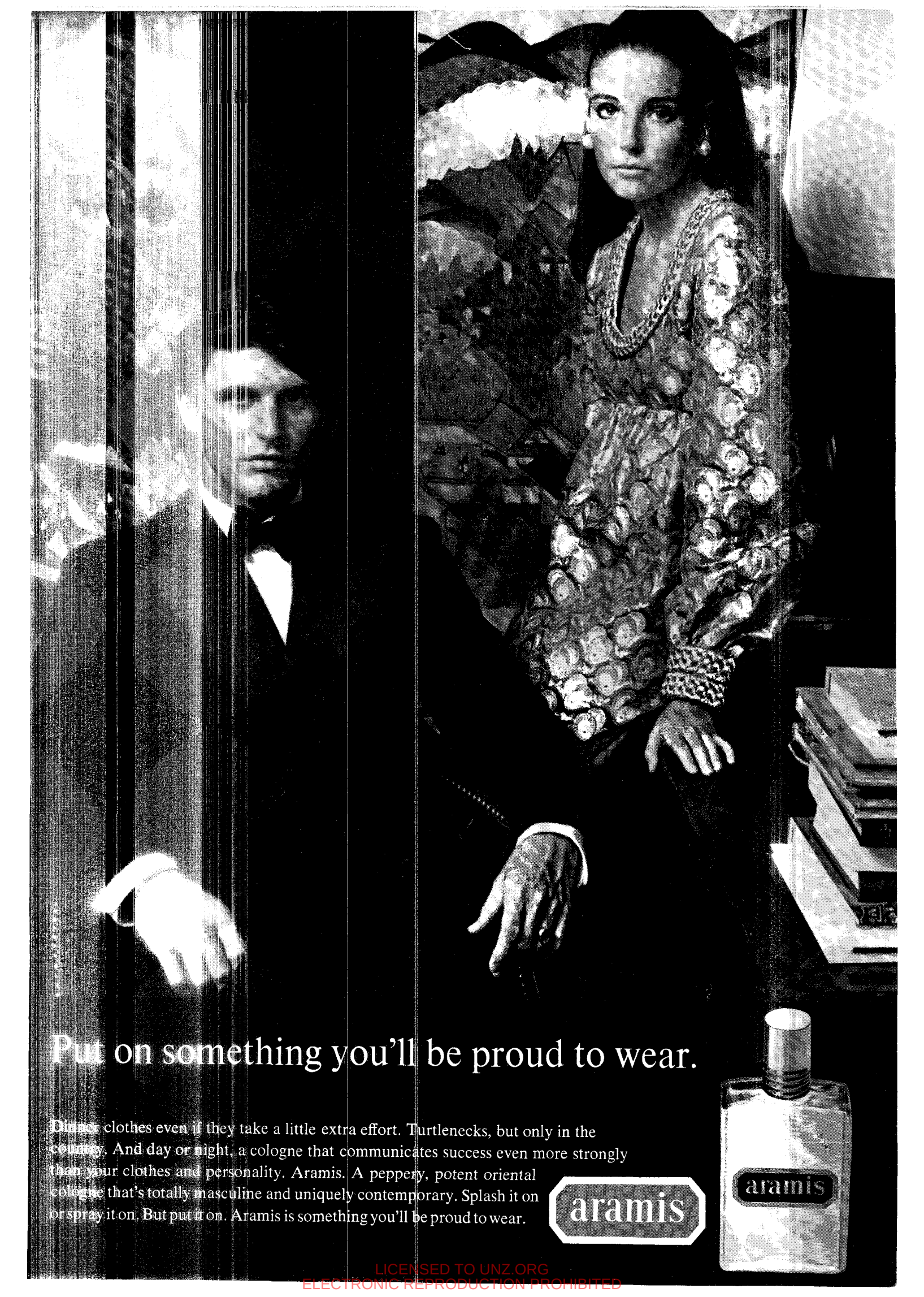
CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The Spanish mainspring here is Los Chavales de España, so romantic in song and story and instrumentation that it would be to die if they ever thought to take the thing at all seriously. The players' stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Heigh-ho, if love were all, Peggy Lee's sonatas would make her queen of the May. And even under prevailing circumstances, she is at least queen of the night seven days a week. . . . The street-level lounge undulates; after ten o'clock, to the slinky sight-and-sound you'd find in one of the more acceptable Vegas lounges.

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—It can run, this great big show, to amateur theatricals, but then someone remembers to bring on the girls to save the—er, night. Among the other saviors are the dance team of Szony and Claire and the antics of Sherry Britton, who does the old burlesque tease. Twice an evening, right up to Doomsday. On Wednesday, Oct. 2, Ricky Nelson (tenor sprig of Ozzie and Harriet) will replace Miss Britton.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lainie Kazan, a soprano for whom the word is sometimes "predictable," holds court in the fine old Persian Room throughout dinner and supper; the orchestras of Burt Farber and of Mark Monte make the autumn evenings seem longer and more cheerful. On Tuesday, Oct. 1, Miss K. finishes up. Next evening brings on Abbe Lane, one of the seven architectural wonders of the modern world. She sings at tent that night, at dinner and supper thereafter. All quiet on Sundays. . . . In **PLAZA 9**—AND ALL THAT JAZZ, Lionel Hampton and his band run the gamut in ten seconds flat—possibly an Olympics record. Rather less urgent is the threesome headed by Mousie Alexander, and dancing takes place while he is at work. Annette Sanders, who can sing in the Hampton-Alexander sort of cadence, is present, too. Starter's gun at eight-thirty; closed Mondays; sandwiches and such. . . . A piano-forte-and-fiddle crew commences its career in the Palm Court, from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and then moves on to the Edwardian Room (except Sundays). And the Palm Court, ever a thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when, at eight, violin and piano lightly turn their thoughts to Vienna. Except on Sunday and Monday nights, the violin is the posses-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sion of Gunnar Hansen, the majordomo. Someone else fills in on Mondays, and no one shows up on Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On this mountaintop, the newest preserve of the Audubon Societies, the American songbird now thrives and sometimes—as in the instance of Sarah Vaughan, the present incumbent—jives. She cuts loose twice, during dinner and supper; Phil Wayne's band is there practically all the time until two. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A fairly reasonable précis of Paris is the burden of a lot of the songs Patashou brings across the ocean every year, but this woman of the world is not unacquainted with the crop we grow over here. She appears at the dinner and supper hours in the Maisonette. George Cort and Quintero run the two orchestras that boom away the rest of the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **Tranquillity and rectitude** are the attributes of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

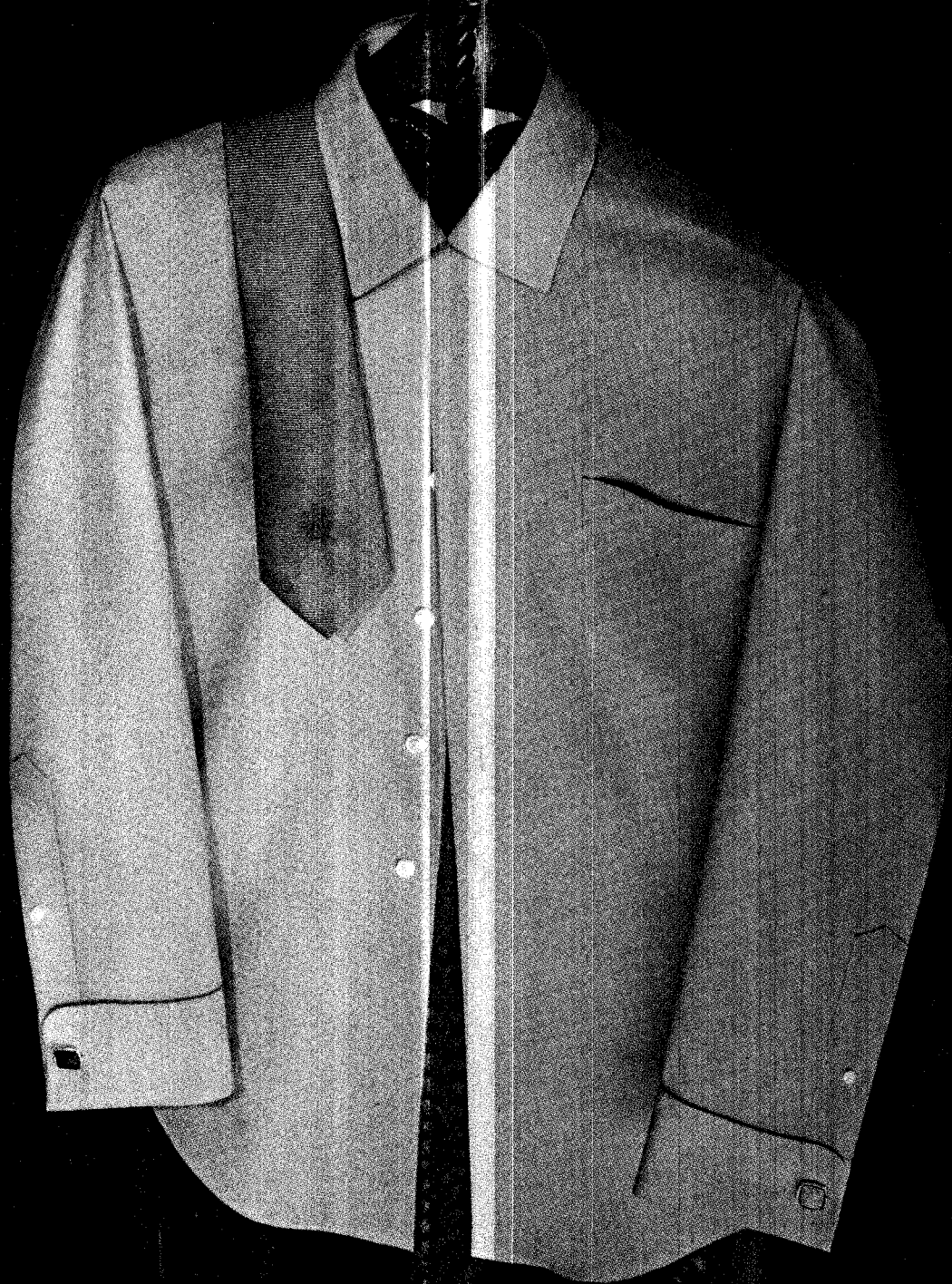
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 40th St. (EL 5-3000): In the Empire Room, Shirley Bassey, that volatile London oriole, is on the throne during dinner and supper, and she is surrounded by the dance music, seven-thirty until two, of Charles Turecamo's orchestra and the Young Savages, whose rock can be as hard as their roll. On Friday, Oct. 4, Miss Bassey will be succeeded by Tony Bennett, man of the people, hail-fellow-well-met, and just about the leader of the league of casual singers whose style is distinctly non-Met. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Peacock Alley**, a rather industrious trio issues dance tunes from eight until one, and dinner and supper is on the hob. This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week; a piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The uptown branch of Louis Golson Hawkins' general store in Fort Deposit, Alabama. Southern comfort and Northern gossip are dispensed, along with piano that goes four-hand and furious around about midnight. Mr. H.'s aide in comforting and pianoing is, naturally, Wayne Sanders. Seven until four, if the shoppers are willing. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Treasure Island as it is today, without pirates but still with a bottle of rum and some yo-ho-ho, this last accomplished by one or another perambulatory West Indian singer. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): There are times when it does seem, as one casts an eye about the happy premises, that the don't-trust-anyone-over-eighteen regiment is communing only with itself and the modish, modernist music of Chuck Wayne's triad, which is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is hardly for everyone, but the fact is that Charles De Forest's songs and piano cheer this den of propinquity, where he carries on to a late hour every evening but Sunday. There are other players, too, none of whom need be entered in a memory book. . . . **GRENA-DIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The décor and the diet have overtones of London, but the loudest, and merriest, overtones are in the sturdy voice of Lynn Richards, who is at her piano in the bar from nine until two, though never on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Lautrec may have designed Rita Dimitri, the franglaise soubrette à la grecque who sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too,

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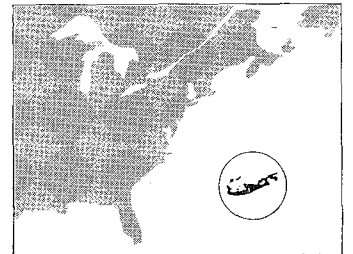
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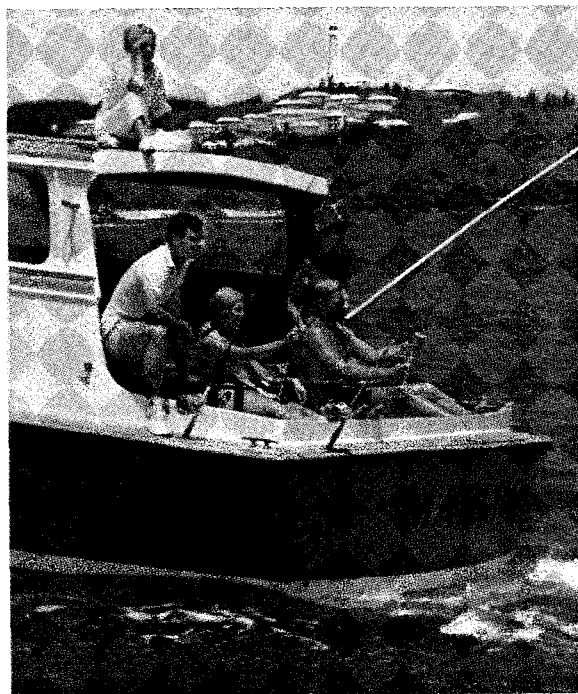


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quite subdued, from eight o'clock on in her salon. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Not so much New York East as it is Europe East; that is, it could almost be mistaken for the pavilion of, say, the Royal Hotel in Budapest. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band is thoroughly Hungarian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti, yes, implies the sort of menu and wine card, but La Scala at audition time is the attitude of the irrepressible waiters. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): There is (spiritually, at least) a welcome mat on the drawbridge, which is always down. Beyond the portcullis, the violin of Norbert Faconi, as well as nourishment, awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A retrospective show of New York in its Edith Wharton days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to midnight, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 40th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Music quite literally in the round. The chair of applied piano is occupied by a professor—Ray Hartley is the name—from an institution of quite high learning. He works out from five-thirty until one, though never on Sunday or Monday. . . . **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Parking in this Roman plaza is restricted to the dining tables; the sheet is thus kept clear for Herman Honigsberg and his perambulatory rout of musicians to circumnavigate. Closed Sundays. . . . **SALUS SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Is this upstairs suite Ottoman Empire, a hanging garden of Babylon, or just plain Camp (both High and Kill Kare)? The piano music in one room is American for sure, though. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Yes, Milord; yes, Milady. George Feyer, who sociably lets his notes fall where they may, is at the piano from nine-thirty until half past one. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): All the Talbot Brothers, from Alpha to Omega Talbot, prattle and chant from five to nine Sundays and from six to ten Mondays exactly as they have done ever since they invented Bermuda. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): In the open-air sunken living room, and under one of the many garden-party umbrellas, this or that installation of musicians breeze (from noon until midnight) through a recipe that is two parts nostalgia, one part schmalz. Sundays are inaudible.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-98)—Seventeen oils, watercolors, drawings, and pastels; through Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

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and stone; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

NASSOS DAPHNIS—Hard-edge color-area Abstractions; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Long, narrow paintings, horizontal and vertical, by a follower of the color-field movement; through Thursday, Oct. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STYLIANOS GIANAKOS AND ROBERT SWAIN—Abstract fibre-glass sculptures by the former and mathematical "color" paintings by the latter; through Thursday, Oct. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SATISH GUJRAL—Paper collages and drawings by a contemporary Indian who adapts traditional Indian motifs in a wide variety of mediums; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (India House, 3 E. 64th St. Closed Saturdays.)

JAMES HENDRICKS—Paintings inspired by photographs of the craters of the moon; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

BETTY KLAVUN—Large sculptures in paper, and small bronzes; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ERNST WILHELM NAY—Oil paintings and gouaches by a leading German Abstractionist who died this year; through Friday, Oct. 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

NATHANEAL NEUJEAN—Figures in bronze by a Belgian sculptor who has done portraits of well-known international personalities; through Oct. 12. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CÉSAR PATERNOSTO—Painted structures of canvas and plywood using geometrical shapes, by an Argentine; through Oct. 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLAYTON POND—Intimate paintings and related etchings by an artist hitherto known for his work in graphics; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JESSE REICHER—Pattern paintings by a West Coast artist; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

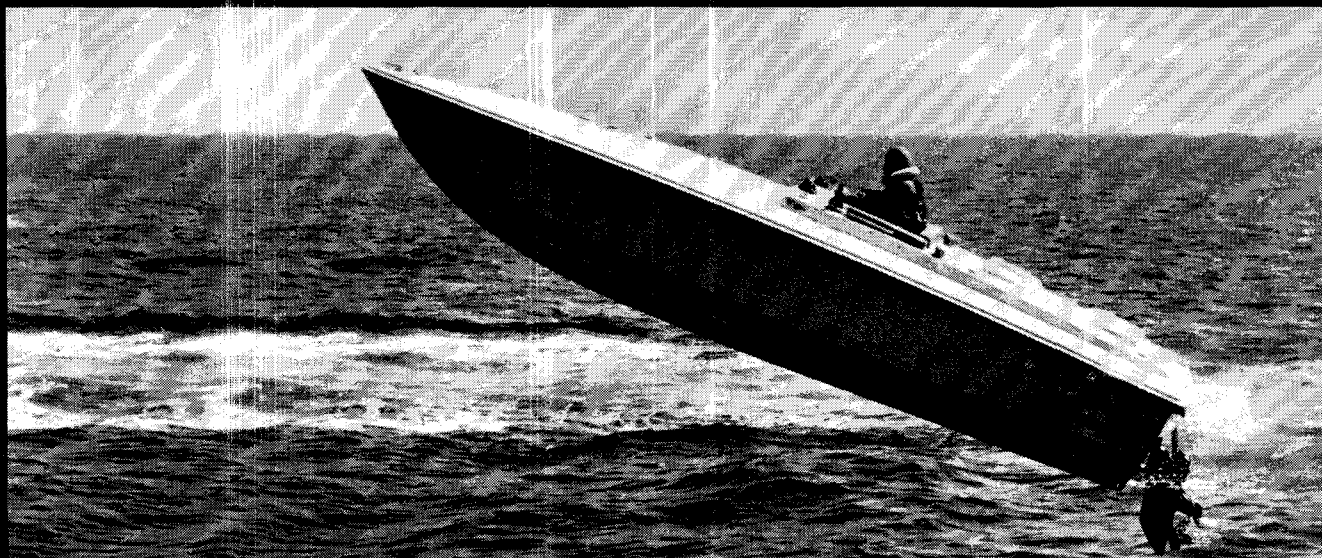
EMIL SCHUMACHER—Paintings done in the United States by a German Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENDALL SHAW—A two-part exhibition: uniform panels during the first half, through Saturday, Sept. 28, and free-standing columns in the second, starting Tuesday, Oct. 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TAPESTRIES—Pieces by prominent twentieth-century masters, such as Picasso, Léger, Calder, Miró, and Laurens, plus others by leading contemporary artists of Yugoslavia; through Oct. 31. (Adria, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, among them Maurice Grosser, Margo Hoff, and Thomas Quirk; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by Michael Goldberg, Ralph Humphrey, Paul Mogensen, David Novros, and Robert Ryman; through Thursday, Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **DANENBERG**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: More than eighty paintings from the eighteenth century through the mid-twentieth, by Homer, Eakins, Inness, Hassam, Whistler, Marin, and Cassatt (to name a few); through Oct. 12... **DOWNTOWN**, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Davis, Kuniyoshi, Marin, O'Keeffe, Shahn, and others whose work the gallery regularly shows; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Church, Homer, and Waugh are three of the artists represented in an exhibition of marines and seascapes by well-known nineteenth- and twentieth-century specialists in this field; through Oct. 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Forty-two paintings, dating from 1810, done overseas by Americans; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, for example, Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Roy Moyer, Waldo Peirce, and Zoltan Sepeshy; through Oct. 12... **PHOENIX**, 930 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Oils, watercolors, and sculptures reflecting personal images of the United

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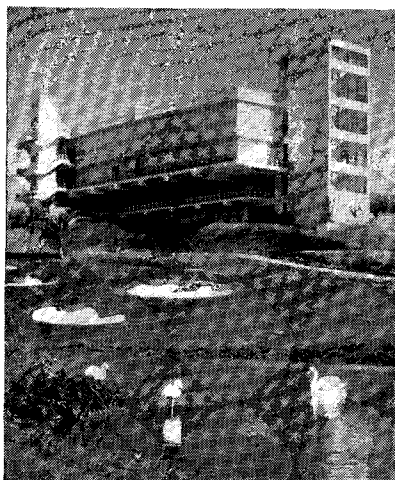
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

States today; through Oct. 12. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists who include Avery, Baskin, Bolotowsky, Cuevas, de Rivera, and Ernst; through Friday, Sept. 27. . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: A selection of works in a variety of mediums from the N.Y.U. Art Collection, by such Europeans as Cézanne, Picabia, Klee, and Daumier, and such contemporary Americans as Avery, Al Held, Vicente, Reinhardt, and Diller; through Wednesday, Oct. 2. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M., and Fridays and Saturdays until 1 A.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An impressive exhibition of seventy Italian frescoes detached from the walls of Tuscan churches and monasteries of the Middle Ages. In many cases, the original underdrawings accompany them; the artists include Giotto, Paolo Uccello, Piero della Francesca, Andrea del Castagno, and other masters. Starts Saturday, Sept. 28. (Except on Mondays, admission is \$1.) . . . ¶ Ninety mezzotints from the Museum's collection, constituting a survey of this method of printmaking, which originated in the seventeenth century; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of late-period paintings and drawings by John D. Graham, a figure in the New York art world in the thirties and forties, who abandoned Abstract art for a kind of hallucinatory portraiture, mostly of women; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Five major paintings (by Kandinsky, Picasso, Gris, Marc, and Rouault) borrowed by the Museum; through Tuesday, Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Drawings done in the past decade by Hyman Bloom, veteran Boston artist, whose subjects include rabbis, man's mortality, and the spirit world; through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of John F. Kensett, 1816-72, a prominent American painter of landscapes; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ A show of works that use light and electronics by six individual artists (among them Stephen Antonakos and Stanley Landsman) and a mixed-media group known as USCO; through Sunday, Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran, and includes carved pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States; through Tuesday, Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenous with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

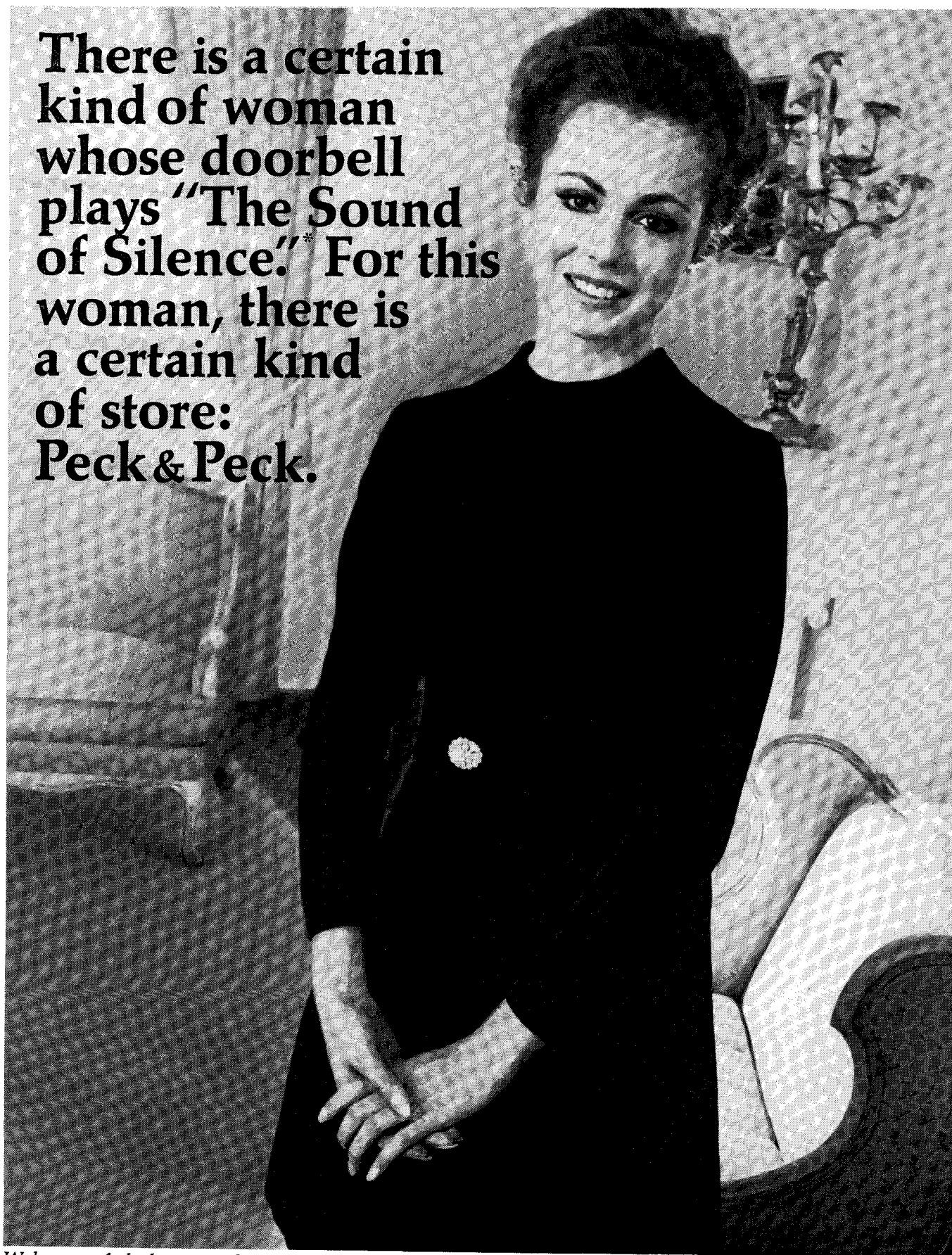
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Sept. 26: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann

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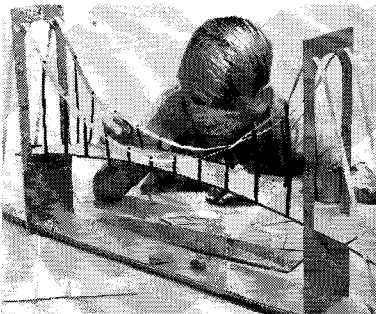
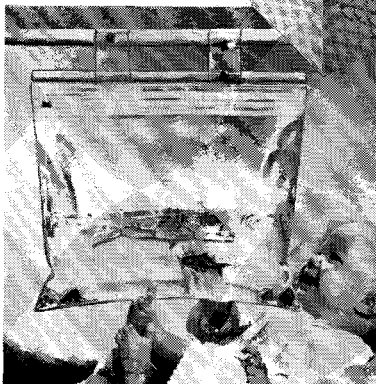
*© 1964, Paul Simon. Used with permission of Charing Cross Music.

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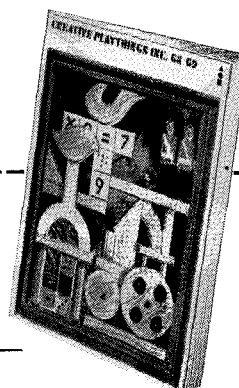
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Grillo, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy. ... ♪ Friday evening, Sept. 27: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Judith DePaul, Gianni Raimondi, and Mario Sereni. ... ♪ Saturday matinée, Sept. 28: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Gabriella Tucci, Sándor Kónya, and Raymond Michalski. A non-subscription performance. ... ♪ Saturday evening, Sept. 28: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Elena Cernei, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. ... ♪ Monday evening, Sept. 30: "Carmen," with Shirley Verrett, Mirella Freni, Jon Vickers, and Justino Diaz. ... ♪ Tuesday evening, Oct. 1: "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy. ... ♪ Wednesday evening, Oct. 2: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Irene Dalis, Plácido Domingo, and Anselmo Colzani. ... ♪ Thursday evening, Oct. 3: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Milka Stojanovic, James McCracken, and Raymond Michalski. ... ♪ Friday evening, Oct. 4: A new production of Puccini's "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) ... ♪ Saturday matinée, Oct. 5: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann Grillo, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski. ... ♪ Saturday evening, Oct. 5: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Judith DePaul, Gianni Raimondi, and Mario Sereni. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:15: "Bommarzo," with Claramae Turner, Joanna Simon, Salvador Novoa, and Richard Torigi. ... ♪ Friday, Sept. 27, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropoulos, Kay Creed, and Enrico DiGiuseppe; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Plácido Domingo, and Chester Ludgin. ... ♪ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Anne Elgar, Maralin Niska, Jerome Lomonaco, and Richard Fredricks. ... ♪ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Janette Moody, Veronica Tyler, Barbara Blanchard, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. ... ♪ Sunday, Sept. 29, at 1:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Jeannine Crader, Kay Creed, Lino Savoldi, and David Clatworthy. ... ♪ Sunday, Sept. 29, at 7:15: "Bommarzo," with Claramae Turner, Joanna Simon, Salvador Novoa, and Richard Torigi. ... ♪ Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 8:15 (postponed from Sept. 17): "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Jeannine Crader and Lino Savoldi; "Suor Angelica," with Maralin Niska and Claramae Turner; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Maria DiGiglio and Spiro Malas. ... ♪ Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. ... ♪ Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:15: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Athena Lampropoulos and Bernabé Martí; "Suor Angelica," with Maralin Niska and Frances Bible; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Anne Elgar and Spiro Malas. ... ♪ Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. ... ♪ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Jeannine Crader, Mary Cross Lueders, and Lino Savoldi; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Plácido Domingo, and Chester Ludgin. ... ♪ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Muriel Greenspon, Tibor Kelen, and Dominic Cossa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 17. (Philharmonic Hall, Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 4, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 7, at 7:30.)

MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Baird Hastings conducting, with Harold Kohon, violin. (Town Hall, Friday, Sept. 27, at 8:30.)

NASHVILLE LITTLE SYMPHONY—Thor Johnson conducting, with Bunyan Webb, classical gui-

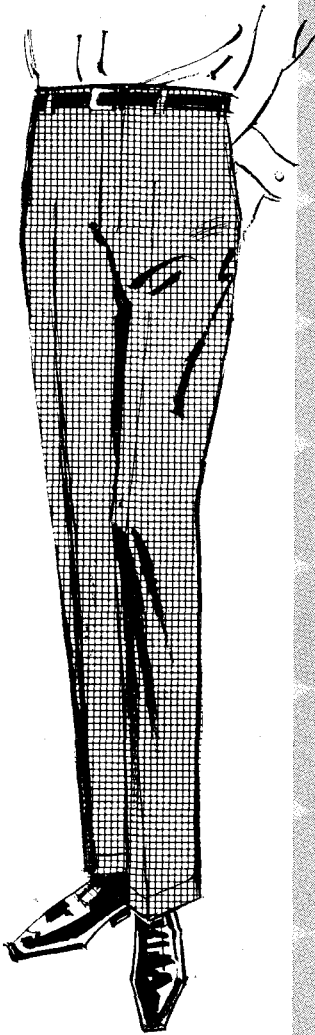
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tarist. (Town Hall. Monday, Sept. 30, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

ELEANOR STEBER AND BLANCHE THEBOM—Soprano and mezzo-soprano in a benefit concert. (Grand Ballroom, Hotel Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 3. For information about tickets, call TE 8-8000, Ext. 123.)

AUSTIN RELLER—Violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 8:30.)

DENVER OLDHAM—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

ERICK FRIEDMAN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

SAMUEL BARON—Flute. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH, TEN YEARS AFTER, AND PROCOL HARUM—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27-28, at 8 and 11:30.

RICHIE HAVENS—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS AND MITCHELL-RUFF TRIO—A program called "Handel to Jazz: The Art of Improvisation." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

THE QUEEN'S GUARDS—A tattoo featuring the musical ride and mounted band of the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues); a drill team and agility display by Junior Guardsmen; and the pipes, drums, and dancers of the Royal Highland Fusiliers. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Oct. 1, through Sunday, Oct. 13. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 27, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 29, at 2:05. . . . **WORLD SERIES**: Starts Wednesday, Oct. 2, in St. Louis. The first two games will be played there, the next three in Detroit, and the final two, if required, in St. Louis. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Exhibition games: Detroit vs. Baltimore and Knicks vs. United States Olympic Team. (Madison Square Garden Center. Saturday, Sept. 28, at 6:30.)

BOXING—Manuel Ramos vs. George Chuvalo, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center. Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:30.)

DOG SHOWS—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sunday, Sept. 29.) . . . Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 5.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 28**: Army vs. Vanderbilt, at West Point, at 2. . . . Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . Fordham vs. Detroit, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . Grambling vs. Morgan State (benefit game), at Yankee Stadium, at 2. . . . Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 2. . . . Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 5**: Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . Cornell vs. Rutgers, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . Fordham vs. Sewanee, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 2. . . . Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 1:30.) . . . Jets vs. San Diego Chargers. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Inwood Country Club, Inwood, L.I. Through Friday, Sept. 27.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Exhibition games: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Friday,

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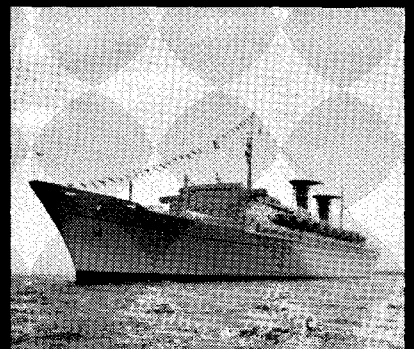
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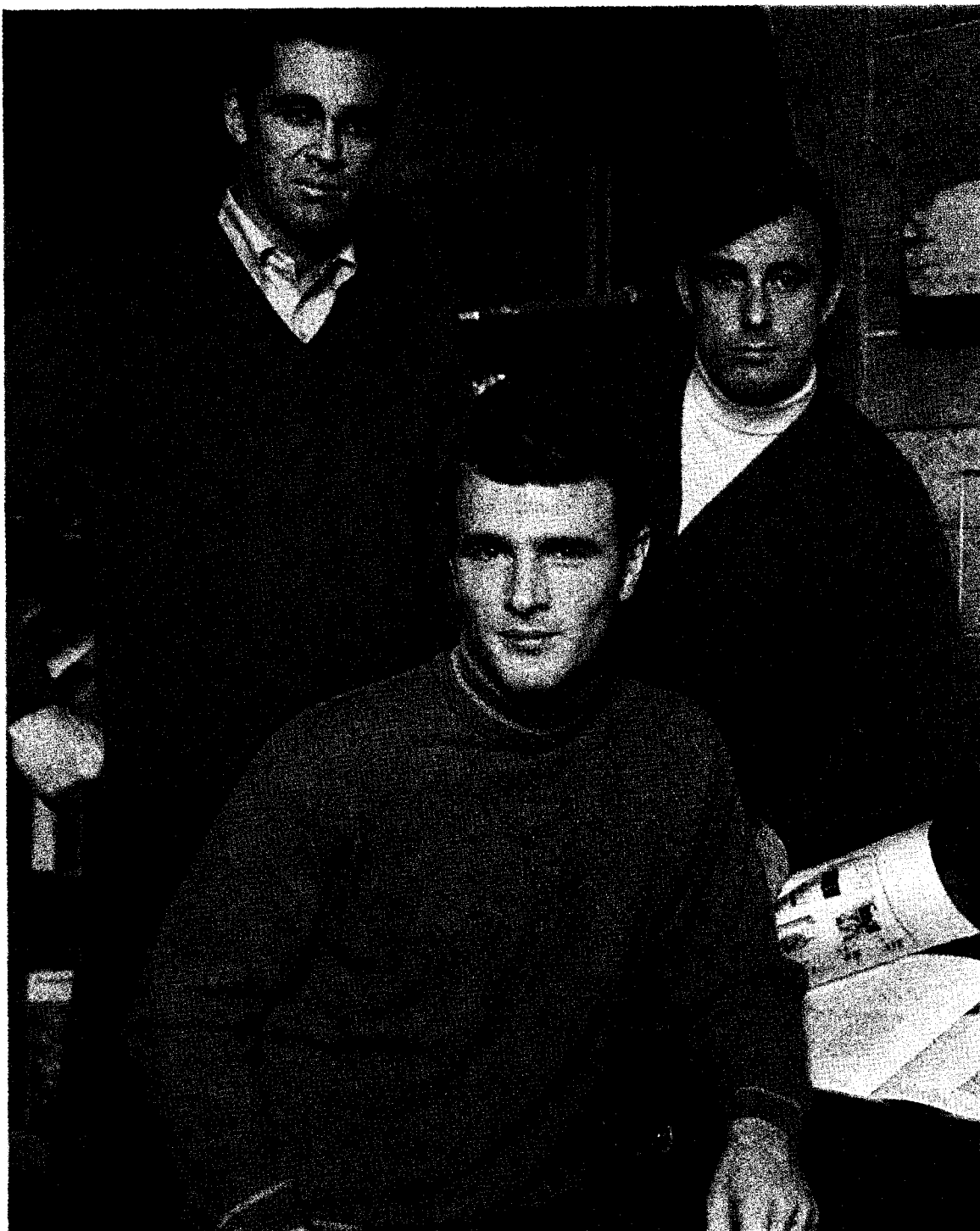
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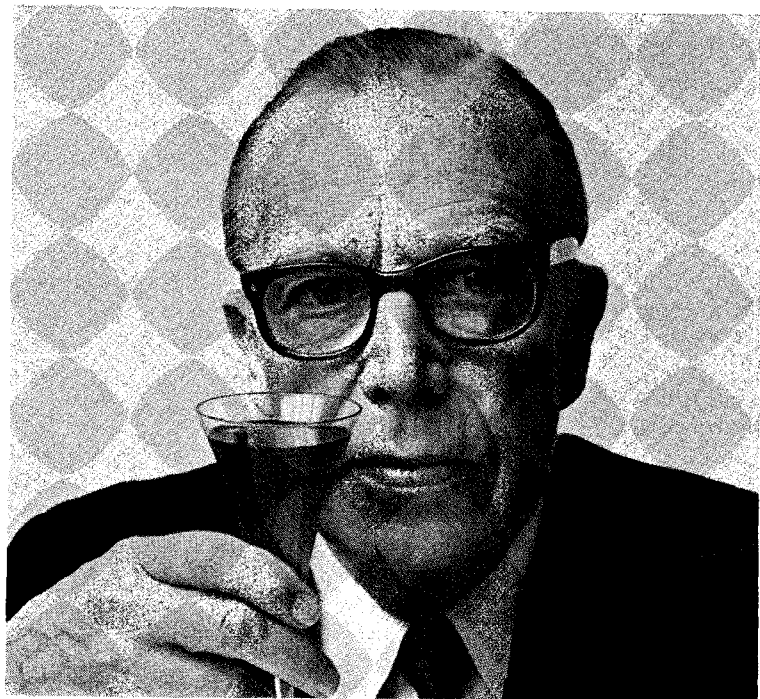
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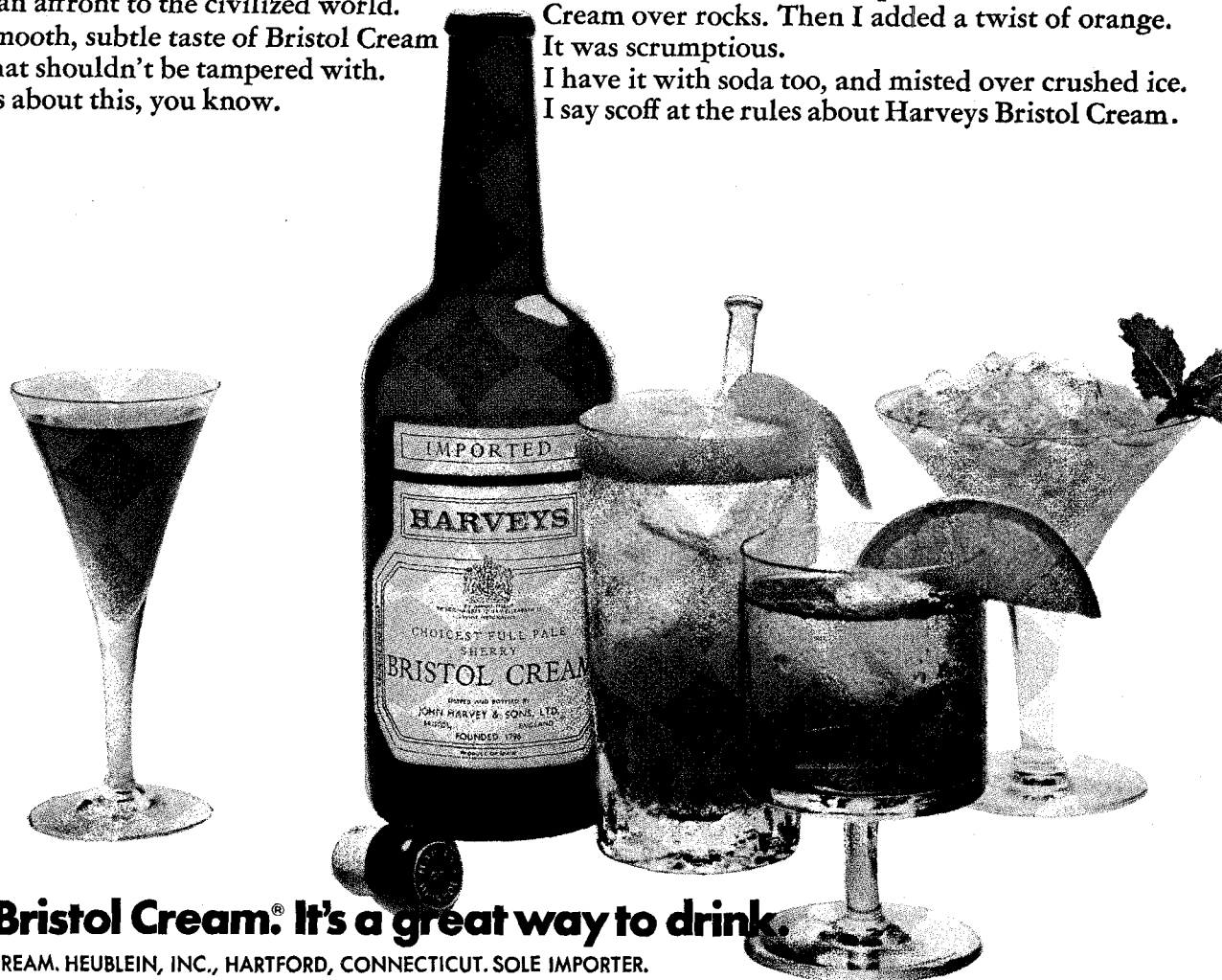
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sept. 27, at 7:35... ♣ Rangers vs. Toronto, Sunday, Sept. 29, at 7:05.

HORSE SHOW—Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 28.)

HUNT RACING—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 2, and Saturday, Oct. 5.)

KARATE—East Coast Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center. Sunday, Sept. 29, at 1.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 26. The Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 28; the Cowdin, Wednesday, Oct. 2; and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, Oct. 12.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Speedway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Sept. 29, at 2.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 17.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ♣ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The final programs in a series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Thursday, Sept. 26, at 6:30: "Artists Under the Big Top: Perplexed" (West Germany, 1967)... ♣ Thursday, Sept. 26, at 9:30: "Les Biches" (France, 1968)... ♣ Friday, Sept. 27, at 6:30: "Naked Childhood" (France, 1968)... ♣ Friday, Sept. 27, at 9:30: "Weekend" (France, 1967)... ♣ Friday, Sept. 27, at midnight: "One Plus One" (France, 1968)... ♣ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 3: "Hugo & Josefina" (Sweden, 1968)... ♣ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 6:30: "Beyond the Law" (United States, 1968)... ♣ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 9:30: "The Firemen's Ball" (Czechoslovakia, 1967).

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Sept. 28, at 1:45: English furniture, belonging to several collectors... ♣ Tuesday, Oct. 1, at 10:30: First editions, manuscripts, and ephemera of Robert Frost and Edna St. Vincent Millay; the property of Mrs. George Parks.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 5 elections will be Monday, Sept. 30, and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 3-4, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 5, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Sept. 26 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Shall We Dance?" (1937), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire... ♣ Sept. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "The Bohemian Girl" (1936), with Laurel and Hardy... ♣ Sept. 28 at 11:30: "The Lodger" (1926), directed by Alfred Hitchcock... ♣ Sept. 28 at 3 and 5:30: "The Little Colonel" (1935), with Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson... ♣ Sept. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart... ♣ Sept. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1936), with Freddie Bartholomew... ♣ Oct. 1 at 2: "Seventh Heaven" (1927), with Janet Gaynor... ♣ Oct. 1 at 5:30: "David Holzman's Diary" (1967), an underground film... ♣ Oct. 2 at 2 and 5:30: "As You Desire Me" (1932), with Greta Garbo. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



BELLE DE JOUR—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves St. Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 37th, CI 6-5123.)

THE BRIDE WORE BLACK—Jeanne Moreau as a multiple murderess in a film that turns out to be not a thriller but a peculiar and tenderly comic account of love for a murdered husband. François Truffaut directs, in open homage to Hitchcock; he is out of his genre, but the stamp of his grace is there. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

CAMILLE (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 2, tentative.)

THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

FUNNY GIRL—The triumphant debut of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

THE GRADUATE—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

HOT MILLIONS—An English comedy directed by Eric Till, written by Ira Wallach and Peter Ustinov. The performances by Ustinov and Maggie Smith capture something in the English character that is the opposite of the notorious languid know-all and closer to the truth. It is a very funny, modest film, in the spirit of Goofy. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

THE LEATHER BOYS (1965)—Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a study of contemporary lower-middle-class English life. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

MATA HARI (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 1.)

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	1	2			

MORGAN! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 29.)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 29.)

THE ODD COUPLE—Neil Simon's funny play, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. There is a brilliantly mopey performance by Walter Matthau as the card-playing divorced husband driven mad by a male crony who comes out in housewifeliness like measles. Jack Lemmon is the fusspot. Gene Saks directs. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. ... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 27. ... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 1.)

OEDIPUS THE KING—Philip Saville's film, shot in Greece, with Orson Welles as Tiresias, Richard Johnson as Creon. A powerful bond of friendship, as well as erotic love, runs between Oedipus (Christopher Plummer) and Jocasta (Lilli Palmer). (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

PETULIA—Richard Lester at his best, directing Julie Christie and George C. Scott. We knew his technical brilliance, but not his charity and eye for modern distress—nor his skill with actors. The story is set in San Francisco. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 2.)

PORTRAIT OF JASON (1967)—An interview with a Negro homosexual prostitute. Directed by Shirley Clarke. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 2.)

THE PRODUCERS—A farce about Broadway. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn are intermittently funny but in dire need of better material than writer-director Mel Brooks has given them. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE PUMPKIN EATER (1964)—An examination of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

RACHEL, RACHEL—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passion-

ate and blundering friend. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

A REPORT ON THE PARTY AND THE GUESTS—Jan Némec's Czech fable about totalitarianism, starting with an ordinary picnic eerily intruded on by benign-looking strangers who behave as though they were fellow-guests and turn the day into a forced banquet. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Sept. 27.)

ROSEMARY'S BABY—A Gothic-gynecological horror film about a nice birdbrain—played by Mia Farrow—who lives in the Dakota with John Cassavetes and gets mysteriously pregnant under the eye of Ruth Gordon as a witch neighbor. Ruth Gordon is very funny, but the film wastes its director, Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

THE TIGER MAKES OUT (1967)—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson as a pair of eager, aging misfits. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 2.)

TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

THE TRIAL (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 1.)

THE TWO OF US—This Second World War fable about an anti-Semitic old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, but rather too simple and artless. With Michel Simon and Alain Cohen. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. ... ¶ Cinema 11, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Sept. 30.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own screenplay (in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Cinerama, B'way at 47th, 265-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

ULYSSES (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

VOYAGE OF SILENCE—A fictionalized documentary, acted by untrained people, about Portuguese exiles in search of work in France. The film is in the tradition of many films in Europe and India, though of almost none now in America. And why, when this land has more rootless, language-robbled, fiercely hopeful new citizens than any other in the history of the world? Christian de Chalonge directs. In Portuguese. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Sept. 26.)

WARRENDALE—A record of time spent observing a progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, made with stirring comprehension of their spirits by Allan King. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN (1939)—W. C. Fields again, this time involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 29.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
29	30	1	2	26	27	28

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE TWO OF US (in French).
EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WARRENDALE.
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
ULYSSES.
CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
 Through Oct. 1: **MATA HARI**; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
 From Oct. 2 (tentative): **CAMILLE**; and "Anna Karenina" (1935), Greta Garbo, Fredric March.
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THE ODD COUPLE.
KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
OEDIPUS THE KING.
MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter", Alan Arkin.
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
 Sept. 26: **VOYAGE OF SILENCE** (in Portuguese).
 From Sept. 27: **A REPORT ON THE PARTY AND THE GUESTS**, a Czechoslovakian film.
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Bofors Gun", Nicol Williamson.
TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.
FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"For Love of Ivy", Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
RACHEL, RACHEL.
BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Charly", Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.
CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.
CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Duffy", James Coburn, James Mason.
CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
 Through Sept. 30: **THE TWO OF US** (in French).
 From Oct. 1: **"The Firemen's Ball"**, a Czechoslovakian film.
BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PRODUCERS.
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
 Through Sept. 27: **THE ODD COUPLE**.
 From Sept. 28: **"Les Biches"** (in French).
TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.
72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
 Through Sept. 29: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**.
 From Sept. 30: **"Weekend"** (in French), Mireille Darc.
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (in French).
R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter", Alan Arkin.
ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
 Through Oct. 1: **"Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?"**, Doris Day, Robert Morse.
 From Oct. 2: **"Coogan's Bluff"**, Clint Eastwood.
LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Interlude", Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.
86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
 Through Oct. 1: **"Salt & Pepper"**, Sammy Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford.
 From Oct. 2: **"Villa Rides"**, Yul Brynner, Robert Mitchum.

WEST SIDE

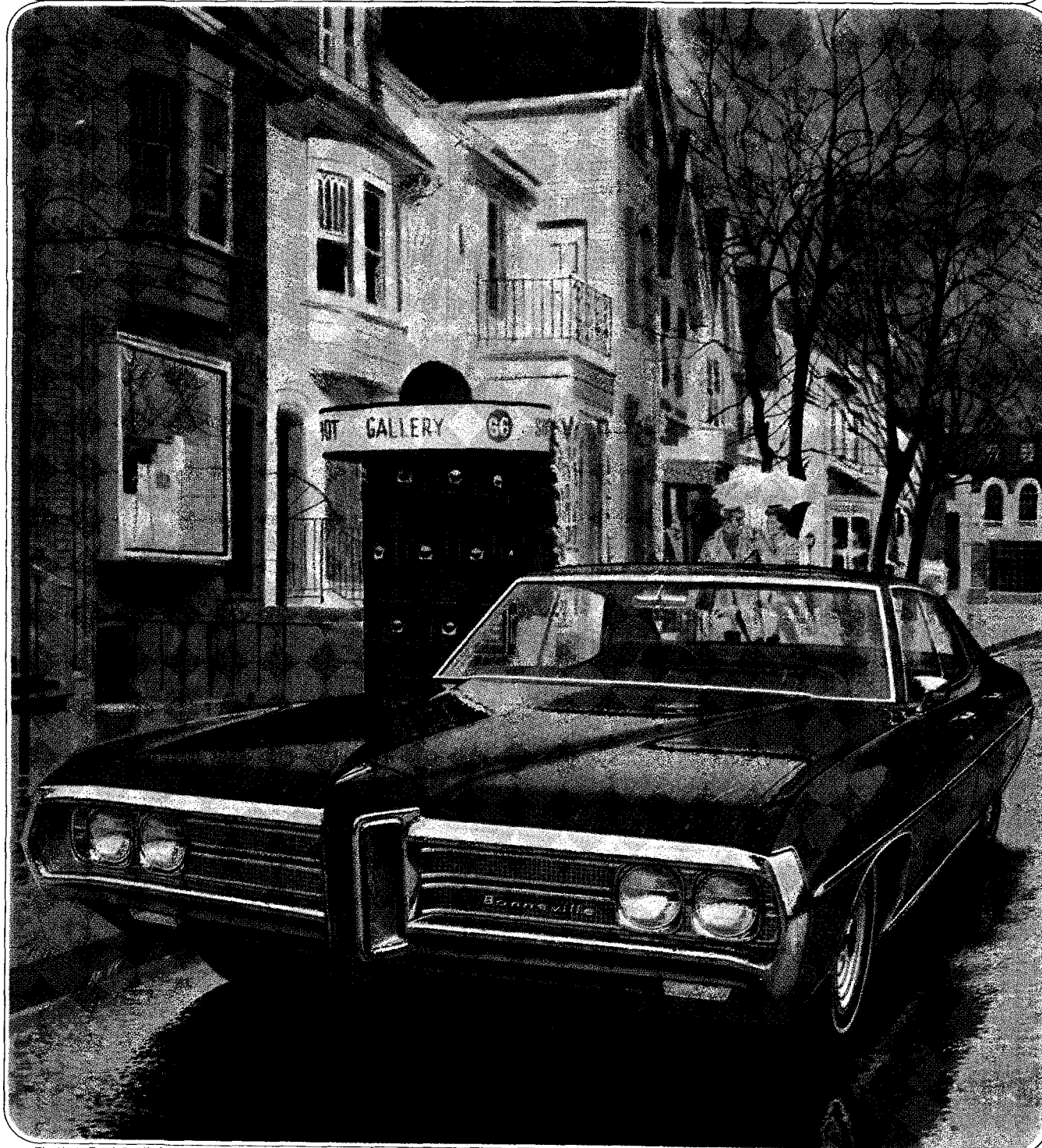
BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
 Through Oct. 1: **"17th Parallel: Vietnam in War"**, a documentary film.

From Oct. 2: **"The China Story: One Fourth of Humanity"**, a documentary film.
WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
 Through Oct. 1: **THE ODD COUPLE**.
 From Oct. 2: **PETULIA**; and **"Sweet November"**, Sandy Dennis, Anthony Newley.
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
 Through Oct. 1: **"The Caretaker"** (1964), Donald Pleasence.
 From Oct. 2: To be announced.
5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).
SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?", Doris Day, Robert Morse.
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (in French).
R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter", Alan Arkin.
CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.
CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.
RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND.
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.
MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
HOT MILLIONS.
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Capricious Summer", a Czechoslovakian film.
CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"You Are What You Eat", a rock film.
LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Paris in the Month of August" (in French), Charles Aznavour, Susan Hampshire. (No evening performances on Monday, Sept. 30.)
CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
 To be announced.
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
 To be announced.
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
 Through Oct. 2: **PORTRAIT OF JASON**; and **"Lenny Bruce"** (1967), a filmed night-club performance.
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
 Through Oct. 1: **THE ODD COUPLE**; and **"Water-hole #3"** (1967), James Coburn.
 From Oct. 2: **THE TIGER MAKES OUT**; and **"Villa Rides"**, Yul Brynner, Robert Mitchum.
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
 Sept. 26: **"The Barber of Seville"** (1967; in Italian), Tito Gobbi; and **"Plisetskaya Dances"** (1965), a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.
 Sept. 27: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and **"Oscar Wilde"** (1960), Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
 Sept. 28: **"Anatomy of a Marriage"** (1964; in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.
 Sept. 29: **MORGAN!**; and **THE LEATHER BOYS**.
 Sept. 30: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**; and **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**.
 Oct. 1: **THE TRIAL**; and **"Dirty Hands"** (1954; in French), Daniel Gelin.
 Oct. 2: **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish); and **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).
MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (in French).

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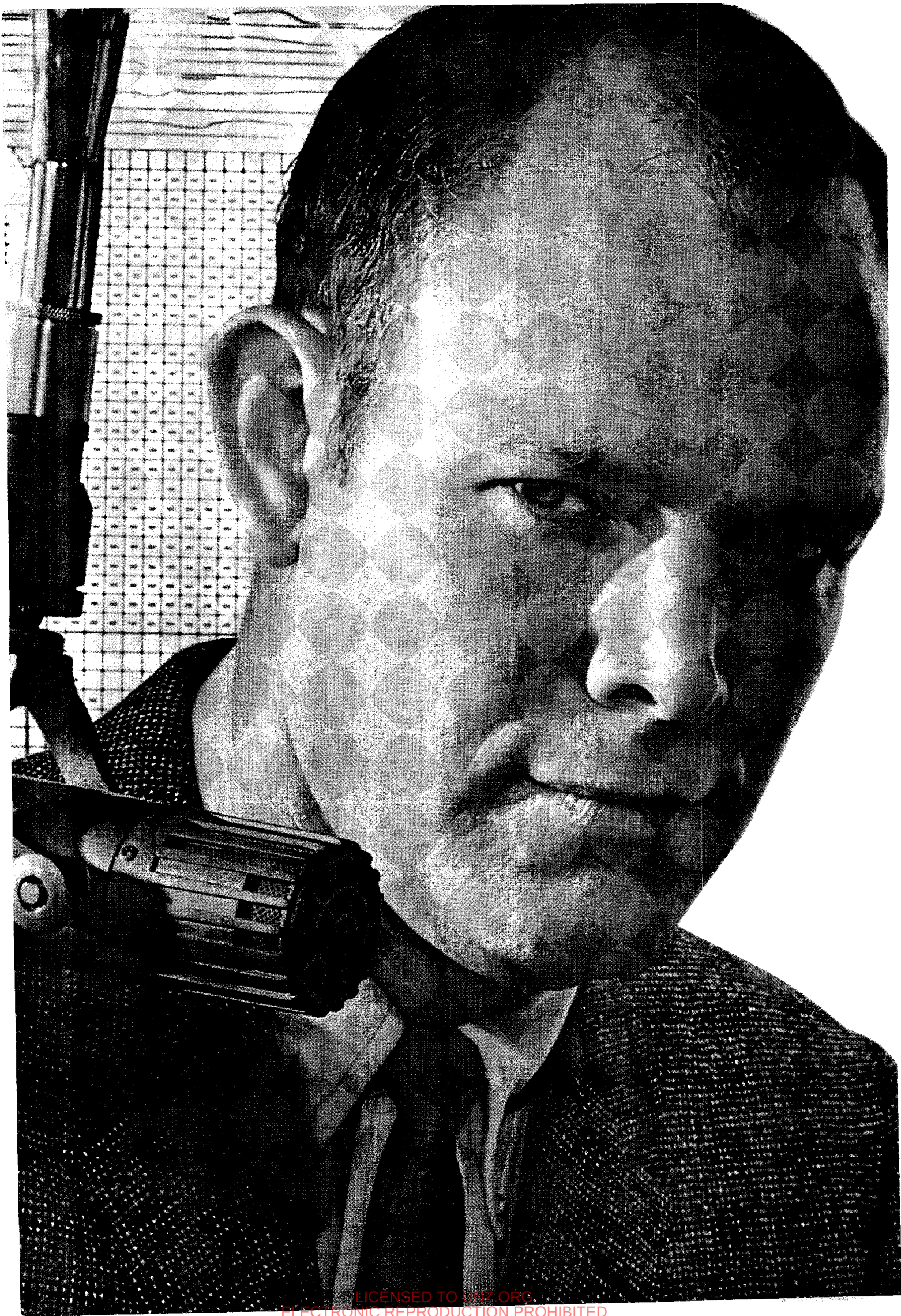
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This speech scientist wants to use the sound of the human voice to help protect confidential information.

“Using computers to store, retrieve and process a staggering number of facts promises to help attack some of the nation’s most critical problems—such as mass education, health care and the slums,” says IBM’s Dr. Rex Dixon. “Some of this information will be confidential. My job is to help find how to keep it that way.”

While such security is only one aspect of the larger problem of individual privacy, it is an important one. Computer manufacturers obviously cannot dictate what is stored in a computer or who has access to it. But they can and are devising more ways to protect confidential information.

Speech scientist Dixon thinks the distinctive acoustical patterns of different human voices could form the basis for one such safeguard. “A voice-recognition device, built into a computer, could be a new way to keep out intruders. Anybody requesting confidential information would have to talk into a microphone, connected to the computer. An unauthorized voice, not recognized by the device, would stand little chance of gaining access to the information.”

This approach is still experimental. But, hopefully, voice recognition will join some of the other computer safeguards—ranging from special locks to digital codes—already in use, designed to keep confidential information confidential.



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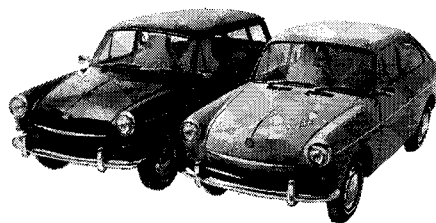
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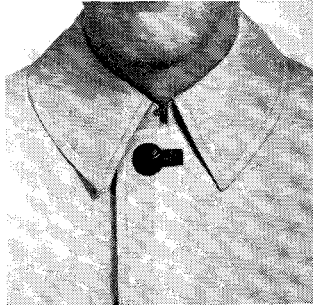
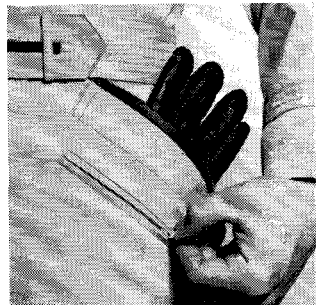
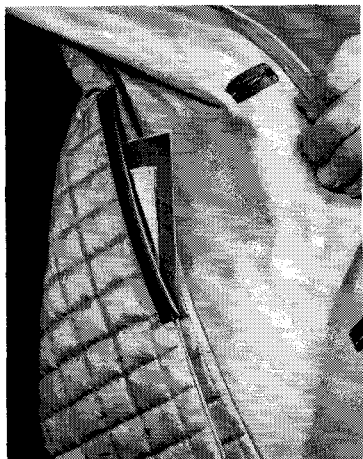
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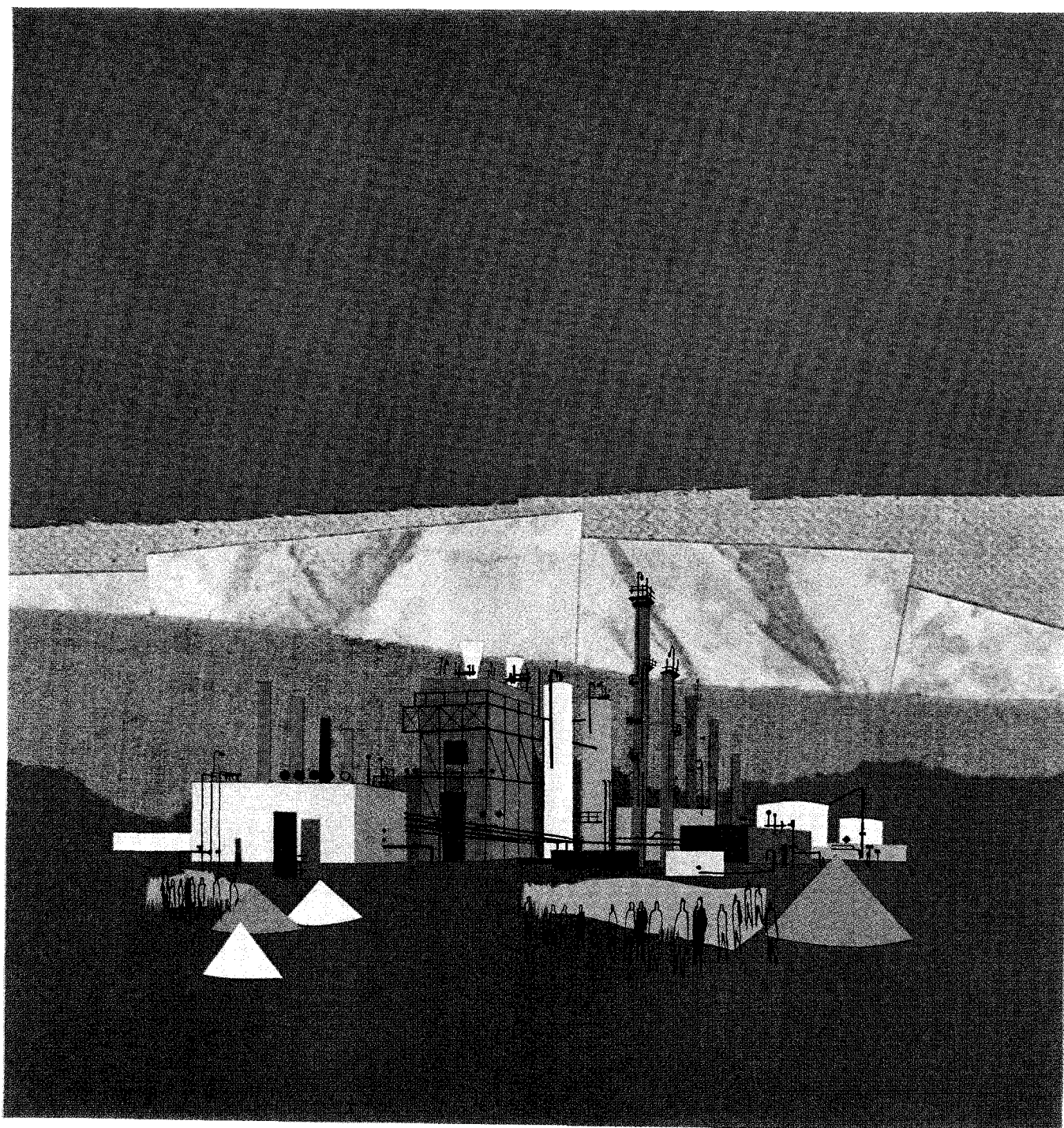
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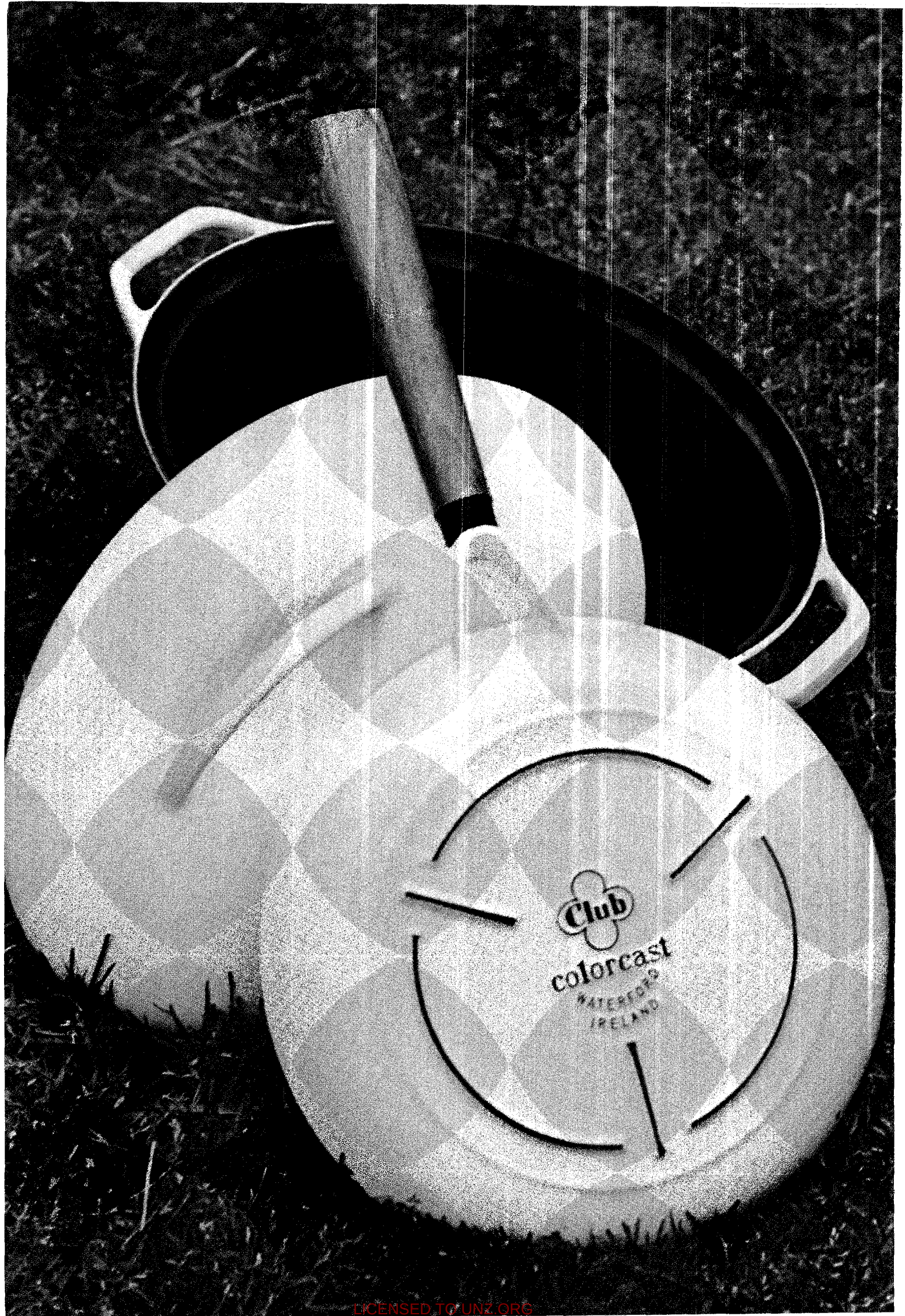
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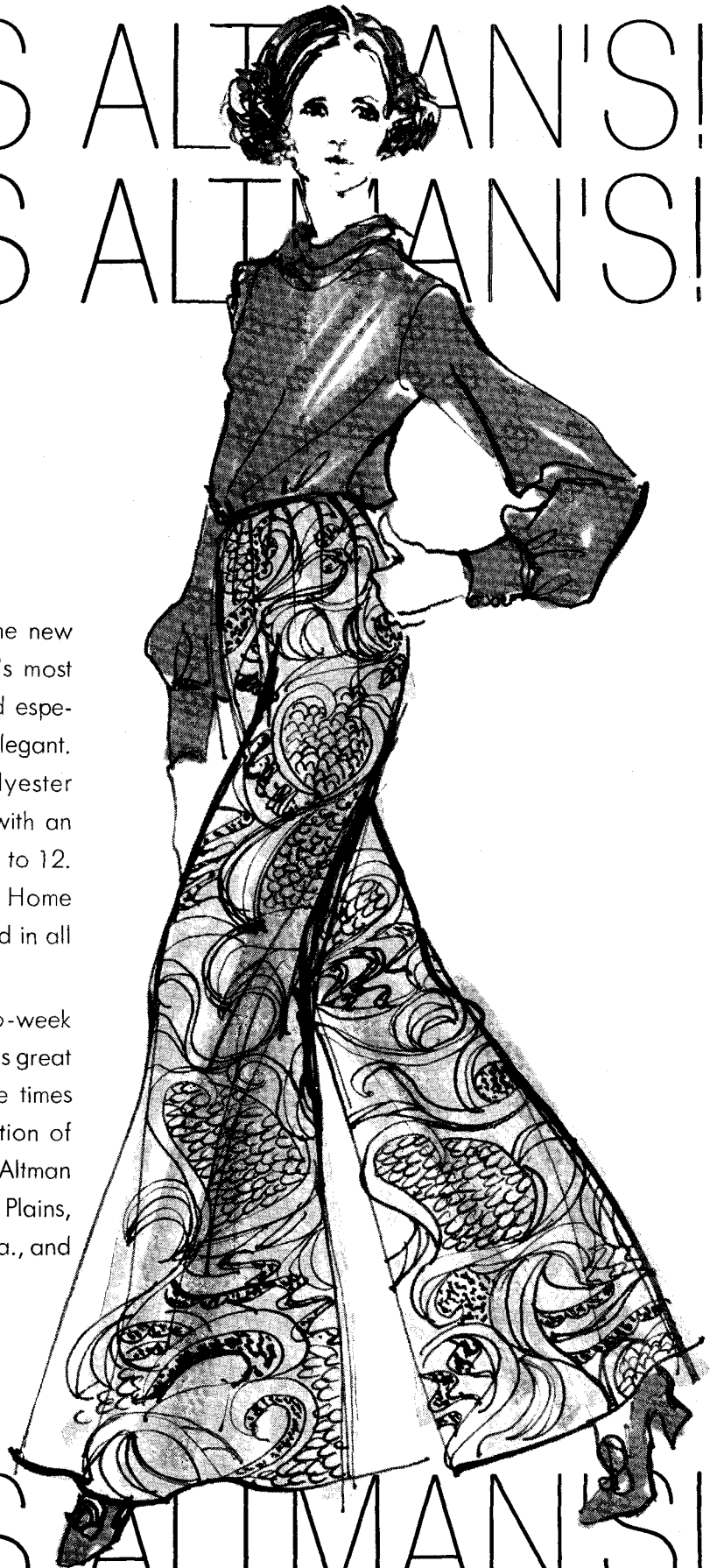
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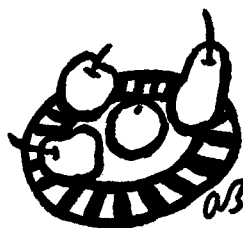
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FROM the long-winded lady: "Somebody said, 'A full-grown child is five-sixths memory.' It was half a joke, I suppose, but last night, at a quarter past nine, I saw two full-grown city children—middle-aged people—walking together on Sixth Avenue, and in each of them memory was quite suspended for the sake of the moment they were spending together. They were engrossed in each other. He was besotted. She was proud. She was far gone in hauteur, but her disdainful expression was alien to her harsh face. He was different. The state of beatitude was natural to him, and his expression would normally change only to become more or less intensely pleased with the world and with his own condition. He was from one of the Spanish-speaking countries, and I think he had been here only a very short time. She was showing him her neighborhood—Sixth Avenue in the Forties, where furnished rooms and cheap hotels are still to be found, in spite of the enormous amount of demolition that has taken place around there this year to make way for the new skyscrapers. His hair was black and dense and glossy, like boot polish, and he had big, soft brown eyes and smooth skin. He had a little half-moon mustache. He was a Latin type, and she was Hogarthian, with Plantagenet features. Her forehead was big, and she had small blue eyes, a domineering, bony nose, and a thin mouth. Her upper lip made a perfect cupid's bow—pale pink, no lipstick—but her skin had the bad, stretched look of the white cotton hand towels they give you in poor hotels. Her hair had been bleached and dyed so often that it was weathered to a rough rust-pink, and it hung stiffly down her back like a mane, or like wig hair before it has been brushed and combed and curled into shape. They were both about forty, and they

were the same height (five feet four or so) and about the same weight (a hundred and sixty pounds), and they both had short legs and barrel bodies and short necks. His left arm and hand were locked in her right arm and hand. They paced along together exactly as though they were walking down the long, long aisle leading from the altar where they had been married. To look at them, you could imagine throngs of friends and relatives watching them and waiting to follow them out of the church. When I first saw them, they were approaching the northeast corner of Forty-fourth and Sixth, and were about to cross the street and continue their perambulation downtown. There were numbers of people on the sidewalk, and the full-grown children emerged from the crowd, but, more than that, they emerged from the long, dark distance beyond them. The night view up Sixth Avenue is eerie now that the blocks on the west side of the avenue are half broken down and half gone. It is as though the area had been attacked and then left in pieces, and there is a clear view all the way to Fiftieth Street, where the shimmering cliffs of the Time & Life skyscraper stand up to be seen in their entirety for the first time since they were built, nine years ago. I noticed the two people because of the deliberate way they walked, close together, and because the hem of her dress was about three inches below her knees. She wore a sleeveless, buttoned-down-the-front dress of pale-pink cotton printed with green foliage and cream-colored flowers, and it hung straight down from her shoulders to end in a deep flounce. Her bare legs were heavily marked with spots, bruises, and swollen dark-blue veins, and she wore flat brown moccasins embroidered in white and gold, like bedroom

slippers. She carried no handbag, not even a change purse—no luggage at all. She was close to home, out for a few minutes, taking a little constitutional with her friend. He attempted to match her informal attire by going tieless and coatless. He wore navy-blue trousers, buttoned tightly around his middle, and a plain white shirt with the sleeves folded back to his elbows, and open-toed leather sandals that showed off his striped socks. When the two had crossed Forty-fourth Street and were proceeding downtown, she was attracted by the model kitchen on display in the Hotpoint showroom in the corner building, and they went to the window and stood, side by side, looking in. It was a very fancy kitchen in chocolate brown and ombré yellow, and the flowered partition that served as a background wall had a 'window' in it showing a summer sky and branches of dogwood in bloom. 'I don't really care for that color scheme,' she said, and he moved closer to her, so that their bodies were touching from their shoulders to their knees, and he turned his head and beamed into her eyes. He nodded admiringly, but he said nothing. They looked at the kitchen for a minute, and then she stepped back, and so did he, and they looked up and



she read the sign over the window. "Hotpoint Kitchen Planning," she read. He began to spell out the first word. 'Hotpoint,' she said. 'Otpoyn,' he seemed to say. 'No,' she said. 'Hotpoint.' It occurred to me that they might turn around and find me staring at them. His expression would hardly change, but hers would, and I didn't want to get in its way. When the hauteur slipped from her face, what would I see? Despair, I imagine. Not the passive, withdrawn despair that keeps itself in silence but the raging kind that incinerates all before it. I turned away

and went home, leaving them to their English lesson."

Madam Eve

AMONG the evangelists who will be barnstorming the country for the next couple of months rounding up converts is a purveyor of female cosmetics called Eve of Roma. The lady's home base, as her name suggests, is in Italy, but she has already established an outpost in a department store in New York City, and the present tour is aimed at extending her American territory. Her spokesmen have announced that she will advance across the nation in her private turbo-jet, which has been painted with the same terra-cotta wreath that adorns the packages containing the cleansers and lotions and moisturizers and masks and foundations and blushers that bear the name of Eve of Roma. By December, she hopes also to be known as Eve of Boston, Eve of Atlanta, Eve of Houston, Eve of Milwaukee, Eve of Phoenix, Eve of Los Angeles, and Eve of fifteen other cities whose women and airports she plans to enhance.

Informed sources reported a week or so ago that Eve of Roma would meet the press and other bystanders at Orsini's on her way through New York, so we hurried up to Fifty-sixth Street to check out the rumor. The lobby of the restaurant was swarming with pilgrims autographing the guest register and, in exchange, receiving reproductions of an ancient Roman coin engraved with a portrait of Nero, and appropriate astrological medallions. We picked a Gemini. On the second floor, we joined an expectant crowd that included three men in terra-cotta jackets and golden ties, who were introduced as the pilot and crew of the terra-cotta-wreathed jet. The pilot, a native of New Jersey and an employee of Eve of Roma's American sponsor, the Colton Company, of Boston, remarked that cosmetics was a risky and exciting business. Madam Eve, we were told, wasn't there yet. A spokesman confided that she had eaten something for lunch that didn't agree with her. However, she was expected to recover and arrive shortly. Pursued by importunate waiters offering hard, soft, and medium drinks and appetizing hors d'oeuvres, we circled the room, admiring the women's makeup and picking up biographical items about the imminent guest of honor.

"Her favorite word is 'sexy,'" someone said.

"She was born in Hungary," said someone else, "and she has a British passport."

"Princesses and stars of stage and Hollywood visit her salon in Rome."

"There are no office bubblers in Italy."

"What are office bubblers?"

"Water coolers—you know. Madam Eve says that Italians think plain water is boring. She can talk about anything—Italian youth, sex, hippies..."

At this moment, a tiny blond woman entered the room, smiling a gracious smile and radiating an elegant pearly glow. "Here she is!" several women exclaimed. "Here's Madam Eve." The spokesmen sighed with relief. Madam Eve, surrounded by importunate waiters, began to speak of her salon in Cortina d'Ampezzo, north of Venice.

Later, outside, we examined our astrological medallion more closely. "You are very generous," it said. "Your lucky day is Wednesday." We referred to our pocket calendar. It was Thursday.

Conference

ON another Thursday, the Third International Black Power Conference was convened at the Episcopal Church of the Advocate, in North Philadelphia. After the opening meeting, which was addressed by Dr. Nathan Wright, a black priest of the Episcopal Diocese of Newark and chairman of the Conference Continuation Committee, the conference broke up into ten separate "workshops," each devoted to a particular topic—politics, economics, education, culture, and the like. A variety of papers were presented at the workshops, bearing such titles as "The Black Politician, Prince or Pawn," "Black Planners for Black Communities," and "Where Is Black Folklore?" Following three days of intense discussion, which saw conference registration soar to over four thousand, some two thousand delegates reconvened in a body at the Benjamin Franklin School, where they passed resolutions summing up their present convictions and their future intentions.

The security arrangements were stringent. The guards, mostly teen-

agers wearing black cowboy hats with upturned brims, black ponchos, and dark pants, stood watch over the conference proceedings. At one point, a white newspaper reporter was standing on the corner outside the conference headquarters. One of the guards came over to him and said, "You're in the way. Will you please move on?" The reporter moved down the street. A few moments later, the same guard approached him again. "You're still in the way. Will you *please* move on?" This time, the reporter moved across the street, hoping that would mollify the persistent guard. But the guard came over once more. "I've asked you twice to move on. We don't want you here in this area at all. Will you please move on?"

The white press was treated in a manner that was considered consistent with the spirit of the conference. It was excluded from all workshops; in fact, its only connection with the conference was through members of the communications workshop who talked to reporters outside. Last year's conference, held in Newark, received quite a bit of unfavorable publicity from the white press, and there was strong sentiment in favor of its total exclusion this time. Two weeks before the conference began, we wrote to Charles (Chuck) Stone, the Continuation Committee's vice-chairman for public information, and in his reply he expressed some doubt as to the reception that any white press representatives would get. "I can never predict how strong the feeling is going to be, one way or the other," he wrote. "But I do know that an unfortunate estrangement is escalating between the Black community and the press, and it is going to get worse." Actually, members of the working press who did attend the conference spent little time arguing about arrangements. They did, however, attempt to get the best coverage possible by setting up after-hours social gatherings, during which the communications delegates discussed some of the questions raised at the conference.

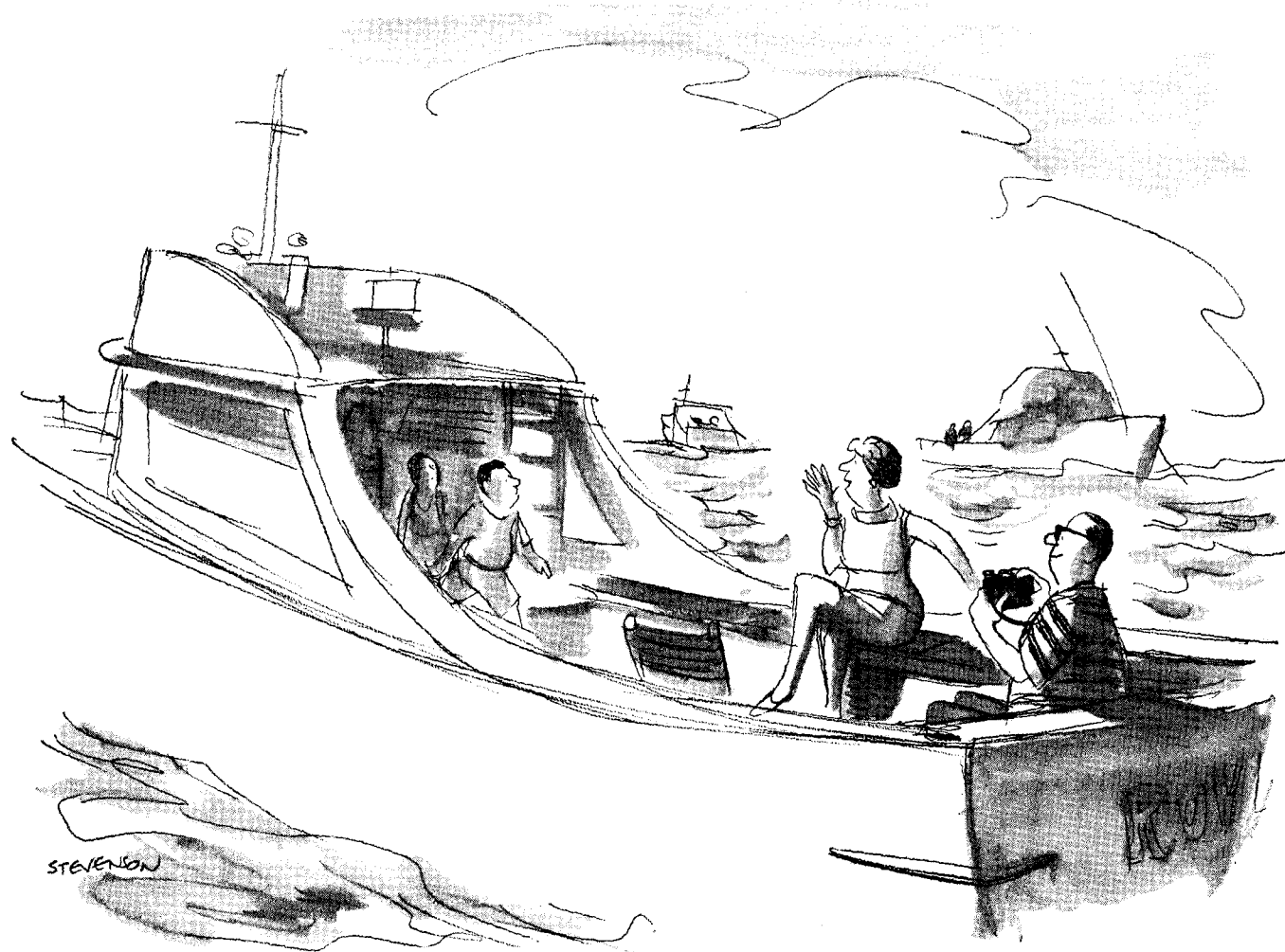
"We can plot, discuss, argue, or whatever, but without the economic backup we're lost," a delegate said at one such gathering.

"I don't think 'the man' has quite gotten the idea that black people are not his 'boys' anymore," another said.

"That Diahann Carroll show has got to go! It's a simple way of restating the great American tradition—a black home without a man. It doesn't make any difference whether he's dead,

TO OUR READERS

With our issue of October 5th, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* will be raised to fifty cents.



"Everybody out for the Christmas card!"

insane, or just gone—the fact is she hasn't got a man."

"I think I'll write a song—I Spy for the F.B.I."

"That's not harrdly funny."

"That reminds me, I'd better see about my passport. I'm leaving for Czechoslovakia."

"I thought you were from Chicago."

The delegates were, for the most part, veteran civil-rights crusaders, and their calm, deliberate, and workman-like matter-of-factness contrasted with their inflammatory resolutions. Some of the delegates wore bright-colored African garb; others wore Nehru jackets or blue denims, or even conservative business suits. One of the business-suited delegates said, "We know the ropes. 'The man' has no mystery. We know what we're up against. We've got to make ours a black society—black to the core, black in thought and in deed." Dr. Wright, in his speech at the opening meeting, proclaimed that the conference was "the most important assembly taking place in this nation, or in the world,"

and went on, "We are here for the saving of our black nation from an out-of-joint white world." Black unity was the chief goal of the conference, and Dr. Wright pointed out that there were two routes the delegates could follow. Either they could change, subvert, or coerce white-racist institutions into dealing justly with the problems of the black community or they could establish separate, parallel institutions for blacks alone. As far as the 1968 Presidential campaign was concerned, the choices were similar. The delegates could either form a fourth-party movement (a black fourth party) or try to stage the largest non-participatory political action in history by totally boycotting the election. In the end, it appeared to many of the delegates in the political workshop that the platform professions of both major parties were so irrelevant to blacks that the merely negative act of boycotting them would itself be an irrelevancy. They proposed, instead, the formation of a new, all-black party. However little hope of success such a party might have, it would be a positive action, and the con-

ference was determined at all costs to be positive. It wanted to be on the march, not only in this country but throughout the world. One of the most heartily endorsed resolutions of the conference demanded that the United States recognize Biafra; another popular resolution denounced the Vietnam war as simply one of many continuing devices by which white America seeks to avoid responding to the needs of black America. When the last resolution had been passed and the conference stood adjourned, one of the delegates, in no hurry to go home, sat down on the church steps and talked over his busy four days. Speaking quietly, as if he were stating a fact that no one could contradict, he said, "If the honkie doesn't wake up soon to what's happening, he may never get a second chance."

Most Valuable Player

JANE JARVIS, the musical director of the New York Mets, is the best organist in the major leagues, and she can play ten thousand songs from

memory. She is our closest friend out at Shea Stadium, and she tells nearly everyone she meets to call her Jane. Jane has been with the Mets for five seasons—ever since Shea was opened, back in 1964—but she broke into organized baseball with Milwaukee, where she played for ten seasons. The Mets have lost almost five hundred games since Jane joined up with them, but her songs still set the Met fans' toes to tapping, and after the game is over, the fans go home thinking: Well, maybe next year. She herself is a dedicated fan of all the Mets, but she has no particular favorite among them, her all-time favorite ballplayer being Eddie Mathews, the great home-run hitter of the Braves. When Jane worked in Milwaukee, she stopped a terrible melee—the worst fight in that ball park in anyone's memory. The fight started when Joe Adcock, of the Braves, slugged Reuben Gomez, a pitcher for the Giants. Adcock thought Gomez was trying to bean him. Then the other players on the field began slugging each other. The dugouts emptied, the boys in the bullpen rushed in, and they all started mixing it up. Finally, the fans in the stands started climbing out onto the field, and pretty soon almost everybody was slugging it out with almost everybody else. Jane watched the fight for a minute or so, thinking of what she should do, and then she sat down at the organ and played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Everybody in the stadium stood at attention, and the fight was over.

Jane was born in Vincennes, Indiana, where Red Skelton was also born. She is a pretty woman. Her hair is black, with a white streak on one side, and her eyes are blue. She smiles well, and she dresses attractively. Not long ago, on Banner Day, she was kind enough to invite us out to Shea for the afternoon, and that day she was wearing a black blouse, a white skirt, a white necklace, and high-heeled black shoes. She can play the organ in high heels almost as

easily as she can in flat shoes. Banner Day is a promotional device of the Mets, like Bat Day, and Old-Timers' Day, and Batting Helmet Day. In form, it is a doubleheader with a parade between games, and it is always the busiest day of the season for Jane. The parade is made up of Met fans carrying banners expressive of hope for the club's future. These banners are judged for merit, and the one with the highest hope is given a Grand Prize. Jane has to play the organ non-stop during the parade, and this year there were forty-one hundred and four marchers and twenty-four hundred and six banners. It took the marchers and the banners forty-five minutes to circle the field. Jane figures that it takes her between forty-five seconds and one minute to play a song, so this meant that, all told, she played about a hundred and thirty songs that afternoon. A normal doubleheader would be about sixty-five songs, and a single game might run to forty-five. Jane plays her songs on a two-manual electronic organ in a booth on the press level of the stadium, slightly on the third-base side of home plate. The working press and the radio and TV announcers are on one

side of the booth, and Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, the owner of the Mets, has a private box on the other side. Mrs. Payson and Jane get along fine, and Mrs. Payson's chauffeur, who often is there to keep score for her when she can't make it out to the ball park, is one of Jane's admirers. Jack Lightcap, the Mets' public-address announcer, works out of the same booth, along with Gene Kelly, the chief electrician, and the other electricians who operate the scoreboard. The radio and TV announcers wander in and out during a game, when they're not working, to chat with the boys and flirt with Jane. Some of the men in the front office are regular visitors, too, and occasionally one of the ballplayers, if he doesn't have to suit up that day, will stop by to say hello to Jane. Tom Seaver, the Mets' fine young sophomore pitcher, is a friend of Jane's, and Tug McGraw, a pitcher who once beat Sandy Koufax and is now back in the minors, always came in before pitching a game, for luck. Jane is the only girl in the booth, but she says she doesn't think about that much, because she has always worked with just men. The men never give her

any trouble, except about Tommy Agee. Agee is the Mets' center fielder, and he has been in a profound slump all year, but Jane roots for every Met, so the men call her the president of the Tommy Agee Fan Club.

Mr. Lightcap says the booth has the best seats at Shea, and Jane says she is the most fortunate woman musician alive. She starts about an hour before game time, playing a medley of twenty or thirty songs while the Mets and the visiting team bat fungoes and shag flies. During the medley, the scoreboard flashes a sign that says, "YOU ARE LISTENING TO JANE JARVIS—THE QUEEN OF SHEA—PLAY 'HITS' BELTED OUT ON THE THOMAS ORGAN." Quite often, the fellows on the visiting team call up the booth during batting practice to ask Jane to play a song for them, and sometimes the visiting sportscasters have requests. Ernie Banks, the



great first baseman of the Chicago Cubs, never fails to call. He always asks for "The Shadow of Your Smile" or "Smile," an old tune of Charlie Chaplin's. Pat Jarvis, a pitcher for the Atlanta Braves, usually gives Jane a ring, because they have the same name. Jane says he is more of a friend than a music lover, and she always asks him "How's the old arm?" He says "Fine. How're yours?" and she says "Fine."

After the opening medley, Mr. Lightcap invites the fans to sing along as Jane plays the Mets' fight song, "Meet the Mets." Then he announces the lineups of the two teams, and the Mets take the field to the tune of "Let's Go, Mets!"—a much better fight song, which Jane wrote herself. After that, Mr. Lightcap asks the fans to stand and sing while Jane plays the National Anthem. On Banner Day, we got to Jane's booth just in time for the National Anthem, which she plays in a spirited but dignified manner—not too fast and not too slow. During the game, Jane plays only at the end of each half inning. This gives her a chance to watch the game, chat, and do her homework. On Banner Day, she was working on an arrangement of Christmas carols. In her off hours, Jane has a job at Muzak as an assistant program director, and sometimes, she says, she moonlights on her daylight job and daylights on her moonlight job. Jane introduced us to the boys in the booth, and in the middle of the first inning she played a chorus of "Hi, Neighbor." Mr. Lightcap beat time with a pencil, and Lindsay Nelson, the sportscaster, who happened in at that moment, hummed the tune. Jane says she seldom relates the songs to the events on the field, because it is not her job to interpret the game. She always takes the songs at a nice gait, so that she can get the whole song in before play is resumed. She thinks it is very sloppy to stop in the middle of a song, and says she always tries to make each song an entity. Mr. Nelson had on a banana-yellow sports jacket, a polka-dot tie and matching display



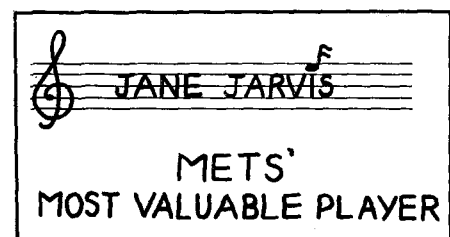
"I feel like a damn fool!"

handkerchief, dark slacks, and white wickerwork shoes. "You have to dress sharp if you're going to work with Jane," Mr. Nelson said. Jane shooed Mr. Nelson away, and finished playing her song, adding the Tremolo and the Vibrato for the final chords. Jane says she has to be careful what stops on the organ she chooses, because she has to cut through a lot of racket. Later in the game, she played "No Moon at All." For that, she chose the Saxophone, Violina, and Tibia stops on the solo manual and all the stops on the accompaniment manual: Tuba Horn, Diapason, Clarinet, Vox Mystica, Cello, Viola, Flute, Flute d'Amour, and Piccolo. In the pedal, she used the Major Flute and the String Bass. She got a nice hand for "No Moon at All."

The Mets were playing the Astros, and they took the first game, 8-1, behind the six-hit pitching of Don Cardwell. The Astros used three pitchers, and this gave Jane a chance to use two of her special songs, "The Pitcher's Wail" and "The Pitcher's Lament." Jane always plays one or the other of these tunes when a pitcher is taken out. She also always plays the same songs at the end of the fifth inning, when the ground crew drags the infield, and during the seventh-inning stretch. After the fifth, she plays three Irish jigs. The electricians, who are all Irishmen, get a big kick out of this, and one or two of them are apt to break into a few dance steps. For the sev-

enth-inning stretch, Jane plays "Chap-enaces." This is the song that sounds like the "Mexican Hat Dance" and begins "Da-a-ah, yum-pum pa yah-dah da bump. CLAP-CLAP . . ." Most of the fans join in on the "CLAP-CLAP," and Jane always tries to fool them by slowing down the song at one point and then suddenly playing it very fast. She always tries to fool them at exactly the same point.

When the first game was over, Jane stood up and stretched, and then settled down to her organ bench to await the start of the Banner Day parade. She told us to go out and get a beer. We did, and when we got back Jane was playing, and she was beaming in an embarrassed sort of way. The boys in the booth were applauding, and one of them called out "Did you see it?" and pointed down at the field. We looked at the parade, and there, right in front of us, was a large banner that said:



"It's the first banner I've ever had on Banner Day," Jane said to us. Jane can talk while she plays. "It's such a thrill for me. I feel like playing 'Thanks a Million!'"

YOUNG MEN REMEMBER

The great torrent of military and political memoirs and diaries of the Second World War is dwindling to a trickle as the more laggard generals, ministers, ambassadors, and personal representatives become too old to hold a pen. Another era of turbulent memoirs, about the Student Wars (1968-), is at hand, beginning with the exclusive publication of this battle diary.

ADVANCE BATTLE H.Q.,
THE CLOISTERS,
DEVIZES UNIVERSITY,
ENGLAND

Tuesday
HELD a conference of Assault Section Leaders to discuss policy and objectives for 1969. Bowman said that nothing short of a total reorientation of society would be acceptable to his Group (second-year students reading anthropology), but Pam Trotters thought our immediate demands should be limited to all-night passes and representation on the Council. Gutzwill of Strasbourg, who is over on a solidarity exchange, spoke next. He is a commanding figure, with almost legendary battle honours: has fought at the Sorbonne and Salamanca, took part in the Grosvenor Square scuffle on his twenty-second birthday, twice mentioned in the newspapers, and once spent three days in gaol for seizing the bridle of a police horse singlehanded at Toulouse. But he has come under the influence of Binholtz, the Basic English visionary of Belgrade, and was incomprehensible.

Decided, on a show of hands, to base our conditions for evacuating the College Kitchens and Buttery on:

- (1) Dismissal of the Vice-Chancellor.
- (2) Peace in Vietnam.
- (3) The abolition of capitalism, bureaucracy, written examinations, and paternalism.
- (4) Adequate bicycle sheds for students attending lectures.

Wednesday
The plan for next week's monster demonstration is now in essentials agreed upon. Hackforth and his mathematicians will march on the Post Office, while diversionary sitdowns are staged at traffic intersections by Trampoline's lightly armed classics majors. Archaeologists to form a strategic reserve in the Old Library. Six volunteer divinity students will meanwhile lie down in the aisle at St. Mary's in protest against the celebration of society weddings while Gibraltar is still en-

slaved. All these, of course, are feints designed to draw off the main opposition forces and leave the way clear for my own seasoned troops (the famous Unteachables) to occupy the Cattle Market and bring all bidding for Herefords, Border Leicesters, and other capitalist chattels to a halt. "Paralyse agriculture," declared Kit Svensen (Uppsala, 1962-64, *summa cum laude* in Anarchic Studies, California, 1965), "and you send tyranny to the slaughterhouse."

There remain, however, vexatious delays in settling the precise date. Our American colleagues are demanding Monday at latest, and stress the urgent need to take some of the strain off Notre Dame, where one hundred and fifty sophomore Darwinians are besieged in the Natural History Museum by reactionary Daughters of the so-called American Revolution. They seem incapable of understanding how severely our resources were overtaxed by the great joint rally in Uttoxeter in July. There is a serious shortage of tomatoes. Many of our universities have had to make do with eggs, and even these are scarce in some areas or hopelessly fresh, owing to the impossibility of laying down stocks to mature. Trousers torn in fence-climbing take time to repair, and at the present moment fifty or more of our best barricado men have had to be seconded to routine sit-in duties, pending the arrival of new pants from sympathisers in Rotterdam. Student campaigns are not won by scribbling "Action This Day!" on lavatory walls or tearoom menus.

Thursday
Further difficulties have arisen over the timing of our big push. It was fixed for Wednesday week, on direct orders from Oxford, but it turns out that Pam has a hairdo arranged for that day, and Guy Hackforth, who is still ground down, owing to the iniquitous system of inadequate grants, under the heel of

a quarterly parental allowance, is expecting a visit from his father. D Day has accordingly had to be postponed by twenty-four hours, which means that we shall miss Market Day and must switch the focus of our main assault to a small factory believed to be engaged in the production of policemen's badges. Flexibility must always be inherent in our tactics, however.

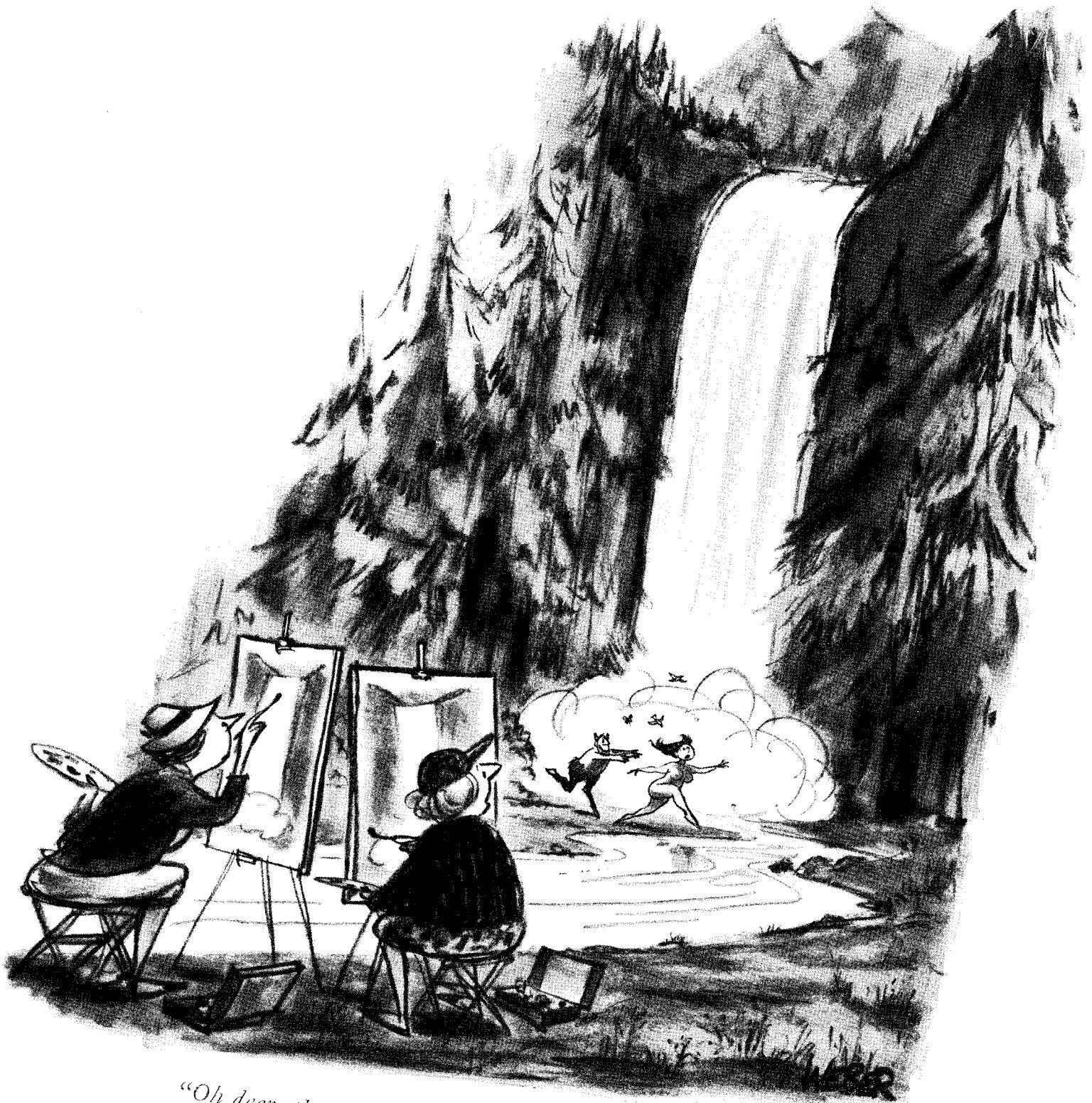
Jack Drew, something of a hothead despite his sandals, asked whether it was true that Napoleon put off Marengo because Marshal Ney had to see his dentist, and was sharply rebuked by Pollock (reading military history up to 1800), who said it was outside his period. Discussions of this kind keep our intellectual interests alive while normal lectures, etc., are in abeyance.

Good news from Heidelberg, where the Assistant Professor of Oriental Studies has been locked in his coal cellar for spying.

Saturday
Misch, the neo-Trotskyist from Bucharest, arrived this A.M. with proposals for a worldwide campaign to confuse the Faculties by sitting for the wrong examinations. He hoped to co-ordinate with Dolmetch, but we explained that the fiery zoologist from Vancouver had just left in disguise to visit "No Syllabus" Mazetti in Milan. Olga Brick has gone to Addis Ababa to stir up the biology students there, and Strickland, of whom much was hoped, has quite suddenly taken his degree at Edinburgh and gone over to the enemy. We shall never bring education to a complete halt until we can get all the leaders together for a concerted plan-in. There is an urgent need for an agreed international code, if we are to avoid repetitions of Tokyo's stupid blunder over so simple a word as "picket." Nothing whatever is gained by round-the-clock games of piquet. Trampoline has sent me a paper urging that we allow courses in modern languages to restart, or alternatively that all vital communications and orders be in Latin. Pray God it will not come to that.

Sunday
Pam Trotters has been seen in a cinema with the Regius Professor of Astronomy. All our secrets must now be regarded as compromised, including the plan to tattoo the Minister of Education next Friday. Morale is falling, and already there are reports that some of the seniors are dusting off their notebooks and getting ready for a sellout. Hackforth has shaved, and open fraternisation is said to be going on in the shrubbery behind the Pathology Lab. If





"Oh dear, the human figure! Now I am in trouble!"

the Vice-Chancellor sends in a wave of hard-core lecturers before we can rally, I doubt whether we shall be able to hold them off. Sex has always been the weak link in our armour.

Monday
It is finished. Bowman and his anthropologists are back at work. Tram-

pole is shamelessly translating Sophocles. At Reading and Cambridge, men and women who yesterday sat shoulder to shoulder in defiance of an outworn social structure are now standing like helots at Bunsen burners and retorts, or scribbling down the date of the Concordat of Worms. From abroad

the news is no better. The lamps of learning are being relit all over Europe; we shall not see them doused again until next term at the earliest.

I shall make my last stand in the Buttery, with Misch. We shall not give in while we have an egg left that is fresh enough to eat.

—H. F. ELLIS

SHE KNEW SHE WAS RIGHT

WYN's husband died of pneumonia in his thirtieth year in the terrible winter of 1896, when bonfires were lit on the Thames, horses fell dead in the cab ranks, and the roads to Kensal Green and Highgate were blocked by hearses. A few months later, Wyn began looking about for another husband. Nobody blamed her; what was she to do when the insurance money ran out?

Wyn was a well-grown, upstanding young woman, but she was pigeon-breasted and flat-buttocked. She tried to counter these defects by stuffing stockings or a towel in the top of her stays and sewing bustles into the skirts of her dresses. But it was all no good, and her fiancé's sister wrote to a school friend, "Monty is going to marry a girl with no bottom and no bust." An unidentified illness at boarding school had depleted her eyelashes, and she picked her nose when she thought herself unobserved. But men were crazy about Wyn, even when she was a widow with a mouthful of false teeth, lamentable result of three births. This was a bitter pill for Gracie and Florrie, her two spinster sisters, who had almost all their teeth intact and no distressing habits. Wyn had several admirers, and two bona-fide suitors: John Hart and John Hedley, her John and her Other John.

John Hedley, hereinafter to be referred to as Mac, was in the Foreign Office, which Wyn and her sisters learned to call, with reverent familiarity, the F.O. John Hart—Sandy—was only in the British Museum, vaguely associated in the minds of Wyn's sisters and their friends with outsize statues and uniformed attendants. He was small, had a squeaky voice, and told unfunny stories, choking with laughter, to grave faces, compelling attention with the bore's uplifted finger.

The only present

John Hart ever brought his ladylove was "The Scottish Student's Songbook," and his evenings (the Johns never came together) were almost entirely spent at the piano. Wyn vamped accompaniments courageously, following a singer through all modulations and shuffling instinctively between tonic and dominant till her fingers fell into the right key. She was careful not to drown Sandy's tenor moo, and he thought no one had ever before understood the music in his soul. Gracie and Florrie stayed in their bedroom till it was time to climb the uncarpeted stairs to the nursery and see to the children. On their way down again they would pause a moment to listen outside the drawing-room door, trip down the last flight into the hall, and clatter down the back steps to the basement kitchen. The singing overhead told them when to begin getting the supper tray ready: they put the kettle on the spirit lamp at the opening of "Shall I Wasting in

Despair," and took it off to mix the cocoa in a pottery jug at the end of "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind." The triumphant refrain of "The Mill Belongs to Sandy Still" was the sign for them to toil up the kitchen stairs with the loaded tray.

On Mac's evenings there was never any music, but he could be counted on to leave a long-necked bottle or a basket of fruit from Fortnum & Mason's on the hallstand before mounting the stairs to the drawing room. Gracie and Florrie told each other that there could be no comparison, by which, of course, they meant any comparison was entirely in Mac's favor. That Wyn could hesitate for a moment was more than they could understand. "By their fruits ye shall know them!" cried Florrie, biting into the flushed cheek of a hot-house peach. "It isn't only that, it's the whole style of the man," Gracie said reprovingly, digging into the skin of a tangerine with her thumbnail.

Each John had his alternate Sunday. Sandy always arrived bright and early and conducted Wyn on foot by exhausting shortcuts to Paddington Station, where they took the train to Leafy Bucks. They tramped across meadows and through copses, with frequent pauses for Sandy to consult his map, till darkness fell, stopping only once at a wayside pub to eat bread and cheese washed down with stone ginger. Wyn, always the good sport, pecked along at his side on her French heels, but she arrived home faint and hungry from these excursions.

ONE fine day in June, a whistling boy paused outside the railings of No. 9 Fairholme Road, attracted by the unusual sight of a hansom drawn up in front of a house on a Sunday morning. The boy watched a swell in a gray sack coat and black trousers carry a little party in a bonnet and pelisse of white piqué down the steps, followed by a lady with a tiny hat slanted over



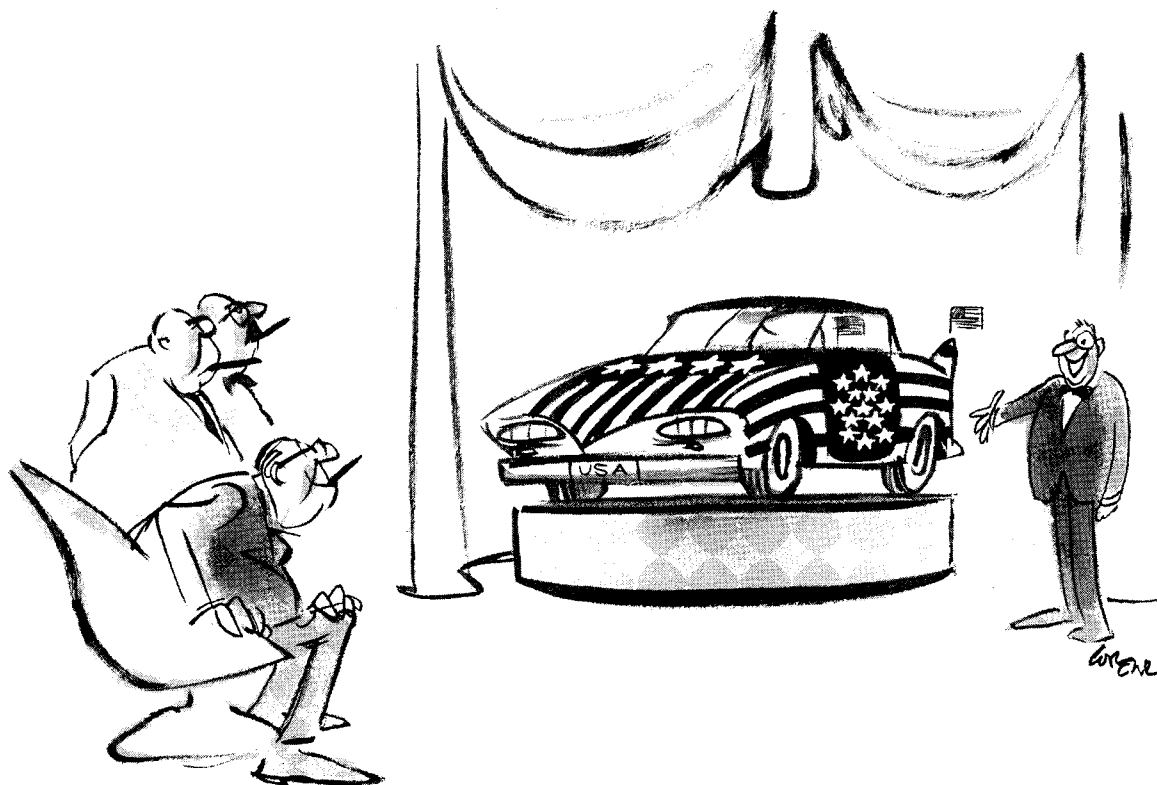
"Hold it, Mr. Hayward! Here's a letter from a satisfied customer in Appleton, Wisconsin."

her forehead and her skirt gathered to one side in the palm of her left hand. In the doorway stood two ladies with Princess Alexandra fringes, each holding a hand of an anxious-looking little party in a white pinafore and ankle-strap shoes. From a window in the basement kitchen, a servant lifted the curtain to peep out, and a St. Bernard dog stood with its front paws as far up the area steps as its chain would allow. The gentleman put the child into the cab, next to the window, then turned to help the lady in and climb up after her. The ladies on the doorstep waved their hands and tried to make the little girl between them wave hers. The driver

whipped up his horse for a sharp turn, and the eyes of the child in the cab swooped in their sockets, twin black comets trailing a flash of white. The ladies on the doorstep caught their breath and exchanged smiling glances, the servant watching from the kitchen window clutched unconsciously at her heart, and the boy on the pavement detached himself from the railings and went on his way whistling. He thought he would never forget those eyes as long as he lived; he didn't know that generals in Whitehall were even now plotting the deaths in the Veldt of thousands of whistling boys, and that, in fact, he had only four more years to live.

"Sandy would rather die than keep a cab waiting twenty minutes," Florrie mumbled over the fat chocolate she had popped into her mouth the moment the hall door closed behind them. Gracie reminded her tartly that Mac did not have to live on his salary; he had a little money of his own. Florrie knew that very well; it was what was so nice about him.

The cab carried Mac, Wyn, and little Eileen smartly to Paddington Station, and the train drew them out of town as fast as it could puff. So far, but how much less strenuously, Mac followed in the footsteps of Sandy. Everybody who wanted a day in the country went to Bucks—Leafy Bucks—because it was so easy to get at. They left the



"There it is, gentlemen! Our answer to foreign imports."

train at High Wycombe and made straight for the White Hart, where Wyn put Eileen down for a nap, and left her in the charge of a smiling chambermaid so that she could go for a stroll in the woods with Mac while the special lunch he had ordered was cooking. Mac treated her with exaggerated respect, only brushing the back of her hand for a moment as he freed her skirt from brambles. In the dining room of the White Hart, Wyn settled herself on the crimson plush seat of a corner divan and unfolded a cool, shiny napkin. Looking round, she saw that there were only cornflowers and dog daisies in britannia-metal vases on the other tables, and her glance came back exultantly to the heavy cut-glass bowl of apricot-tinted roses (real Gloires de Dijon!) on their own table. The headwaiter himself, leaving underlings to serve the table-d'hôte mutton to less exclusive customers, set a still bigger glass bowl, erupting crisp whity-green lettuce leaves, in front of Mac; ivory salad servers turned up slices of tomatoes and crescents of hard-boiled eggs as, with pontifical solemnity, the headwaiter mixed in the dressing. Just as a roast chicken came rolling up for Mac's approval, swing doors at the end of the room opened and Eileen was delivered by a still smiling chambermaid into the hands of a smiling waiter, and led across the floor to her mother. Diners lifted their

heads from their plates for a peep at the interesting trio, and Wyn saw in every face that the loveliness of the child flattered her own looks. When she glanced across the table at Mac, the slavish adoration in his eyes almost oppressed her. She asked herself if even Walter had ever looked at her like that, forgetting that Walter had not had to plead for love that had never been denied him.

When the table was cleared for dessert, Mac placed a closed fist on the table, and then lifted it to give a sudden twitch with thumb and forefinger to a hidden object. One flashing gyration, and a gold hoop lay on the cloth in front of the wondering child. She pounced on it with a chubby paw, but dropped the shining thing when it pricked her finger. "Don't be afraid," Mac said. "It won't bite you." But Eileen *was* afraid, could not be persuaded to touch it again; there was something sharp and frightening in the middle of it. Mac leaned over to give another spin to the hoop, but this time he was clumsy and it rolled off the edge of the table. A waitress hastened up and stooped over, close to Wyn's skirts, coming up with the ring in her fingers. She seemed uncertain whether to hand it to the lady or the gentleman.

"Is it pretty?" Mac asked.

"Very pretty, sir," said the girl.

"Lovely, I should say."

The sight of pale gums and uneven,

discolored teeth so ingenuously displayed embarrassed Wyn, and she turned aside, but Mac looked unflinching into the blurred fallow face. "Keep it," he said banteringly. "Nobody else wants it." He leaned his head with the tiniest gesture in the direction of Wyn, now busy tucking a napkin under the bush of curls on Eileen's neck.

"Oh, sir!" the girl giggled. Her hand closed involuntarily over the ring, but the next moment she put it on the tablecloth, well away from the edge, and hurried off at the approach of the watchful headwaiter.

Mac scooped up the ring with a blind motion of his fingers and slipped it into a vest pocket.

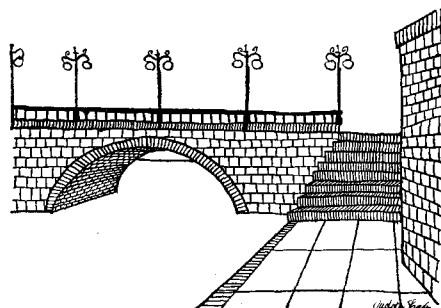
Mac found an empty first-class compartment for the homeward journey, and Eileen was soon fast asleep in her mother's arms. For a moment, the thought flashed through Wyn's head that not even for the sake of being alone with her would Sandy have taken first-class tickets, spoony little man though he was, but she dismissed it as unworthy. Mac, who had been gazing at her in silence for some time, suddenly got up and let down the window to lean over the top for a smoke. After two whiffs, he threw the cigarette out with a muffled groan and sat down beside Wyn, drawing her toward him and kissing her over the head of the sleeping child. She had forgotten the feel of lips against her own. How fragrant Mac's breath was! What was he whispering? "*Winifred! Winifred! Winifred!*," over and over again. He was the first to draw away, but it was only to pick up the sleeping child and lay her on the opposite seat. Then he came back to Wyn with assurance, like a bailiff who has managed to get his foot in the door. But the moment of illusion had passed. Mac's breath smelled like any other man's after dinner, and the burning of his lips no longer thrilled Wyn. Still, she felt pledged. She had let him feel her moment of response; to go back on it now would be cruel.

The train entered a tunnel; everything was one great confused roar. When it came out, the roaring inside and out suddenly subsided. Mac got to his feet and blundered to the window, smoothing his hair and wiping his face with his handkerchief. Then, bracing himself in the swaying carriage, he felt in his vest pocket again. Eileen was back on her mother's lap, blinking sleepily. Mac bent over to open her fist. "Give it to Mummy," he said, closing the warm baby fingers over the ring. Wyn took it herself and ex-

amined the diamond in its delicate clawed setting. "Tell Mummy to put it on."

"Put it on, Mummy," the child piped obediently.

Neither of the grownups smiled. Wyn began pushing the ring over her knuckle, all the time looking sad-eyed out the window at the flying telegraph poles. But Mac broke into a great cry of triumph that rolled up to the low roof like the roar of a caged lion and frightened Eileen into a burst of tears. With weeping and exultation, with words of consolation and hurried tying



ORANGES

Afternoons in Connecticut, we'd picnic
by the lake on a Mexican sarape,
clear primary colors
expanding in the raw wool
under a still-life: chicken,
tossed salad, a bottle of Chablis. . . .

This morning, having lived in Athens
for weeks on a few dollars a day—
ripped newspaper on a string in the bathroom,
straw mattress on the bed—we discover
breakfast: oranges, opened
at the window in Greek light.
Their juice breaks in the mouth
bright as the sting of sun on closed eyelids . . .

the melting shapes within,
the whole fire that writhes at the center
of systems, scattering
tiger lilies through cathedral darkness
flickered for Aeschylus
in the slow dawn of the *Oresteia*—
a twist of flaming wind borne
by runners from ancient cities
to the new Olympic stadium
in Rome, East
to West as Apollo rides the sky
through dead leaves in New England
toward the dark.

But first,
a curved skin of orange flame
filmed by the quiet lake
filled, then, with bull's-eye ripples
that expand and cross
as the bream and small bass come up to feed.

—GEORGE AMABILE

of bonnet strings, they were drawn into the resounding cave of the terminus.

GRACIE and Florrie were enraptured by the ring, could hardly leave it to get Eileen her supper. But black depression had clamped down on Wyn. She threatened to send the ring back if her sisters said another word about it, and really did tug it off and fling it into a corner. Florrie retrieved it with squeals of horror; she tried to put it on her own finger but couldn't get it over the second joint, and Gracie snatched it from her and handed it to Wyn, who put it in her reticule.

The next morning her sisters found Wyn in tears. "It'll kill Sandy," she sobbed. "He'll never get over it, never." Gracie hummed the tune of "Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, the Mouse has married the Bumblebee."

Gracie and Florrie went to their room early that evening. When the silence of the house was shattered by the pealing of the front doorbell,



they clutched at one another, listening through its diminishing clamor for Wyn's light step on the stairs. Five minutes later, they heard the muted thud of the front door being gently closed, and knew John Hart had been dismissed. "You'd think she'd have asked the poor fellow into the drawing room," Florrie said.

"She was quite right," snapped Gracie. "Least said soonest mended in such cases."

The day after, Mac arrived with a bottle of champagne and a bunch of roses. Gracie and Florrie would have received him with enthusiasm if Wyn had not been so grave and aloof; it would not do, they felt, to appear happier than the bride-elect. So there was something almost funereal in the solemnity of the first greetings, and the older sisters were glad to hurry out for glasses and a vase. When Florrie came back with the roses, the lovers were seated at opposite sides of the hearthrug, *both smoking*.

"She was leaning over lighting her cigarette from his," Florrie reported. "Wouldn't you think she'd be afraid of forfeiting his respect?"

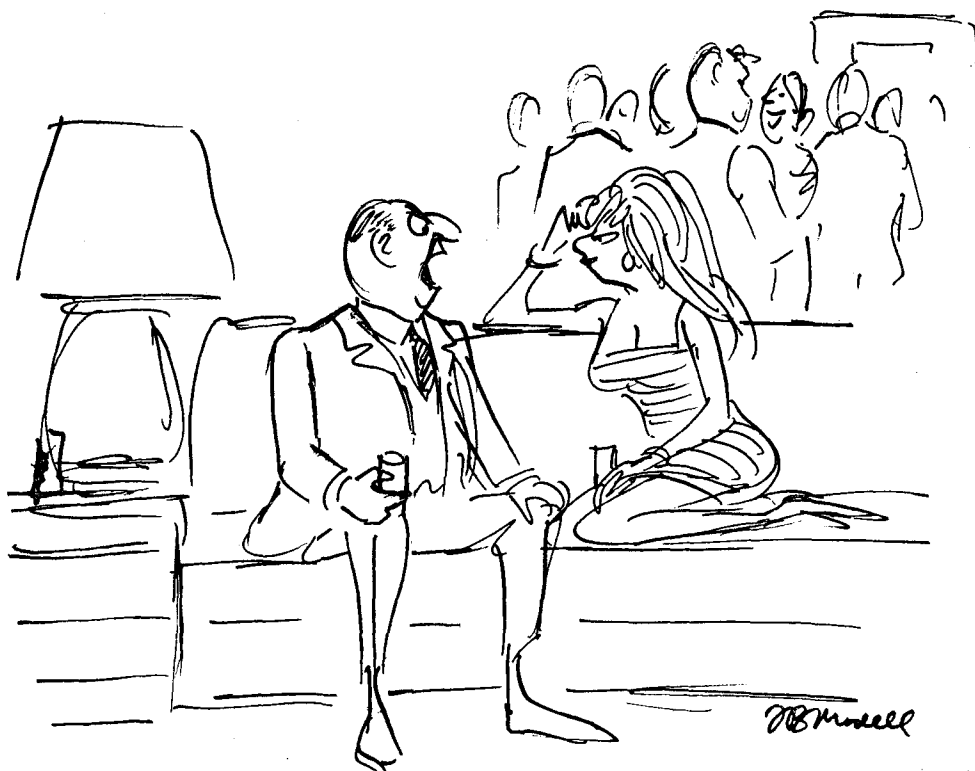
"She's probably a great deal more afraid of him finding out about Hope," Gracie said.

Wyn's sisters loyally connived with her to keep her third child, the crippled Hope, in the background. Wyn never intended to go as far as the widow Macarty in "A Shabby Genteel Story," who presented her second husband with two little girls as soon as the ceremony was over, but pro tem (strictly pro tem, you know) it might be as well to soft-pedal Hope, who spent most of her life in a children's sanatorium anyhow. Every evening was John Hedley's evening now, but Wyn did not behave in the least like a bride-to-be. She got up late, spent most of the day in her dressing gown, refused to hear a word about wedding clothes, and forbade her sisters to spread the news of the engagement. They noticed that she only put on the ring when her fiancé was expected. Florrie was distressed; Gracie did not like the look of things at all.

By imperceptible degrees, the emotional barometer slipped from its high point in John Hedley's favor. Once he had gained his end, he turned out to be as selfish and inconsiderate as most men. Annie complained that he pushed past her without a word when she opened the door, whereas Mr. Hart always used to say, with a pleasant smile, "Good morning, Annie. Are the

ladies at home?" Mr. Hart had greeted Gracie and Florrie with an old-fashioned chivalry, which they remembered regretfully now that Mac's party manners had degenerated into the hollowest of jocular exclamations and an obvious impatience to get them out of the room and be alone with Wyn. Eileen was accustomed to having her share in the courtship of her mother, but now if Wyn had her sent up to the drawing room in her gray frock and black sash it was never long before Mac thrust a packet of butterscotch or a tangerine into her hand and told her to run away and share it with her little sister Bee. Once, having come unprovided, he insinuated a threepenny bit into Eileen's clenched fist, and led her to the door. "She doesn't know what it is," Wyn said fondly, but she felt vaguely affronted, and the next time Mac came Gracie gave him back the coin. "Our children are brought up not to take money from visitors."

When a letter with a Newcastle postmark came for Wyn, Gracie turned it over and over in her hands; the address was in John Hart's neat handwriting, and she would have opened it if she dared. She even considered throwing it on the kitchen fire. They all knew that John Hart had



"Now see here, young lady! One isn't necessarily part of the military-industrial complex just because one happens to make a buck."

gone north to seek consolation in the bosom of his family; why should he be allowed to remind Wyn of himself? In the end, traditions of decency prevailed and Gracie put the letter back on the hallstand. She knew Wyn would leave it on her dressing table. Investigating a few hours later, Gracie found nothing in the torn envelope but a few snapshots nestling in the folds of a half sheet of notepaper. A single sentence in small, very black letters (John Hart's civil-service calligraphy) was neatly centered under the embossed address: "Sandy is always yours." Gracie cast a condescending glance at the photographs—the Pier, the Collingwood Monument, and the Venerable Bede's Hermitage.

That same evening, Wyn told Mac she had heard from Sandy.

"How's he bearing up under the blow?" Mac asked.

Wyn did not quite like his manner. "He says he's always mine."

"Well, you're not always his, I hope."

"John Hart is a very good man."

"But I'm the one you're going to marry."

"Yes, Mac, but there's something I keep meaning to tell you."

"Speak, lady, for thy servant heareth."

"It's about the children. I never told you—"

Mac fidgeted impatiently in his chair. "Your children shall be my children. What more is there to say about them?" Mac supposed she was going over old ground, and he did not care to waste the precious moments in idle talk.

When Wyn let her lover out in the small gray hours of the morning, the distant policeman pacing the pavement seemed to be the only other person awake in the whole of London. Far away in the King's Road, the wheels of market carts rumbled drowsily on their way to Covent Garden. Wyn shut the door behind Mac and crept up the stairs to her room, chilled to the bone. She awoke in the morning to profound, inexplicable depression, and after Annie had brought up her morning cup of tea none of her household saw her till she appeared for the children's dinner at half past one, still in her dressing gown. But a few days later she got up as soon as she had drunk her morning tea in bed, and dressed herself for company—stays, camisole, and frilled taffeta petticoat beneath the gray cashmere dress that had replaced her deep mourning. She put on her close bonnet and short cape and went straight out of the house without a word to anybody. Gracie called down the kitchen stairs for Annie to come and take the children for a walk, so that she and Florrie could discuss the extraordinary situation over breakfast. Never before

had Wyn gone out so early. They were still at their tea and toast when she came back and stood in the doorway pulling off her gloves to deliver her bomb.

"I've done it!" she said. "I've sent for John Hart."

"I knew it!" Gracie cried shrilly. "I knew you would."

"What did you write?" asked the ever-practical and inquisitive Florrie.

"How could you put it in a wire?"

"I put it in six words," Wyn said.

"I didn't even put the signature."

Pressed by her sisters, she at last told them what the six words had been:

"The mill belongs to Sandy still."

"Barmy!" said Gracie. "Barmy on the crumpet."

"Will he understand?" Florrie asked.

The course of the day showed them how well John Hart had understood. Every few hours came a telegram, three in all, but it was always the same telegram: "SANDY IS COMING." And there was one more at nine-thirty the next morning: "SANDY IS HERE."

"He must have sent one every time the train stopped," Florrie said in awed tones and began calculating the total cost.

WYN's friends were astonished to hear that she had thrown over the brilliant John Hedley for a prosy and penurious little man like John Hart. Wyn explained that Sandy was really very distinguished in his own line—an authority, *the* authority on illuminated manuscripts, a scholar with a European reputation. Wyn would gladly have come out firmly with "savant" if she had been quite sure of the pronunciation.

John Hart's friends (bores have friends, too) were no better pleased. He was cranky and tiresome, but he was one of themselves, learned, virtuous, clean, with an assured position, a welcome guest in academic groves where a daughter lingered under the parental roof or a sister had been too long entrenched in a married brother's home. Why, then, did John Hart have to take a bride from the semi-literate daughters of Belial who lived in West Kensington and Bayswater but aped the manners and customs of Mayfair ("My dear, have you seen the sisters?"), a widow with no money, and a little girl to support; two, some said, though this was not generally believed, for she was never seen with more than one. To keep Wyn out of their homes became an obsession with Museum wives, but they urged husbands to

"speak" to Mr. Hart—in a friendly way.

So little Hill from Illuminated Manuscripts, passing John Hart at a table in the Express Dairy on the corner of Museum Street and Holborn, congratulated him jocosely on the acquisition of a ready-made family. The other lifted a thoughtful chewing visage, put down his knife and fork, swallowed. "Thanks, Hill," he said simply. Mr. Hill made his way to a table as far away as possible, discouraging with glum looks two ladies who showed signs of taking chairs opposite him. Opening his *Morning Post*, he read, not without satisfaction, that the Earl of Galloway had been fined five shillings at Marlborough Street for driving to the danger of pedestrians in Park Lane and resisting a policeman in the performance of his duties. Mr. Hill did not dislike earls—in fact, he was rather fond of them than otherwise (a learned nobleman is the savant's delight)—but his feelings as a commoner were gratified. Reading further, he was distressed to learn that "only the pick of Oxford undergraduates knew who wrote 'Ivanhoe' or what the 'Pickwick Papers' were, and any allusion to Mrs. Proudie, Becky Sharp, or Mr. Micawber was likely to fall on deaf ears." It perturbed him rather less that there were three hundred and forty-two patients in the smallpox wards of London hospitals; the authorities probably had the situation well in hand, whereas nobody could force undergraduates to read Trollope.

Looking up furtively from his paper, he caught sight of Mr. Hart, a folded copy of the *Times* clenched in his armpit, the bill for his lunch in one hand, a cup of coffee slopping over into the saucer in the other, bearing down upon him over the congested floor. Oh, how Mr. Hill wished he had not frightened away those harmless ladies!

How he dreaded "speaking" to Mr. Hart! He need not have been afraid. Hart, too, had been reading the paper, and his thoughts were of his country. As soon as he was seated, with his coffee cup on the table beside him, he liberated the *Times*. "What do you suppose this signifies?" he asked, tapping with one knuckle at a Reuters dispatch: "FURTHER GRANTS TO RUSSIA IN MANCHURIA."

"Nothing good," said Mr. Hill, who was as much addicted to viewing with alarm as the next man, and for a quarter of an hour the only names mentioned were Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, Manchuria, and Armenia.

John Hart had been the only bachelor in Illuminated Manuscripts for a number of years, and now he, too,

was going to be domesticated. Secret triumph craved to show itself in public rejoicings, and one morning John Hart was carried off to a room at the end of a passage to which men from several departments repaired on occasion for a smoke and a chat. Grave Bulletins and Transactions had been swept off the table to make room for a small battalion of bottles and tumblers, and John Hart's health was drunk amidst the jocund popping of corks. "And 'Here's to the widow of—thirty!'" cried a bold spirit. All drank deep and joined in the chorus. Thursfield of Greek Antiquities proposed a still more daring toast: "And here's to the Widow's Mite!"

"She has two mites, hasn't she, Hart?" The question came from



"See, I told you! Their greens and blues are much sharper than ours."

Scholes of Printed Books, a newcomer to the Museum (he had only been on the staff eight years and had not caught the tone of the establishment yet).

“WHAT did you say to that?” Wyn asked him.

“I said it was quite true and I’d marry you if you had three.”

“I have,” said Wyn.

John Hart gulped once, but took it like a little gentleman. He loved Wyn and he would love her children. When Wyn told him in a breaking voice that Hope’s leg would never bend at the knee, owing to a bungled operation, Sandy’s pity and indignation drove out all selfish considerations. His sister Mary was matron of the surgical ward in St. Thomas’s Westminster, and knew all the great surgeons personally; nothing should be left untried. Wyn put her head on his shoulder and wept. The dreaded moment of confession had brought comfort. It was the happiest hour they had ever spent, or ever would spend together. When Sandy said jocosely, “My brother Edward is Senior Classical Master at Eton. Sure you haven’t got a promising little chap

hidden away somewhere?” Wyn almost wished she had.

AFTER the wedding, Wyn’s sisters went straight to a cozy little flat off Marylebone Road, and the newly-weds moved to a house at Harrow-on-the-Hill for the sake of the children and because Sandy must have a garden.

Wyn had not wanted visitors till the house was thoroughly presentable, but Sandy soon began to receive intimations that his colleagues and their wives wished to call on the bride. Strange rumors, starting from kitchens and staid clubrooms, had been circulating for some time, and Museum wives who had been loudest in their determination to boycott Mrs. Hart had flocked to the wedding but had come away with their curiosity sharpened rather than satisfied. Now they pestered their husbands to take them to call, and Wyn, fuming, found herself obliged to entertain a succession of couples at afternoon tea on two consecutive Sundays.

The ladies were charmed with the house. The children were darlings, and anyone could see what a lovely

garden there would be when the roses were out. It was while their host was conducting them on a tour of slippery paths and naked flower beds that the discovery was made. The rumors, the whispers at the wedding, had been perfectly true: there she was, the third little girl whose existence had been so carefully concealed, stretched out on a high-wheeled couch under a tree.

WHEN Eileen and Bee entered upon their teens, their mother began to take them about with her. Eileen’s beautiful manners must be allowed full scope, and something must be done to combat Bee’s morbid shyness. “I think I’ll take the girls to see poor old Mac,” Wyn said one day at lunch. “I’m sure he’ll be pleased, and he lives next door to Madame Tussaud’s.”

Sandy’s “Oh, yes” was particularly narky, and the children glanced at one another over the table. They knew very well who Poor Old Mac was. “Is the gentleman aware of the honor in store for him?” asked Sandy.

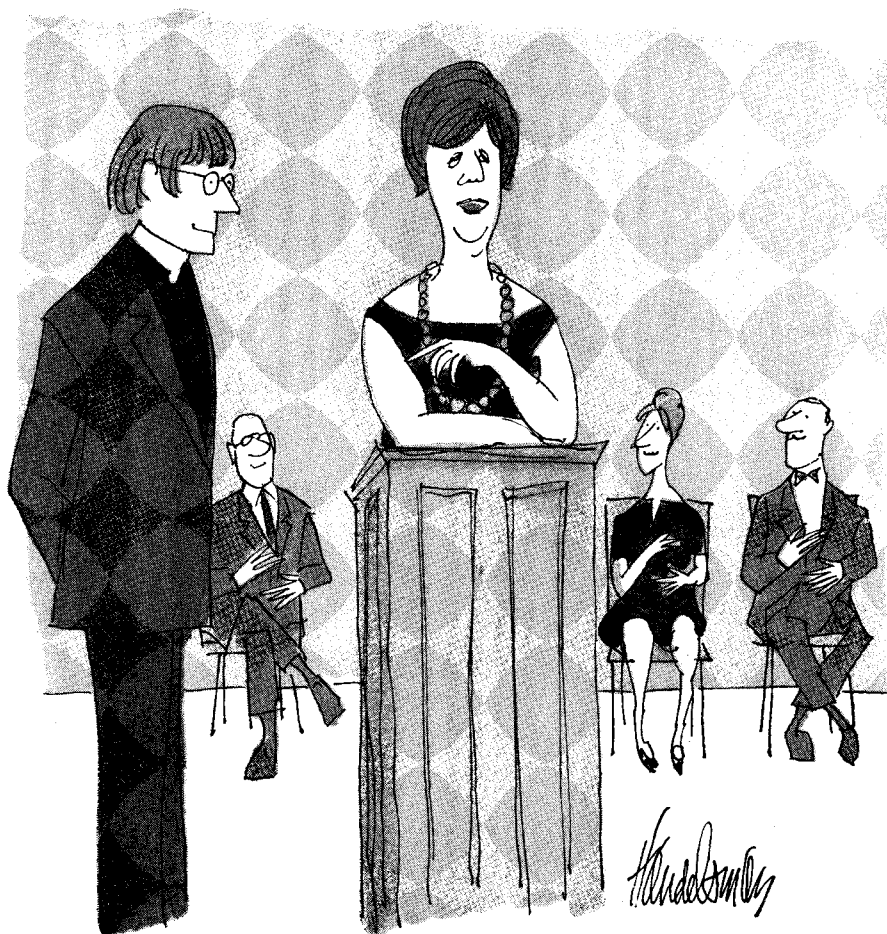
Mac did his best to make his unexpected visitors at home in his cramped bed-sitter. He opened a bottle of wine, brought almonds and raisins in a paper bag from a cupboard in the sideboard, and showed the girls how to slide the handle of his stereoscope so as to get the Falls of Lodore and the Leaning Tower of Pisa in focus. Worn out by the hideous tedium of Madame Tussaud’s, Eileen and Bee crammed peeled almonds into their mouths and examined the views in the stereoscope with languid curiosity; there was not one they had not seen dozens of times in Grandpapa’s stereoscope. Mac had another set, which he held out in an ungummed envelope for Wyn to look at. “Not for the young, I’m afraid you’ll say.”

Wyn half pulled two cards out of the envelope and glanced at them before letting them slip back and returning the lot to Mac. “Not for the young, and you know, Mac, nakedness was never any treat to me.”

It was time to go. Sandy would be clamoring for his wife and his dinner. “And how is His Holiness?” asked Mac, closing and unclosing the lid of a cigar box on a small carved table.

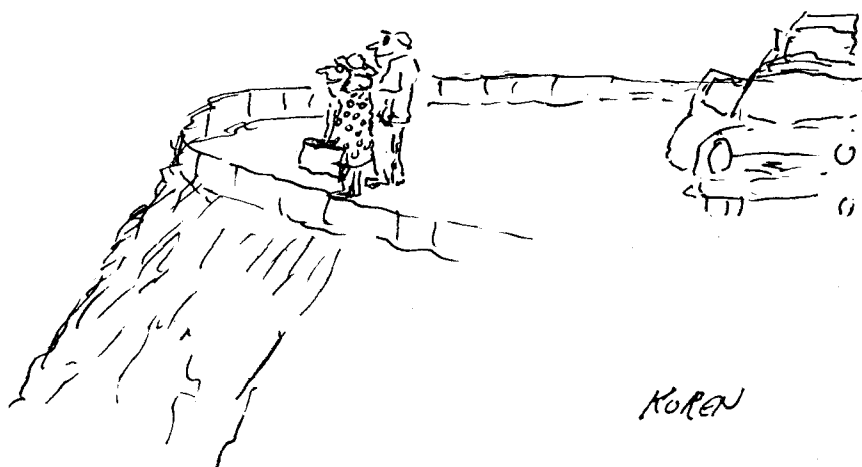
“As ever, infallible,” Wyn returned lightly, and there was something in her manner the children didn’t like. They did not love Sandy, but home still held their loyalties.

Mac bent over Wyn’s hand and kissed the arched wrist. “It’s not often you deign to disturb my stagnant pool,”



“And now I take pleasure in introducing an ecclesiastical gadfly, a man who is an object of loathing to the bishops of his own church.”

EVERYTHING



"Well, now we've seen it."

he murmured. "And when I look into this charming countenance—" He broke off with an ineffable glance at Eileen, who was hovering behind her mother. "The image of you, Wyn, when I first knew you." He seemed to have forgotten that Wyn had been going on for thirty when he first knew her.

"**H**OW did you find His Excellency?" Sandy asked over his first forkful of meat and potatoes.

"Same as ever," replied Wyn. "He sits smoking his cigars and reading French novels all day, and spends the night in mysterious haunts."

"That legacy was Hedley's undoing."

"It could have been the making of him," Wyn said warmly. "He should never have left the F.O. I would never have let him. He might have been an ambassador by now."

"And you would have been an ambassador. You backed the wrong horse that time, Mem." This was ungenerous, considering that Wyn had given up Mac with his good position and brilliant prospects for the impetuous Sandy. But when was jealousy generous?

Sandy withdrew his glittering gaze from Wyn's face to the bewildered countenances of the children. "How

would you have liked being a little Excellency, Eileen? I don't think it would have suited Bee, she's too stout a fella."

Both children scowled, and Wyn asked herself wearily why he must be forever pitting Eileen's beauty and brilliance against Bee's solidity of character.

"What a good thing she chose Sandy!" Eileen said to Bee that night across the table between their beds. Bee couldn't have agreed more. What? A revolting old funny with dewlaps and a tasselled skullcap might have been their stepfather! Sandy was bad enough, goodness knew, but habit had overgrown antagonism, creating the tolerance a horse is said to feel for the bit. The girls slept like travellers who have reached haven after a narrow escape.

On the other side of the wall, Wyn lay wide awake, debating the same theme inside her head. She told herself that Mac would never have sunk so low if she had married him; of course he had those queer tastes—most Winchester boys did—but Wyn knew she could have managed him. Mac was self-indulgent, but he would never have poisoned the air with nagging admonition like the high-minded little bully curled up beside her on the mattress and now peacefully snoring. Tears pricked somewhere behind her eyes,

but she forced them back; crying would neutralize the effect of the expensive skin food she had smeared over her face and neck and give her a splitting headache, and she wanted to look her best for the next day, when she was going to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" with her favorite man of the moment. She knew she must concentrate on pleasant thoughts, try to convince herself that everything had been for the best. She could easily have married Mac, and she had deliberately chosen to marry Sandy. If it were all to do over again something told her that she would still choose Sandy. The thing now was to get a good night's sleep, and she closed her eyes resolutely.

But the little cushioned hammock braced firmly under her chin irked her. She picked at the buckle, and when it stuck she tore the whole caboodle down over her face and flung it from her.

—IVY LITVINOV

It is a powerful film and made even more powerful by the irony of leaving the theater to enter a lobby filled with Danish cheeses displayed on a long table and plump young Danish folkdancers happily clumping about to cheerful music. The just a position of the two elements of Danish life caused one to philosophize.

—*San Mateo (Calif.) Times.*

Describe the position, please.

P R O F I L E S

CITY OF THE BAROQUE

I-ALONG CURVED STREETS



ONLY after living in Vienna for a long time can one begin to understand why the Viennese are often unable to separate reality from legend, truth from make-believe. The Viennese are essentially baroque people. For more than three hundred and fifty years, the baroque has been a way of life in this city. "During the early baroque, nearly everything became a show," writes Fred Hennings, one of the foremost current experts on the phenomenon. "Church services and state actions, weddings and funerals, entertainment and gambling, hunting and even war. Invitations went out to attend 'a beautiful siege.' Incessantly there were kilometre-long processions in streets and squares filled with spectators. The protagonists in the baroque world theatre felt confirmed in their God-given rank by the cheering extras among the people." Baroque spectacles, it appears, were arranged not for the pleasure of the spectators—or, at least, not primarily—but in order to demonstrate the power and wealth of the chief actors in them, and the baroque concep-

tion of life blurred the demarcation lines between *Sein* (what one is) and *Scheinen* (what one wants to appear to others).

In art, the term "baroque" was originally used by critics as an expression of disapproval, to describe works of art that failed to conform to the "classical" standards of beauty. "Baroque" meant something that was elaborate and theatrical, grotesque and extravagant, bizarre and flamboyant. An imperfectly shaped pearl was classified as "*barroco*" by Portuguese jewellers. To the Italians, "*un barocco*" was a syllogism supporting some farfetched conclusion. But after 1600 the word "baroque" came to describe a cultural epoch—the period that began with the Counter-Reformation. In Vienna, this epoch reached its climax at the end of the seventeenth century, when the dangers of Protestantism and of Turkish aggression, which had persisted for more than two hundred years, seemed at last to have disappeared. Men were elated by their own success and gratefully aware of God's omnipotence.

This somewhat contradictory attitude found expression in baroque exuberance. "Vienna reached its cultural zenith during the baroque, and remained baroque in its strongest and finest expressions of life," wrote Egon Friedell, himself a baroque mixture in our own century of philosopher, actor, and cultural historian. "The essence of the baroque is the uncontrolled despotism of analytical reason, which refuses to admit its position of authority and seeks escape in adventurous masks and artificial disguises; intelligence getting drunk on wild forms and colors; rationalism disguised as colorful sensuality."

The baroque began, in Vienna, as an architectural style, which later influenced all the other arts and eventually became a state of mind. There were baroque furniture, baroque weapons, baroque interiors—even baroque coffins, such as the beautifully ornamented eighteenth-century double sarcophagus in the city's Capuchin church that holds the remains of the Empress Maria Theresa and her consort, Franz of Lorraine. The baroque style offered espe-

cially rich opportunities to the already long-standing Viennese infatuation with music and drama. Leopold I, who reigned over the Holy Roman Empire from 1658 to 1705, is remembered as the most popular Hapsburg of the baroque era, because he loved music and was an able composer (a hundred and two dances, nine "theatrical festivities," and ninety-seven pieces of church music, including a requiem for his wife, which was also performed at his funeral). Legend says that when he felt death approaching he ordered his *Hofkapelle*—the Imperial Orchestra, which had been founded in 1496 by Emperor Maximilian I and was the predecessor of the Vienna Philharmonic—to perform his favorite pieces in an adjoining hall, whereupon he happily died. The playwright and critic Hermann Bahr, a shrewd observer of the Viennese character, once said that for the Viennese life begins at the theatre. They think of their city as a vast stage where each citizen performs a part and simultaneously watches his own performance. People fight and are quickly friends again—after all, they've only been playing a scene. In his verse play "Paracelsus," Arthur Schnitzler wrote, "We all act parts, and wise is he who knows it."

Vienna is a romantic city—one of the last truly romantic cities on earth. The Viennese poet Hugo von Hofmannsthal called Vienna "a wonderful, inexhaustibly magical city with mysterious, soft, light-filled air." The air is never harsh there; even fog, which can be hostile and frightening in cold, wet cities farther north, is but a soft, friendly mist along the banks of the Danube and up on the green slopes of the Vienna Woods. The illogical German language, which distinguishes three genders, makes "Wien" neuter (one says "*das* Wien"), but everybody who comes to the city feels that Wien is very feminine—capricious, charming, and utterly unreliable. Ordinarily unemotional people have experienced disturbing sensations as they walk along the Ringstrasse on a mild evening in June. The scent of the linden trees—mixed with whiffs of lilac, jasmine, and acacia—is very strong. An attractive woman I know, who is usually quite

calm and composed, admits that this particular scent sometimes makes her "*deppert*"—that is to say, "mad," in a very civilized and specifically Viennese way; one might do something very, very foolish and later be unable to explain what made one do it. "How beautiful is all this!" Hofmannsthal exclaimed. "How beautiful is beauty!" ("*Wie schön ist Schönheit!*")

In Vienna, the heroic and the *gemütlich*, the hidden and the ostentatious, the past and the present are all blended into an improbably harmonious whole. Somehow, the cheerless gray streets of the city's ugly outskirts and the noble Gothic churches and baroque palaces of its center combine to make a perfect composition. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the palaces all had gardens. Later, the expanding metropolis devoured most of the gardens. Among the few that remain is the one that lies behind the Palais Schwarzenberg—and behind the tall monument of the Unknown Soviet Soldier (or, as the Viennese say, "the

Unknown Rapist"), which must remain there forever, according to an article in the 1955 treaty that conferred upon Austria its somewhat precarious state of independence between East and West after the Four-Power Occupation. The sound of the words "Schwarzenberg Garten" made Arthur Roeszler, an art critic, think of "a tuning fork lightly touched, its 'A' slowly dying away." The German poet Joseph von Eichendorff sat in that garden one day in June, 1811, "on a hidden wooden bench near the wall from where one looks into the fields," and gazed on the orange trees, "the olive tree, with its sad greens," and the pomegranate tree. "Everything is lonely and quiet; only a few people are nearby, reading," he wrote. The trees he saw are gone, and the fields have become expensive building sites, but the garden is still comparatively lonely and quiet, and is much loved by the people living in the neighborhood, who are permitted keys to a locked side gate. The annual fee for a key is forty schillings, or about a



"Jake, I'd like you to meet my *raison d'être* for being a regular here in your place."

dollar and a half—not much for the privilege of being a sort of co-owner of a palace garden.

Behind the Schwarzenberg Garden rises the terraced garden of the Belvedere, which was laid out between 1700 and 1724 by Johann Lukas von Hildebrandt on a long slope overlooking Vienna from the southeast. The Belvedere is Hildebrandt's masterpiece, just as the Karlskirche is that of his greatest rival among architects of the Viennese baroque, Johann Bernard Fischer von Erlach. Hildebrandt was retained by Prince Eugene of Savoy, who decisively drove the Turks out of Leopold I's empire after the siege of Vienna in 1683, to build a residence suitable for one known as "the secret emperor," on the most beautiful site in Vienna. The garden extends upward from the Lower Belvedere, a deceptively simple-looking palace where the Prince lived, to the Upper Belvedere, an ornate edifice where he received in imperial splendor. The lower sections of the garden are spaced about with irregular flower boskets, and since Mahler's day replicas of these have appeared on the stage of the Vienna Opera in the fourth act of all productions of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," when comedy and confusion, love and jealousy, madness and magic reach a wonderful climax, and Susanna, alone in the garden, sings her poetic "Deh, vieni, non tardar." The view from the Belvedere is one of the most enchanting sights that Vienna offers. Canaletto's nephew Bernardo Bellotto, who also was known as Canaletto, painted it. No doubt he was attracted by the cupolas of the Karlskirche and of the Salesian Convent Church, and by the softly rounded hills of the Vienna Woods beyond.

All distant views of Vienna have this baroque roundness. Looking down from the Kahlenberg, a mountain in the Vienna Woods, one sees a rounded bend of the Danube. And looking up from the Danube Quay, one notices the rounded silhouette of the Kahlenberg, which the Viennese compare to the bosom of a *mollig* (pleasantly plump) woman. At night, when the lights go on, the bosom seems to be adorned with a necklace of pearls and diamonds. The Ringstrasse, the beautifully landscaped boulevard that Emperor Franz Josef I ordered built in 1857 on the city's ancient fortifications as the *via triumphalis* of a monarchy that was already doomed, surrounds the heart of old Vienna in elegantly rounded curves. "Nothing is more boring than straight, long streets," Helmuth von Moltke wrote in 1835.

THE DROWNING

I thought it was late
So I took the shadows two at a time.
I made it to the edge of the last one
When the conductor yelled *All overboard!*

It was deep enough.

On the way down
I passed two hands holding each other
The inside of a leaf
My own face reflected on a stone.

I carried it with me.

Everyone said it was a perfect likeness
But when I kissed it
It tasted of salt.
This isn't anyone I know I kept saying
Until I understood the back of its eyes
And knew it was weeping.

I thought that was the bottom

But found myself
Climbing over the far edge of the shadow
Clutching a blank stone
Holding my breath in a new country.

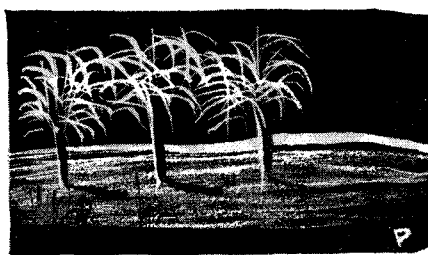
—DABNEY STUART

"Cities with curved streets have a historical past and address themselves to the imagination."

AN old friend of mine, a retired Hofrat, or court councillor, lives in a modest two-room apartment in the Leopoldine wing of the Imperial Palace, just under the richly ornamented rooms that were once inhabited by the Empress Maria Theresa and are now the official residence of Austria's President. The old Hofrat's apartment was given to him by the government, at a nominal rental, as a sort of consolation prize for his low retirement pay, which just enables him to buy some food, take a streetcar ride now and then, and spend his afternoons at his favorite coffeehouse. He had to give up his subscription to the Philharmonic concerts, but once in a while he gets a free ticket to the State Opera, where he knows the right people. He can't afford a car, but says he would be

afraid to drive nowadays even if he had one.

A Viennese born, as my friend was, before the turn of the century may have had a happy childhood—for although the old order was crumbling, no one seemed to know it—but then came the First World War and its aftermath of hunger, cold, inflation, and the threat of anarchy. In 1931, the Credit-Anstalt, Vienna's largest bank, failed, contributing to the spread of economic panic and depression throughout Europe and the world, and three years later fighting between private Fascist and Socialist armies erupted into civil war. The war lasted only five days, but in the course of it Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss ordered artillery forces to shell some municipal apartment buildings occupied by Viennese workers, and the spectre of a national conflict between "blacks" and "reds" has haunted Austrian politics ever since; in fact, it is responsible for the uneasy compromise that now exists between the two largest parties, the Socialists and the People's Party. On July 25, 1934, Dollfuss was assassinated by a group of Austrian Nazis, and on March 13, 1938, the troops of Hitler, who had been born in Austria, occupied his homeland without resistance; the Anschluss was then ratified by an almost unanimous vote of the





"Behind every one of those lights is a family yearning for peace and security—and that's what they'll get with a vote for me!"

Austrian population. During the Second World War, Austrians fought and died in the Wehrmacht, and this war, too, was followed by a period of hunger, cold, inflation, and the threat of anarchy. My friend the *Hofrat* has lost his savings four times in his life—a succession of misfortunes that is considered

about normal for a man his age in Vienna.

Today, Vienna is once more prosperous, and buildings of functional design are going up among the baroque palaces. But the *Hofrat*, having seen so much of the city's history, rarely ventures beyond the older parts of the in-

ner city when he goes out for a stroll, and the short walk from the Palace to his coffeehouse is full of memories for him. The courtyard of the Palace was once the scene of a colorful changing of the guard that was always watched by the Old Gentleman—the Austrians' name for Emperor Franz Josef I—

when he was in town. The guardhouse is empty now, and the courtyard has become a vast parking lot. The *Hofrat* walks through a pseudo-baroque gate that was built in 1890, past the Michaelerkirche, where a Requiem Mass was read after his wife's death, years ago, and past the Josefsplatz, a baroque square dominated by the magnificent façade of the National Library. Alas, the Josefsplatz, too, is a vast parking lot these days.

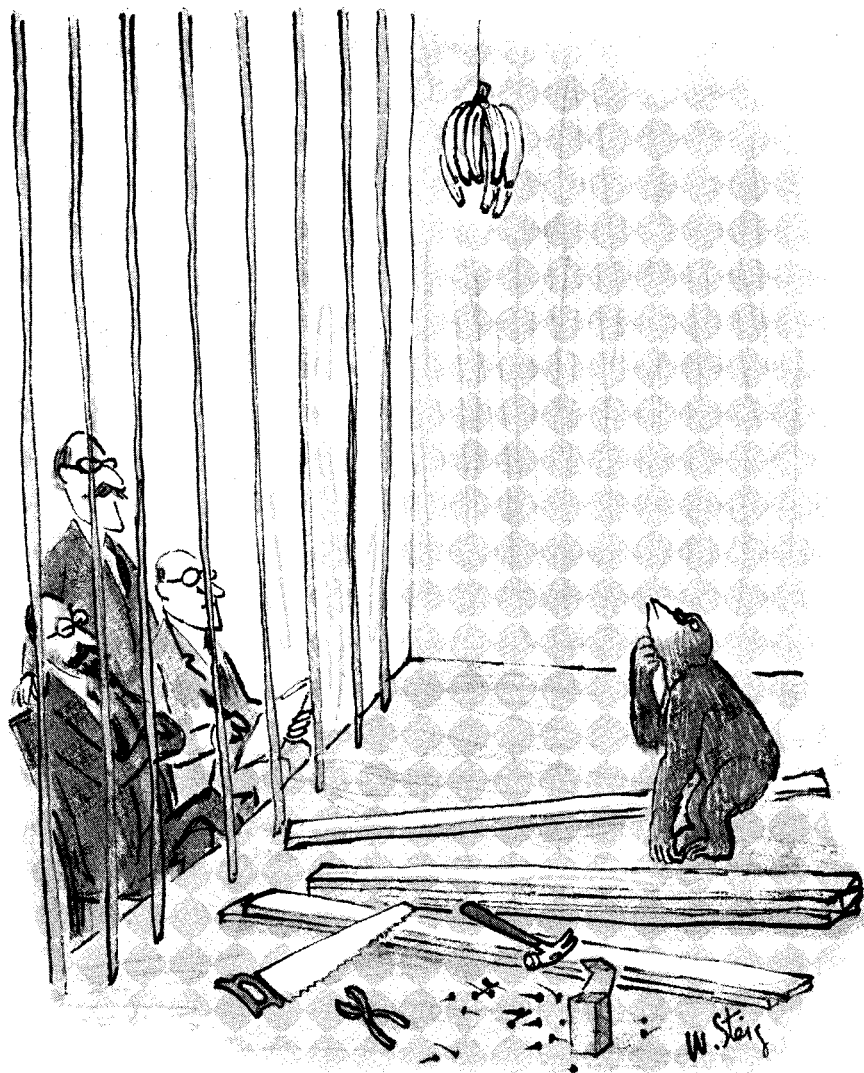
For the old *Hofrat*, the best season of the year is early winter—just about the time when saddle of venison and other game specialties appear on the menus of the better restaurants. He loves to study the menus displayed in the framed glass cases next to the entrances, though he never goes in but just walks on, knowing that even if he could afford the food he couldn't manage the tipping. In a Viennese restaurant, you tip not only the waiter who brings your food and the girl who brings your beer or wine but also the "pay waiter" (headwaiter), who writes up your bill; the "*piccolo*" who brings bread and rolls (they will appear on

the bill); the hat-check girl (usually a dignified lady in her late sixties); the cigarette girl (usually young and pretty); the man who sells flowers; the fellow who plays the piano (even if he's the owner); the doorman; and the *Wagentüraufmacher* (the car-door opener). Karl Kraus, the Viennese satirist, once said that on Resurrection Day the first thing to meet the eyes of every Viennese will be the outstretched hand of the *Sargdeckelaufmacher* (the coffin-lid opener).

There is much for the *Hofrat* to see on his walks. Early in December, Vienna's confectioners—and there are more than fifteen hundred of them—fill their shopwindows with little black chocolate devils who stick out scarlet tongues and carry golden birch rods. Newspapers and psychologists have often urged parents to boycott this punitive figure, called Krampus, because he might frighten and inhibit little children, but the uninhibited kids love Krampus. On December 6th, St. Nicholas Day, no child wants to play the part of St. Nicholas; everybody wants to be Krampus. At Christmastime, the

confectioners' windows are filled with marzipan trains and sugar waterfalls, nougat castles and chocolate mountains. The most wonderful displays are at Demel's—Ch. Demel's Söhne, Zuckerbäckerei—which is Vienna's, and the world's, greatest temple of *la grande pâtisserie*. Demel's was founded, ten years after the signing of the American Declaration of Independence, by a sugar baker's apprentice from Württemberg named Ludwig Dehne, who opened a pastry shop near the Imperial Palace, across from the stage door of the old Burgtheater. (The present owner, Baron Friedrich von Berzeviczy, still keeps the old metal containers that were used to bring coffee and ice cream to the boxholders at the Burgtheater.) In 1799, Dehne's widow was appointed court caterer. One of Dehne's grandsons sold the shop to his first assistant, Christian Demel, who moved it in 1887 to its present site, in Kohlmarkt, across the square from the entrance to the Palace.

Demel's was by no means Vienna's first pastry shop. Five years before Columbus discovered America, a Viennese baker discovered *Kaiserschmuel*, or emperor's roll, a delicious pastry that he stamped with a likeness of Emperor Friedrich III. Many Austrians would rank his discovery with Columbus's. The first sugar blowers appeared in 1514 at the court of Emperor Maximilian I. Then, three hundred years ago, an unknown Viennese took the heavy cream off some milk and whipped it into *Schlagobers*. There followed the *Indianer*, a chocolate cream puff filled with whipped cream, and the *Faschingskrappen*, a glorified doughnut made at carnival time. In the old days, when a girl broke a *Krapfen* and gave half of it to her young man, he was hooked, for the broken *Krapfen* was considered a token of engagement. The Old Gentleman loved Demel's *Faschingskrappen*, and Empress Elizabeth, his consort, often sent out to Demel's for "something sweet" at coffee time. In that era, Demel's *Eis-Salon* was a favorite gathering place for archdukes, diplomats, high-ranking officers, and spies. International intrigue began over a *Sicilienne* (raspberry and vanilla ice cream covered with raisins and drenched in Malaga wine), and Schnitzlerian passions were aroused over small mountains of *Schlagobers*. The Hapsburg Empire is gone, but Demel's still rules Vienna's pastry empire. There is a nineteenth-century grandeur about the front room (*das Gewölbe*), with its heavily laden buffet and its old-fashioned chandeliers. De-





Slightly breathless—but in good time

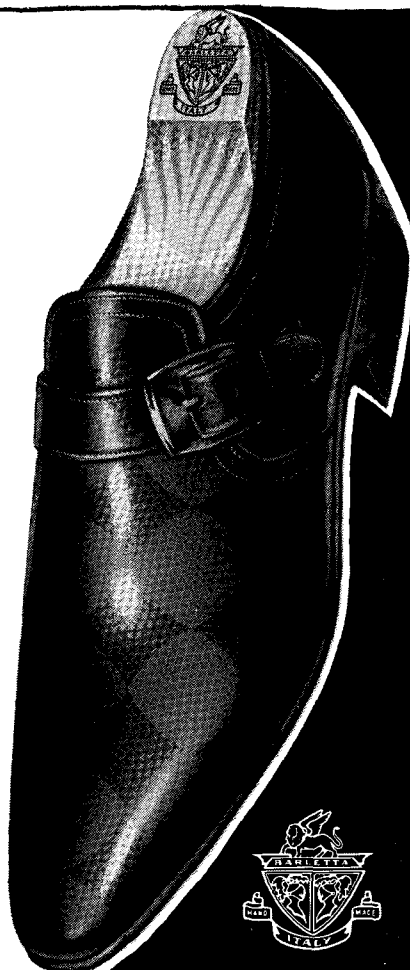
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mel's waitresses, many of whom are elderly ladies these days, once came directly from the convent to take up their calling; until quite recently they wore high black boots and marched to church on Sundays in close formation. "The abbesses," as habitués call them, treat their customers with maddening nonchalance. At Demel's, haste is considered plebeian. It seems to be a house rule that *Herrschaften haben Zeit*; that is, ladies and gentlemen are not in a hurry. Demel's kitchens have sinks of dark stone, installed in 1888, and no electric beaters; all cake batters are beaten lovingly by hand. Everything is made "in the house," and consequently practically everybody is a specialist of one sort or another. The people in the kitchen make their own chocolate, bake their own sandwich breads, and score small notches in chocolate coffee beans to make them look like real ones. They make more than a hundred different *Torten*. For many decades, they have been collecting the best recipes from the far-flung provinces of the old Hapsburg Empire, and it might be said that at Demel's the great Danube Federation, the dream of many statesmen, has come into being. There are *Potizzen* from Carinthia, *dalken* from Bohemia, *aranygaluska* from Hungary. Demel's has also borrowed fine things from France (madeleines and brioches), Italy (pizza and *sfogliatelle*), England (crumpets and gingerbread), Germany (*Baumkuchen*, or tree cake), and Russia (*kulich*, a large brioche), and even from America (delicious fresh-fruit salads).

On Christmas Eve, Vienna becomes a silent city. Mariahilferstrasse, the big shopping street, is a fairyland boulevard under canopies of bulbs and colored lanterns, bells, and other decorations, but the lights in the shopwindows are turned off, the cinema marquees are dark, and the side streets are deserted. In this Catholic city, everything is closed that night—even the restaurants and coffeehouses. The complaisant women who walk up and down Kaerntnerstrasse are not to be seen, and the State Opera is closed. (It performs every night between September 1st and June 30th except Christmas Eve and Good Friday.) In Vienna, people open their presents on Christmas Eve, and through windows one can see many beautifully lighted trees. And in many windows there are burning candles, put there by people who have lost someone "in the war," which in Vienna means either of the world wars. Late in the evening, the streets become populated again



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*Slightly higher in the West

The Doric, by Gleneagles.

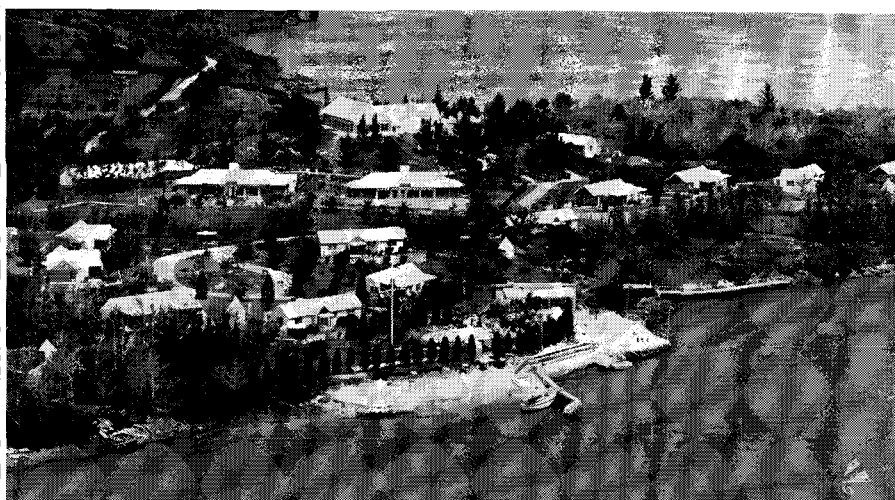
Because it's time you had a new
raincoat that doesn't look exactly
like your old one.

when people set out for midnight Mass.

A German Catholic I know has described Vienna's churches as "friendlier and happier" than the bigger, more austere churches of Germany. A Viennese will step into his favorite church as casually as into his favorite pastry shop, for spiritual refreshment. Everybody has "his" church, just as he has "his" delicatessen and "his" coffeehouse. "Here one owns everything," the old *Hofrat* once said to me. The only church in Vienna that no one claims to own is the Stephansdom, the cathedral, though nearly everybody goes there once in a while. Vienna's oldest church is the Ruprechtskirche, a merry, intimate building in Romanesque style. Near it is Saint-Maria-am-Gestade, a fourteenth-century church with a seven-sided Gothic tower crowned by a small cupola. This was once the church of the poor fishermen and later became the church of the Czech population of Vienna. Fischer von Erlach's Karlskirche, completed in 1739, has a magnificent dome, two hundred and thirty-five feet high. My own favorite church is the Minoritenkirche, which has a fine Gothic portal, and seems very warm and cozy because of its profusion of old wood. Two comparatively austere churches are nearby—the Augustinerkirche, which has been the scene of many elegant weddings, and the Michaelerkirche, solemn and dark, with candles burning in side crypts. The *Hofrat* goes there on Christmas Eve.

NEW YEAR'S EVE in Vienna follows a strict ritual. The State Opera puts on a gala performance of "Die Fledermaus," the only operetta that is deemed worthy of the honor of being performed in Austria's national shrine. Everybody waits impatiently for the third act, when Frosch, the jailer, will make some topical jokes and bring down the house. Frosch enjoys *Narrenfreiheit*, or fool's immunity. He may, and does, attack even the most sacrosanct institutions; anything goes. At one performance of "Die Fledermaus" not long ago, Austria's President and the Cardinal-Archbishop of Vienna, representing the nation's temporal and spiritual powers, sat in facing boxes and laughed at the impertinent jailer; during intermission they toasted each other in champagne.

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baroque. The first opera performances in Vienna took place in the seventeenth century, to provide entertainment for Emperor Ferdinand III and his court. Eleonora Gonzaga, of Mantua, who in 1622 became his wife, brought the new art form to Vienna. Her father, the Duke of Mantua, was a friend of Claudio Monteverdi, the first operatic composer of genius, and it was a prominent figure in the court at Mantua, Alessandro Striggio, who wrote the libretto for Monteverdi's "Orfeo." From Mantua, Monteverdi went to Venice, where, starting in 1639, he produced operas at the Teatro San Cassiano. In Venice, too, he wrote his masterpieces, "Il Ritorno di Ulisse in Patria" and "L'Incoronazione di Poppea." The original score of "Ulisse" is in the Austrian National Library, and there is no doubt that Monteverdi was in direct touch with the Imperial Court in Vienna. So was his pupil and assistant Francesco Cavalli, called Cavalli, whose opera "Egisto" seems to have been popular in Vienna. It was a "love-chain comedy"—Egisto loves Clori, who loves Lidio, who is loved by Climene. One of Cavalli's most famous contemporaries, Frate Antonio Cesti, of Volterra, was choirmaster at the court of Archduke Ferdinand in Innsbruck and in 1666 became deputy court choir director under Emperor Leopold I in Vienna. Cesti loved the extravagant pomp of the baroque, and he arrived in Vienna during the finest hour of the House of Hapsburg. The Thirty Years' War was over, and Leopold was going to celebrate his marriage—a typically political Hapsburg marriage—to the Infanta Margherita Theresa of Spain by holding the first opera festival on earth. It lasted more than two years, and was a grandiose embodiment of the baroque. Its climax was the performance of Cesti's "Il Pomo d'Oro," which was first given in 1667 and ran a whole year. The opera was based on the story of the Judgment of Paris, and on the stage just about everything was shown, from Heaven to Earth to the Underworld. In the finale, Zeus appeared and awarded the golden apple to the new Austrian Empress. The work had five acts, with sixty-seven scenes; there were fifty soloists and a cast of more than a thousand, playing to audiences of several thousand. Apparently, a considerable part of Vienna's population was at the opera every day in one capacity or another. A special opera house, the Theater auf der Cortina, was built for the festival in what is now Kaisergarten,

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but, unfortunately, it didn't last even through the run of "Il Pomo d'Oro." It was made of wood, and burned down one night. In 1683, during the last of the Turkish sieges of Vienna, another big theatre was destroyed, for military reasons, but this one was rebuilt, at great expense, as soon as the siege was over. At the end of the Second World War, the Vienna State Opera was given priority over hospitals and schools in the country's reconstruction program.

The fame of Viennese operetta has spread around the world, but operetta was not invented in Vienna. The first operetta, Jacques Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène"—a charming and literary work, with fine melodies and subtle orchestration—was performed in Paris, in 1864. The first Viennese operetta—"Indigo und die Vierzig Räuber," by Johann Strauss the Younger—came along seven years later, and it was a rather shallow thing, with skin-deep characterization, banal lyrics, and sugary sentimentality. It was the same Strauss, however, who was to write "Die Fledermaus," the finest operetta of all. Operetta has since come to be associated with Vienna, and with a certain *fin-de-siècle* style of life. The golden era of the Viennese operetta lasted from 1874 ("Die Fledermaus") to 1905 ("The Merry Widow," by Franz Lehár). Besides Strauss and Lehár, the great composers of the genre were Karl Millöcker, Emmerich Kálmán, Oscar Straus, and Robert Stolz. Of the vast number of Viennese operettas that were produced, only about a dozen have survived. The glory of the operetta declined everywhere with the decline of monarchy. The world of Offenbach did not survive the Second Empire; Gilbert and Sullivan reached their zenith under Queen Victoria; in Spain the zarzuela came to an end in the days of the Republic; and in Vienna operetta never managed a comeback after the collapse of the Hapsburg monarchy. In the eighteen-eighties, six theatres in Vienna performed operetta—the Theater an der Wien, the Karltheater, the Bürgertheater, the Raimundtheater, the Stadttheater, and the Volksoper. The stars of operetta—divas, *chameurs*, comedians, dancers—were among Vienna's most popular artists. Audiences never seemed to tire of the romantic nonsense and the *triste* sentimentality of the librettos—improbable love stories in which princes and dukes condescended to accept the favors of pretty commoners in an atmosphere heavily drenched in champagne. Today, only two the-

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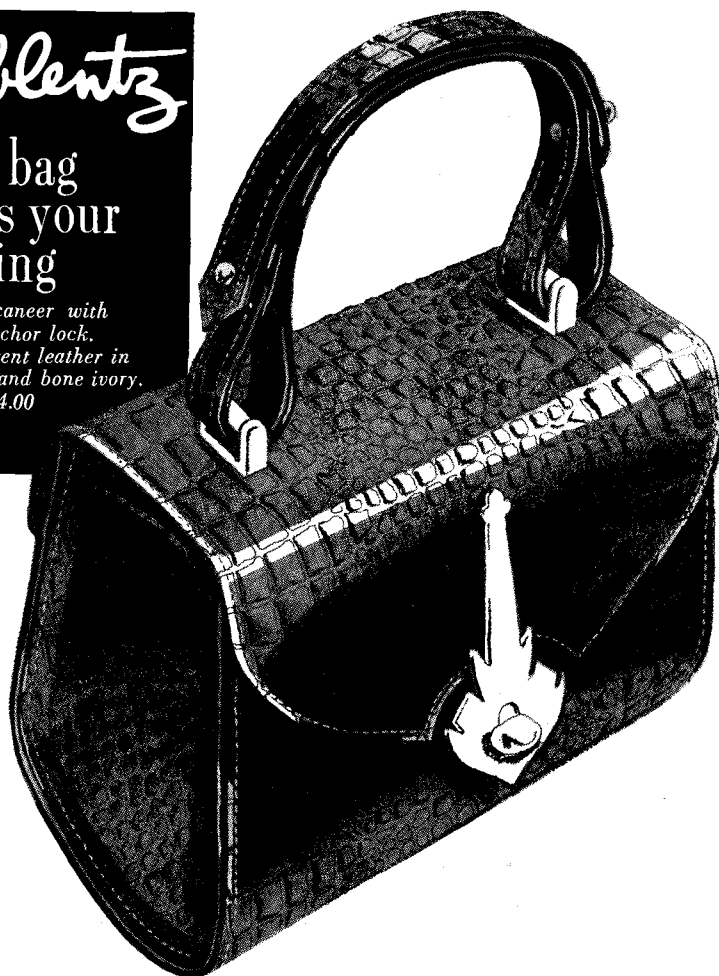
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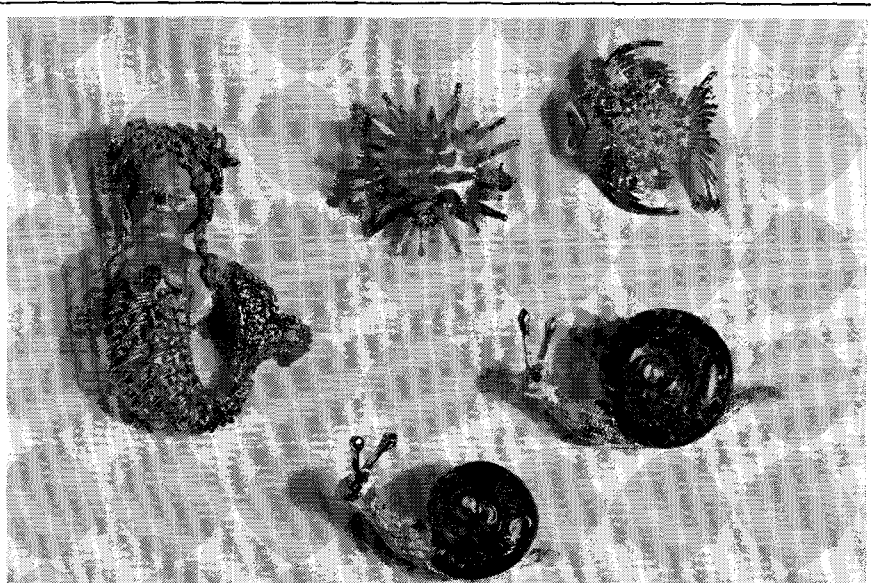
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atres, the Volksoper and the Raimund-theater, present operetta in Vienna, and there is no younger generation of artists specializing in this dying art form. "People from all over the world come to hear operetta in Vienna," says Marcel Prawy, the executive producer at the Volksoper. (He also introduced the American musical to Viennese audiences.) "The same people who travel to Egypt to see the Pyramids—monuments of a period of history that is gone forever."

HOFMANNSTHAL once said that Austria became a spiritual power through its music and conquered the world with it. Vienna seems to have been destined by geography and ethnology to become a center of classical music. Many peoples—Austrians, South Germans, Czechs, Moravians, Poles, Slovaks, Slovenes, Croatians, Hungarians, Italians—contributed peasant melodies and folk songs, and the international character of Vienna's culture in the eighteenth century readily accepted such diverse influences as Flemish and Spanish church music, French comic opera, and Italian baroque opera and proceeded to create out of the rich mixture something of its own. The Hapsburgs were passionate music lovers, ready to support the art in all ways. Emperor Leopold I, the composer, was not the only musician in the Imperial Family; Charles VI was an able conductor, and whole operas were performed by members of the family, along with members of the nobility. A wealth of talent was attracted to Vienna by the music-minded court with its aristocratic amateurs; Leopold Mozart came from Augsburg, Antonio Salieri from Venice, and Beethoven from the Rhineland.

Vienna's musical golden age, the era of classicism, is somewhat arbitrarily said to have begun with the first performance of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," on October 5, 1762—the event that marked the emergence of the musical drama as we know it today—and to have ended with Schubert's death, on November 19, 1828. Whether the era began and ended precisely with those dates may be debatable—Johann Joseph Fux (1660-1741), the great master of counterpoint, certainly helped lay the groundwork for the classical period—but there can be no debate about the fact that those sixty-six years were among the greatest epochs in Western civilization, comparable only to Athens at the time of Pericles and to Florence during the years of the High Renaissance, when Leonardo da Vinci, Raph-



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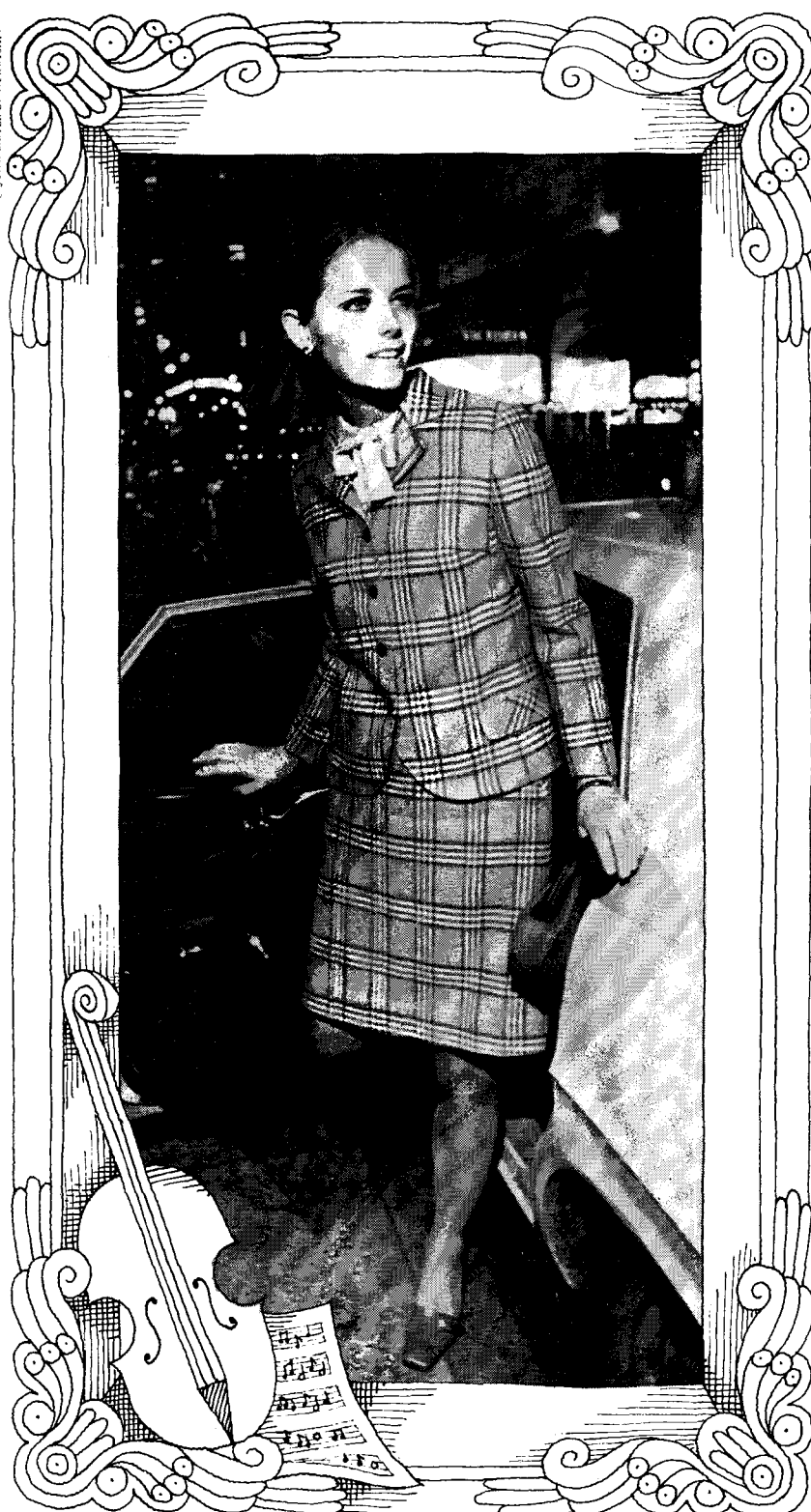
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acl, and Michelangelo were all living there. Politically, those sixty-six years were a time of chaos. Europe was overrun by the armies of Napoleon, and Vienna went through several occupations and liberations before the Congress of Vienna set up a New Europe. Yet during those decades Vienna collected and distributed more musical wealth than any other city at any other time in history. Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert lived and worked there, almost at the same time. The only concentration of musical talent that can even be mentioned in the same breath with this one is that which the same city boasted toward the end of the nineteenth century, when Brahms, Bruckner, Mahler, Johann Strauss the Younger, and Hugo Wolf were at the height of their creative powers, and were casting their influence upon three young Viennese—Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern—who were preparing to create music of an entirely new kind.

Vienna's classical era would not have been possible without the sponsorship of the Hapsburg court and the city's musical aristocracy. Emperor Josef II, a pupil of the composers Florian Leopold Gassmann and Antonio Salieri, always devoted an hour after dinner to music, and three times a week during his reign there were intimate concerts at the Imperial Palace in which he himself played piano or cello. Later, in the nineteenth century, Emperor Franz I played first violin in a string quartet whose other members were a *Kapellmeister*, a count, and a field marshal. The Schwarzenberg, Liechtenstein, Esterházy, Lobkowitz, Thun, and Kinsky households had their own orchestras. Prince Lobkowitz, who bought the score of Beethoven's "Eroica" after the symphony had been given its first performance in the private home of a banker named Würth, admitted non-aristocratic music lovers from the upper middle classes to the concerts that were given in his own home. Music began to act as a powerful amalgam among various social strata and as a means of democratization. The rich banking families, many of whom were Jewish, began to adopt the musical ways of the nobility. Soon the musical soirées at the houses of Arnstein, Pereira, Henickstein, and Fellner were much talked about in Vienna, and eventually it seemed that nearly everyone in Vienna took part in the city's musical life. The "Jahrbuch der Tonkunst" ("Almanac of Music") listed amateur musicians, the instruments they played, and the degree

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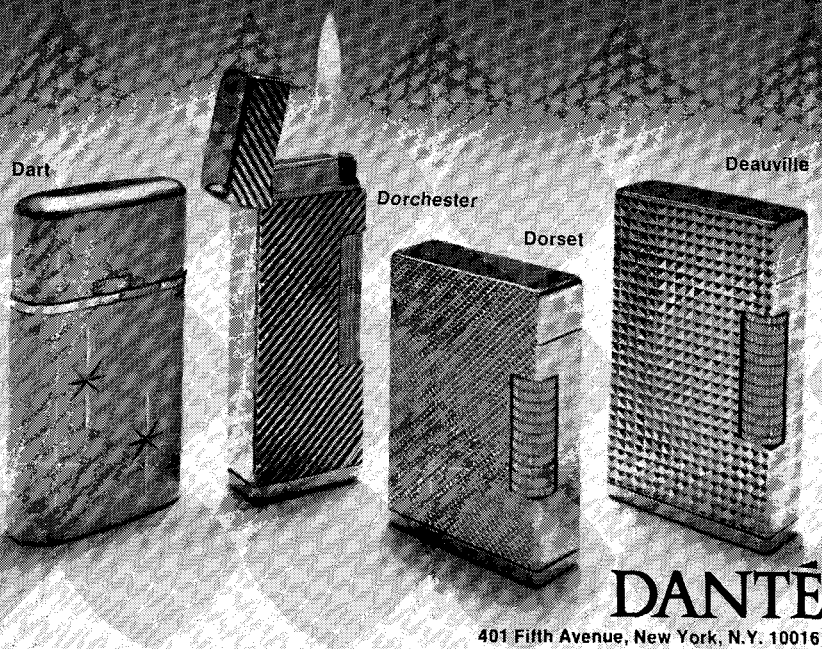


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of their proficiency (not unlike today's "Amateur Chamber Music Players Directory," in the United States). The Viennese "Jahrbuch" for 1799 begins with

Bartenstein, Freiherr von, Reichshofrath, plays the violin well.

Beck, Herr von, member of the postal administration, very musical and plays very well on the basset oboe.

Claus, a young medic, plays the flute rather well.

Vienna's public musical life took place in the two court theatres (the Théâtre Près de la Cour and the Kaerntnertor Theater), in the Redouten-Saal of the Imperial Palace, and in a number of other famous houses. Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" was first performed at the old Burgtheater on May 1, 1786. Emperor Josef II, who had commanded the performance, attended the dress rehearsal. The Irish tenor Michael Kelly, a friend of the composer's, who sang the part of Basilio, reported that during the rehearsal Mozart himself stood in the middle of the stage, "wearing a red coat and a hat with tassels on his head, and gave the right tempi," and Kelly added, "Benucci sang Figaro's aria 'Non più andrai' with his powerful voice. I stood next to Mozart, who exclaimed sotto voce, 'Bravo, Benucci!'" After the aria, there was a terrific ovation, everybody shouting, "Bravo, maestro! Viva! Viva grande Mozart!" But the public and the reviewers didn't like "Figaro," and even Josef II thought it was "lacking in finesse."

Beethoven's "Fidelio" was also a resounding flop at its première, at the Theater an der Wien, in 1805. The following year, a second version was given, but the audience was lukewarm. According to a contemporary named Josef August Röckel, one of Beethoven's patrons, Baron Braun, told the composer that the reception was sure to be better for the following performances. This time, only the better seats had been sold, he said, but later the galleries would also be filled. "I don't write for the galleries!" Beethoven exclaimed. The Baron made the mistake of remarking that "even Mozart didn't scorn to write for the galleries." That was the end. "I don't want the opera to be performed anymore," said Beethoven. "I want the score back." Baron Braun ordered the score returned to the composer, and the opera passed into oblivion. It was resurrected, in a third version, at the Kaerntnertor Theater on May 23, 1814, and was a success.

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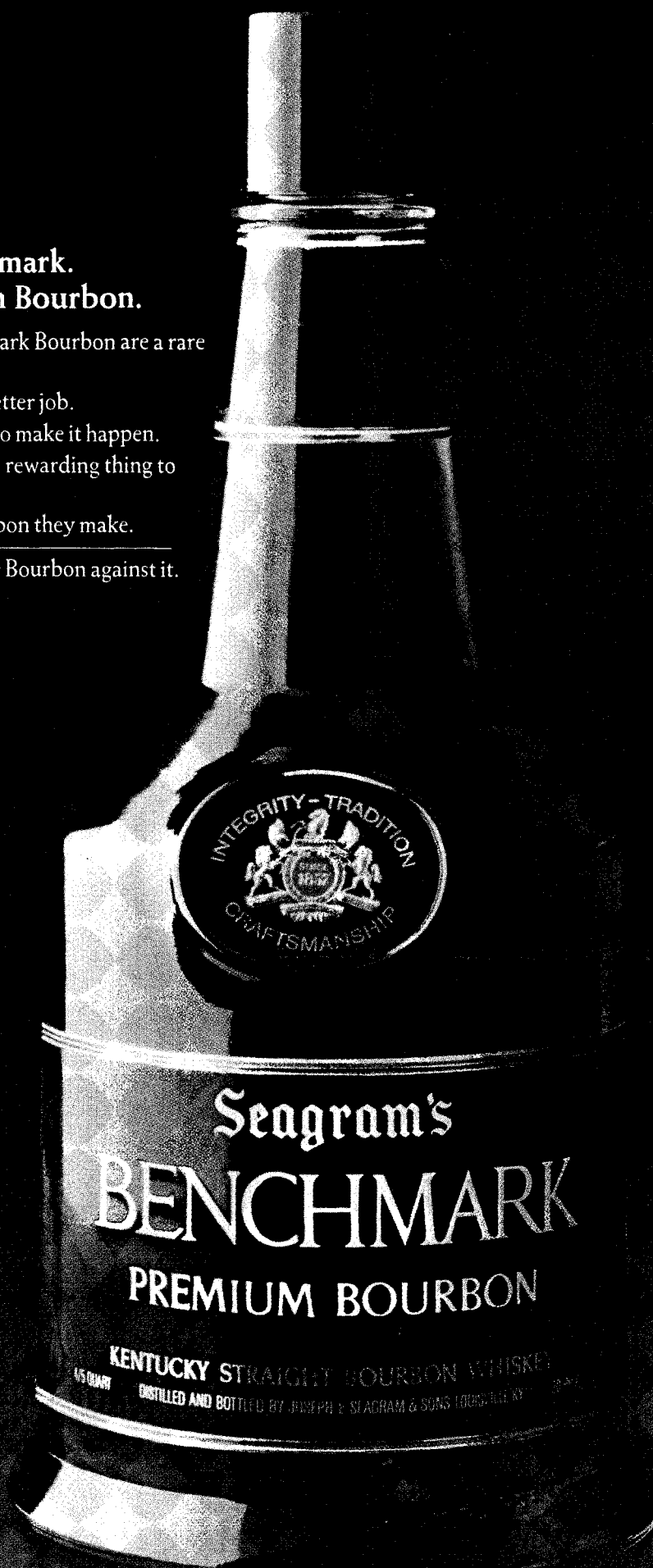
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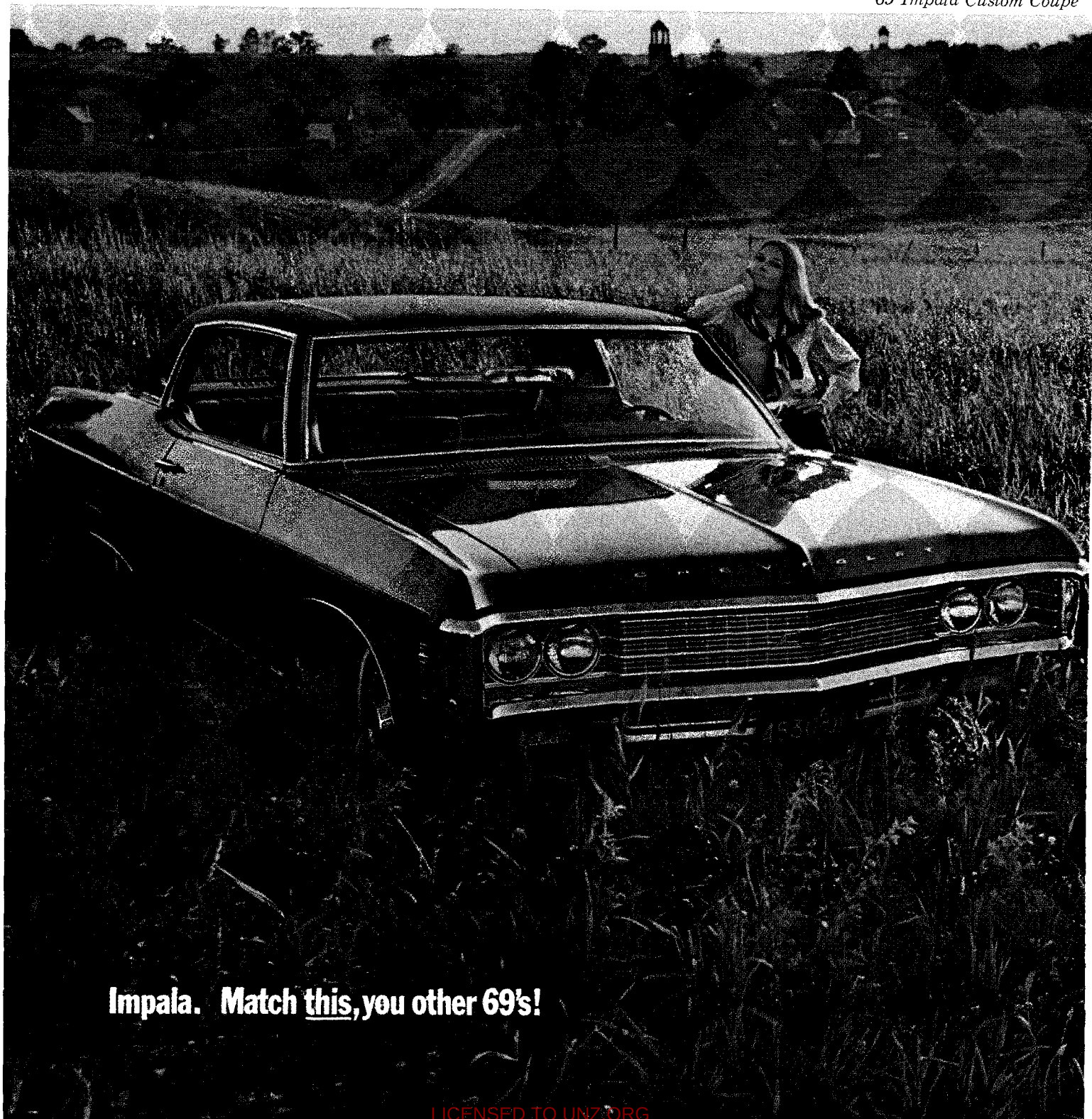
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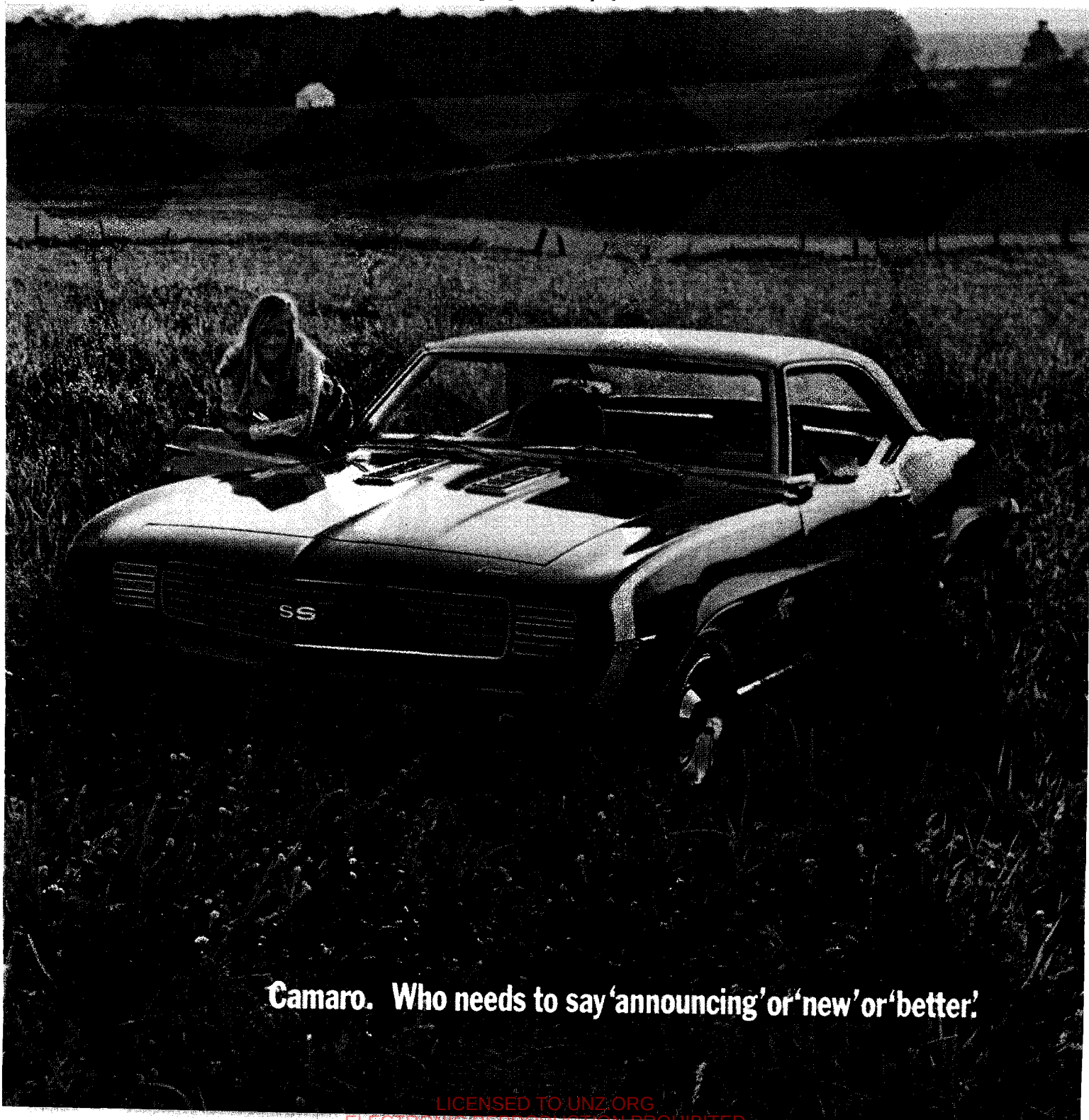
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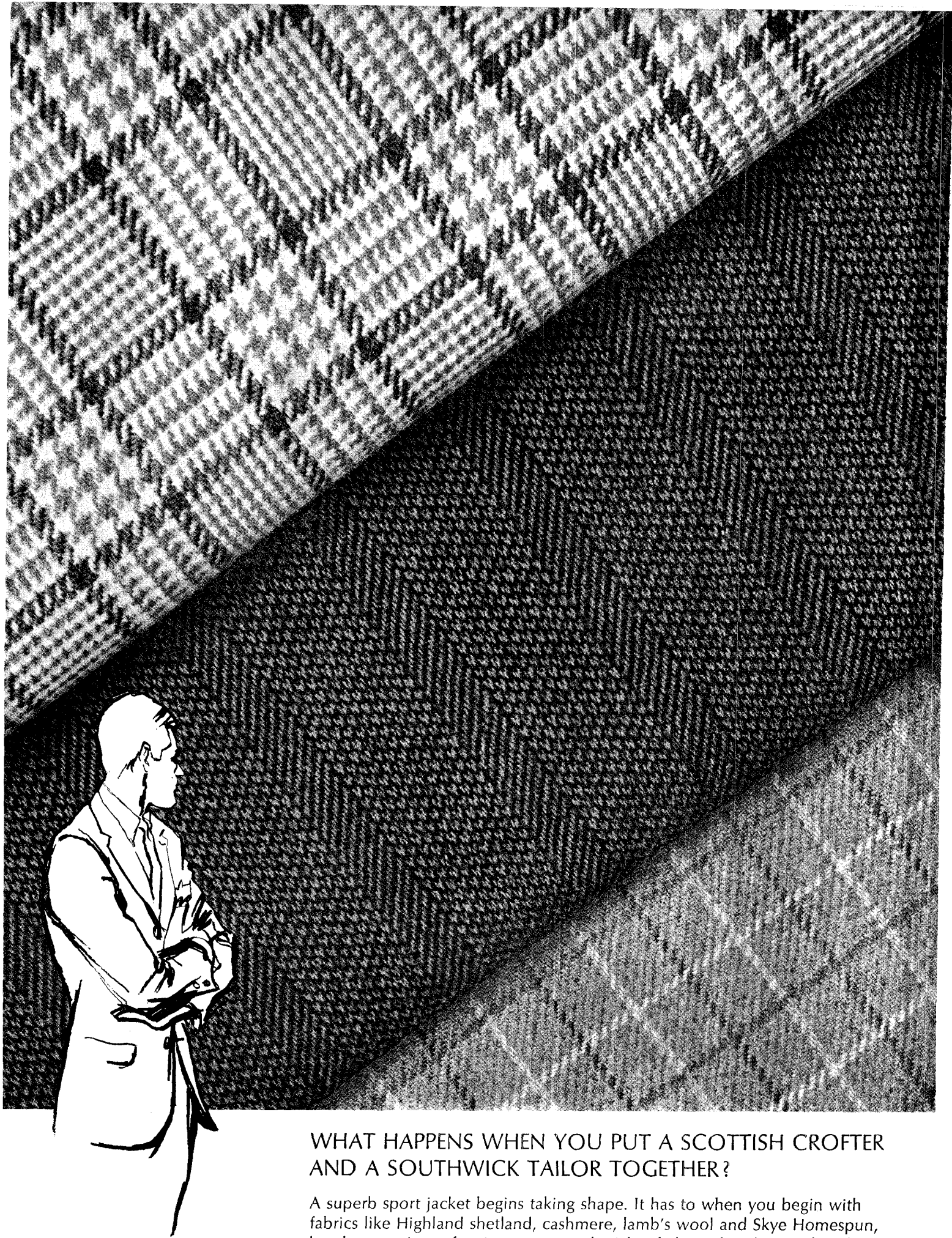


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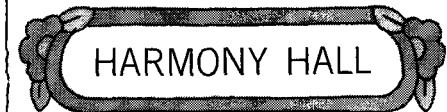
fascinated by the influence that the great composers of the classical era in Vienna had upon each other. Mozart said, "No one else can do anything as well as Haydn, or can move you so deeply." In 1787, when Mozart was thirty-one, he said of Beethoven, then seventeen, "Someday the world will take notice of him." Schubert, who was too shy to speak to Beethoven when he met him on the street, confided to his diary, "Who can still try to attempt anything after Beethoven?" And Anton Schindler reports that Beethoven on his deathbed read the scores of some songs by Schubert and said, "Truly, he has the divine spark." Haydn, who had already developed the string quartet and the modern symphony, was deeply influenced by Mozart, a friend and pupil twenty-four years his junior, and told Leopold Mozart that he considered Wolfgang "the greatest composer known to me either in person or by name." Mozart was not generally understood or appreciated during his ten years in Vienna, and in 1788, when his "Don Giovanni" was poorly received there, Haydn, who was considered Europe's most distinguished musician, wrote to a theatre official in Prague:

For if I could convince every music lover—and especially those in high positions—of the inimitable works of Mozart; if they would judge them, as I do, seriously and with musical understanding; if they would let his music touch their souls as it does my own—why, then the nations would compete with one another for possession of such a jewel within their borders. . . . I am furious that this unique Mozart has not yet been taken into the service of an imperial or royal court. Forgive me if I lose my temper; I hold the man too dear.

Of all Mozart's works, only "The Abduction from the Seraglio" was frequently performed in Vienna during his lifetime. It seems incredible now, but such lesser composers as Dittersdorf, Koželuch, Wanhal, and Clementi were more famous in Vienna than Mozart while he lived there. Most performances of compositions by Mozart were followed by unpleasant reviews, and the Viennese publishers refused to print his works, on the ground that they had failed with the public. Beethoven had better luck in this regard. "My compositions bring me in a great deal," he wrote at one point after he had been in Vienna for several years, "and I can say that I have more commissions than I can execute. . . . I am no longer bargained with; I demand and they pay." Beethoven had original-

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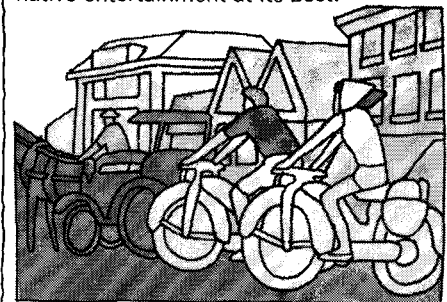
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ly planned to go to Vienna in order to study with Mozart, and when his hope was shattered by Mozart's death he approached Haydn. Haydn and the young Beethoven didn't get along. Haydn was not a born teacher, and Beethoven was not a born pupil, so the younger man was forever antagonizing the older. But Haydn did not let his feelings interfere with his judgment. In a letter to Maximilian Franz, the Elector of Cologne, in Bonn, he wrote, on November 23, 1793:

I humbly take the liberty of sending Your Serene Electoral Highness some musical works . . . compositions of my dear pupil Beethoven, with whose care I have been graciously entrusted. I flatter myself that these pieces, which I may recommend as evidence of his assiduity over and above his actual studies, may be graciously accepted by Your Serene Electoral Highness. Connoisseurs and non-connoisseurs must candidly admit, from these present pieces, that Beethoven will in time fill the position of one of Europe's greatest composers, and I shall be proud to be able to speak of him as his teacher; I only wish that he might remain with me a little while longer.

The letter demonstrates not only Haydn's generosity and his prophetic powers but also his delicate sense of humor, in his failure to specify whether he considered His Serene Electoral Highness a connoisseur or non-connoisseur.

Although Haydn was required to wear a uniform not very different from a lackey's when he worked as *Kapellmeister* for Prince Paul Esterházy and, later, for Prince Nikolaus Josef, he occupied a unique position in Viennese society at the end of his life. Albert Dies describes a performance of "The Creation," conducted by Salieri at the old Festival Hall of the university on March 27, 1808, at which the composer, then seventy-five, was the guest of honor:

The good weather permitted Haydn to attend the performance. Prince Esterházy sent his own coach to Haydn's apartment. As the composer got out of the coach, he was received by members of the high aristocracy. Among the people who received Haydn at the gate was also Beethoven. There was such a commotion that the military guards had to establish order. Haydn sat down in an armchair, which was carried into the Hall to the sound of trumpets and drums. People exclaimed, "Long live Haydn!" He was seated next to Prince Esterházy; on his other side was Fräulein von Kurzbeck. The highest members of the local and foreign nobility had taken their seats next to Haydn. There was much fear that the fragile old gentleman might catch cold, and he was asked to keep his hat on. Count

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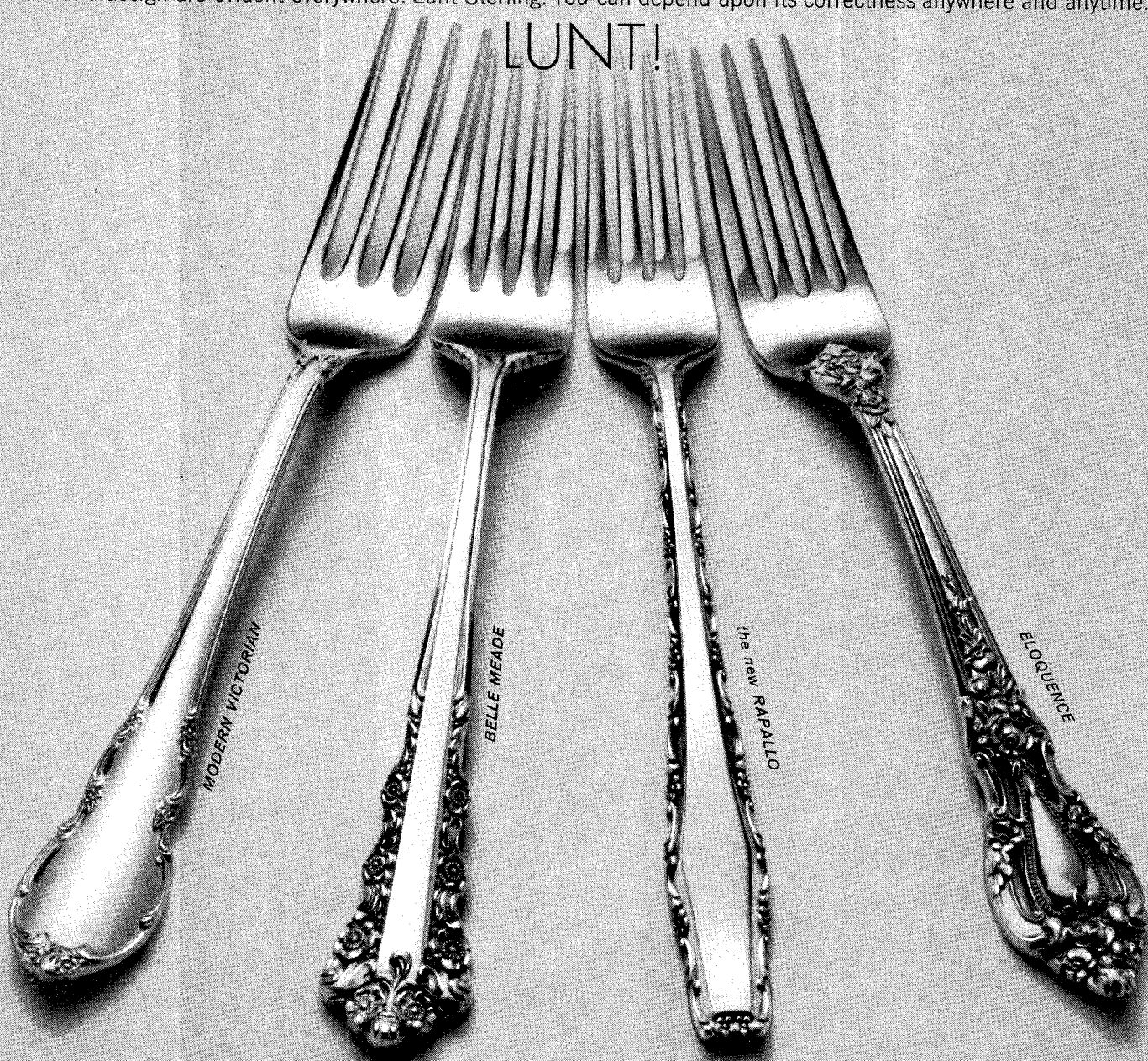


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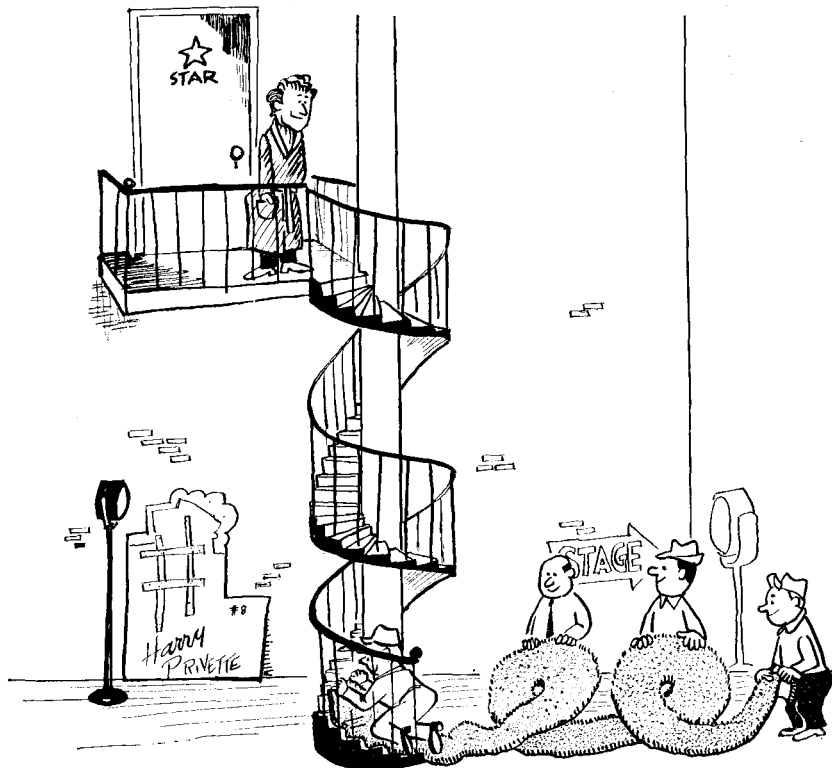


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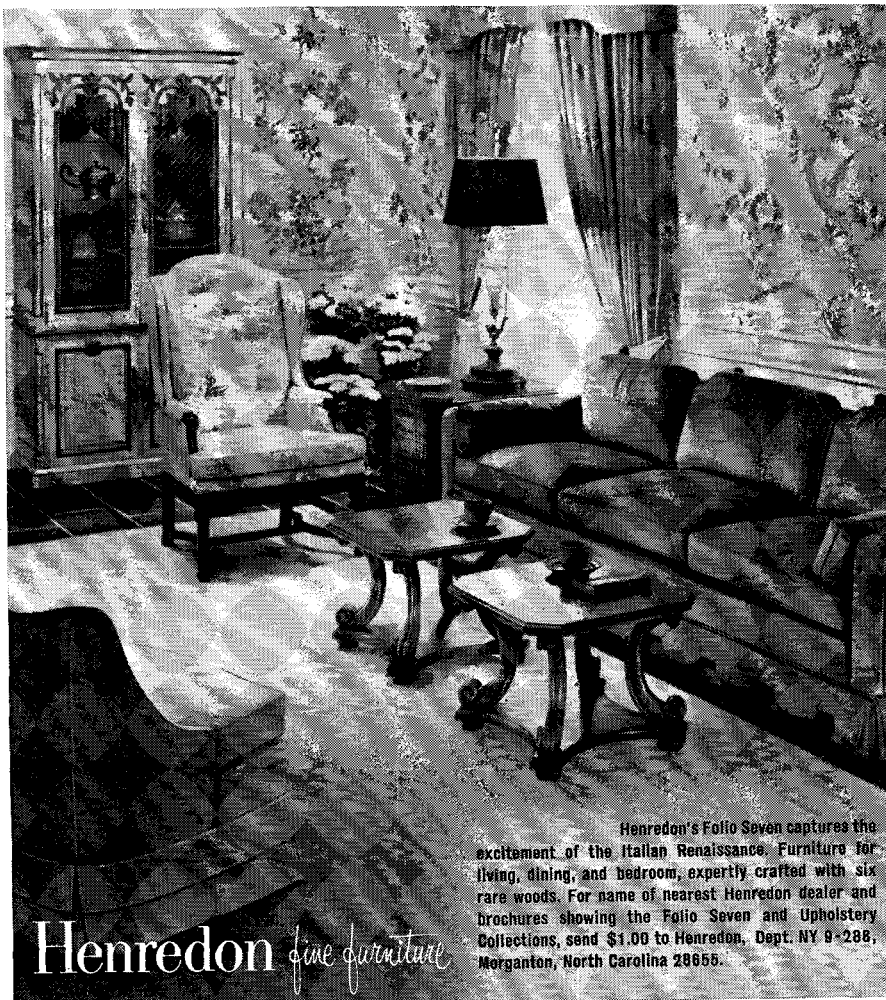
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Andréossy, the French ambassador, noticed with pleasure that Haydn wore the gold medal which he had received from the Concerts des Amateurs in Paris, and said, "Not only this medal—you should receive all medals that France can give." Haydn seemed to be bothered by a cold draft; Princess Esterházy took her scarf and placed it around him. Several other ladies did as she did, and in a few moments Haydn was covered with scarves.... Haydn was deeply moved and had to drink a little wine to refresh himself, but after the first part he was forced to leave. People cried as he was carried back to the coach.

No one ever managed to put a uniform on Beethoven, and he was received as an honored guest in the baroque palaces of the Liechtensteins, the Schwarzenbergs, the Lichnovskys, the Erdöds, and the Brunswiks. He was invited mainly as a brilliant pianist, but the aristocrats also appreciated his genius as a composer. Prince Lichnovsky put his own house string players, the excellent Schuppanzigh Quartet, at Beethoven's disposal. Prince Lobkowitz hired a whole orchestra for him. Beethoven was on intimate terms with his musical friends among the nobility; none of them would have dared to take a patronizing attitude toward him. He spent his winters in town, and he nearly always had to choose among several dinner invitations, even though he was an ill-mannered guest.

Vienna's musical chroniclers have compiled lists of the aristocratic and bourgeois houses where the great composers went regularly. Mozart was often seen in the salon of Countess Thun, where the company made music almost every evening. "There was amusing conversation, one played the piano, one sang in German or Italian, and sometimes people danced," Mozart wrote. Emperor Josef II often came for the evening. Haydn, too, went there, and it was Countess Thun who introduced the English musicologist Charles Burney to Gluck. One of her daughters later became Countess Rasmovsky and one of Beethoven's great friends. Mozart loved to visit Nikolaus von Jacquin, the famous botanist, who filled his house with music, and Jacquin's son Gottfried became a pupil and companion of Mozart's. Court Councillor Franz Bernhard von Keess used to have Haydn's symphonies performed in his home. According to Adalbert Gyrowetz, a composer himself, Mozart had promised to go to the Keess house one evening and take along a new song for the hostess. He failed to appear, and servants were sent to fetch him. They found him enjoying himself at a nearby *Gasthaus*. He had completely forgotten



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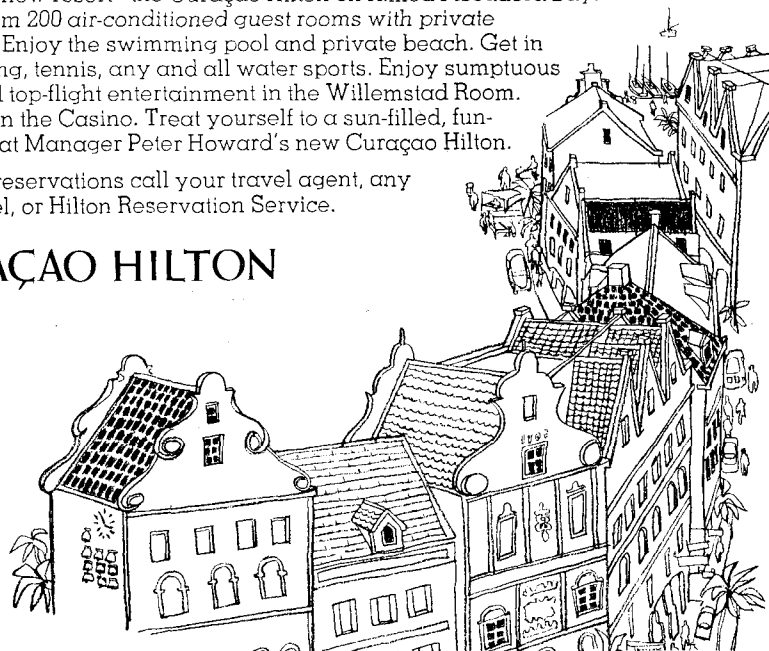
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about the song. But he asked for some notepaper, wrote a song, went to the Keess house, and sat down at the piano and played it. "Frau von Keess sang the song with a trembling voice, but it was enthusiastically received," Gyrowetz noted.

As the eighteenth century approached its end, it imposed new obligations on a composer; he was no longer writing just for the Church or for a princely patron but for an audience that included nearly everybody in Vienna. "I had to become original," Haydn said. It was a musical revolution that was also a social revolution. Music was being written and played everywhere, and the great classical composers didn't mind sitting down with amateurs and playing with them for hours. Freiherr Raymund von Wetzlar had a lovely villa next to the Palais Schönbrunn, where the pianist Josef Woelfl and Beethoven improvised together on two pianos, using themes that they proposed to each other, "and even created some capriccios for four hands which, if they had been set down on paper, might have remained immortal," in the opinion of Kapellmeister Ignaz Seyfried. It was Wetzlar who introduced Mozart and Lorenzo da Ponte—an act for which he deserves at least a small monument.

After Beethoven broke with Prince Lichnovsky, his new works were tried out at the home of Court Secretary Nicolaus Zmeskall von Domanovecz, who was an able cello player. Baroness Dorothea von Ertmann, known as the best amateur pianist of Vienna, went there often and would be greeted enthusiastically by Beethoven, who called her "my Dorothea Cäcilia." When Lichnovsky dismissed the Schuppanzigh Quartet, it was engaged by Count Rasumovsky, the Russian ambassador, who gave its members a contract for life and, in return, was permitted to play second violin with them on occasion. The Schuppanzigh group gave the first performances of Beethoven's "middle" and "late" string quartets. During the Congress of Vienna, Count Rasumovsky held magnificent parties at his palace, and Beethoven was introduced to various monarchs, who lionized him. At the conclusion of one such party, in 1814, the Rasumovsky palace burned down. The Schuppanzigh Quartet then began to perform Beethoven's works in public concerts, and that same year Josef Sonnleithner founded the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, the Society of the Friends of Music, which has remained the fo-

cus of Vienna's musical life ever since.

Many of Schubert's songs were first performed at the Sonnleithner house, and in 1821 Leopold Sonnleithner, Josef's nephew, had Schubert's "Erlkönig" published, at his expense, by Cappi & Diabelli. Schubert had few friends among the aristocrats, preferring the company of simple people. He gave only one formal concert in Vienna, on March 26, 1828. He loved the city's gay *Würstelbälle* (dancing parties named after the *Würstel*, or sausages, that were served with wine), and a new form of entertainment developed, under the name of *Schubertiaden*—evenings devoted to Schubert music, drinking, dancing, talking, and more Schubert music. Schubert's friend Fritz von Hartmann wrote of one such event, in April, 1827: "Vogl [Johann Michael Vogl, who was a great singer and enthusiastic apostle of Schubert's songs] sang the latest lieder by Schubert. . . . After the music, there was food and wine, and a lot of merrymaking, probably caused by alcoholic drinks. . . . We stayed together until half past eleven; then Schober, Schwind, Schubert, Mayrhofer, Enk, Hönl, Franz, and I went into the Café Bogner, where, each for himself, we repeated what we had seen and heard. After one in the morning, we went to bed." A few weeks later, there was a *Würstelball* at the Schober house. "Most of the ladies were beautiful, which made a nice picture," a participant recorded. "The music was wonderful, mostly Schubert waltzes, played by the composer. . . . We stayed there until two in the morning." Schubert, the most Viennese of all composers and one of the few who were "genuine" Viennese—he was born in one district, died in another, and hardly ever left the city—had little success in his home town, and would have starved to death without his few devoted friends. Most of Schubert's friends were as poor as he was, but whenever one of them got hold of some cash he shared it with the others. "Sometimes the two of us, Schwind and I, had no money," wrote the playwright Eduard von Bauernfeld. "Then Schubert performed the part of Croesus when he'd peddled a few songs, or even a whole cycle."

FOR a long time, Viennese writers, musicians, and musicologists have been busy identifying the "sacred" places where the city's great composers lived and worked. The process may be in part a belated effort to compensate for the shabby way some of those great

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Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.



ITALIAN STINGER

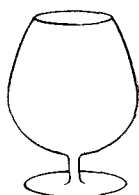
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½ tsp. Lemon Juice

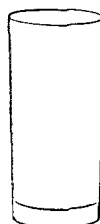
Pour over ice and stir.



YELLOW BIRD

½ jigger Galliano
1 jigger White Rum
½ jigger Triple Sec
Juice of 1 lime

Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into stemmed glass with lime slice as garnish.



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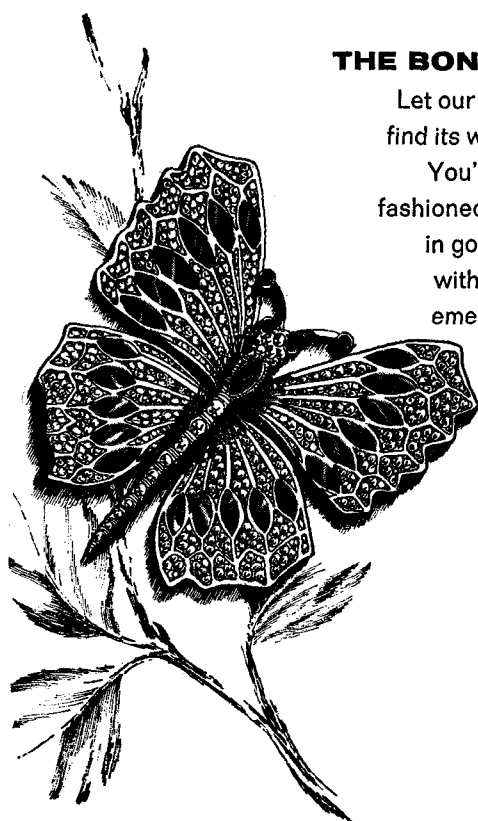
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TELLER

composers were treated in a city that calls itself "the world capital of music." The case of Mozart is the best known. When he died, at thirty-five, he left only sixty florins in cash—scarcely enough money for even a "third-class" funeral. We are told that foul weather caused the mourners to turn back before they reached the cemetery, and the body was unceremoniously dumped into a mass grave. The exchequer of the Emperor granted Mozart's widow a yearly pension of two hundred florins, which was hardly enough to keep body and soul together. The nineteenth-century playwright Franz Grillparzer explained the official neglect of Mozart by saying that Mozart had genius and Vienna's bureaucracy and the *Bürger-tum* (the middle classes) always resented greatness and genius. The actual cause of Mozart's death remains a mystery. Some authorities claim that he did not die of an infectious fever (as the official story goes) but of mercury poisoning. The poisoner is said to have been his arch-rival, Salieri, of whom Beethoven's friend Anton Schindler wrote, "He has feverish fantasies—he wants to confess." After Salieri's death, in 1825, Beethoven's nephew Karl noted, "There is much talk here that Salieri is the murderer of Mozart." There always was (and still is) a great deal of gossip in Viennese musical circles.

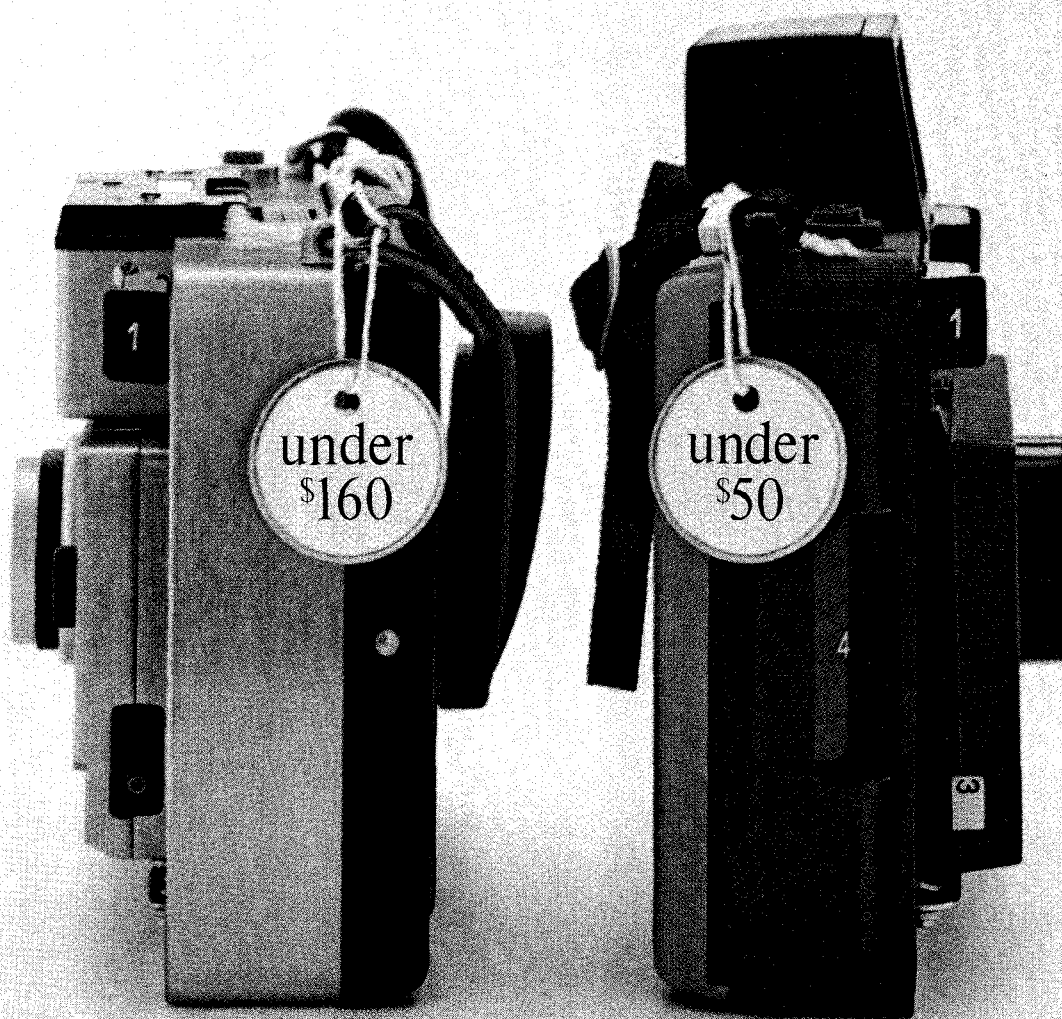
In no other city where music is a serious force in the life of the citizens do people talk so much about it and think so little about it as in Vienna. Music is simply taken for granted. More books and articles about music are written in London, Hamburg, Berlin, or Zurich, or even in New York or Paris, none of which the Viennese would consider a *Musikstadt* comparable to theirs. In Vienna, a great heritage has been an excuse not only for *Schlamperei* (slovenliness), as Mahler charged, but also for arrogance. So sure have the Viennese always been of their musical excellence that they felt they could afford to hurt Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, to snub Bruckner, Wolf, Berg, and Webern, and to drive out Mahler and Schoenberg. So many musical masterpieces have been created in Vienna over the centuries that today it is not considered necessary to promote the creation of music. Elsewhere, foundations, private patrons, and sometimes the government sponsor the composition of musical works. In Vienna, it is not thought necessary. The Austrian government spends millions of dollars annually on the Vienna State Opera but



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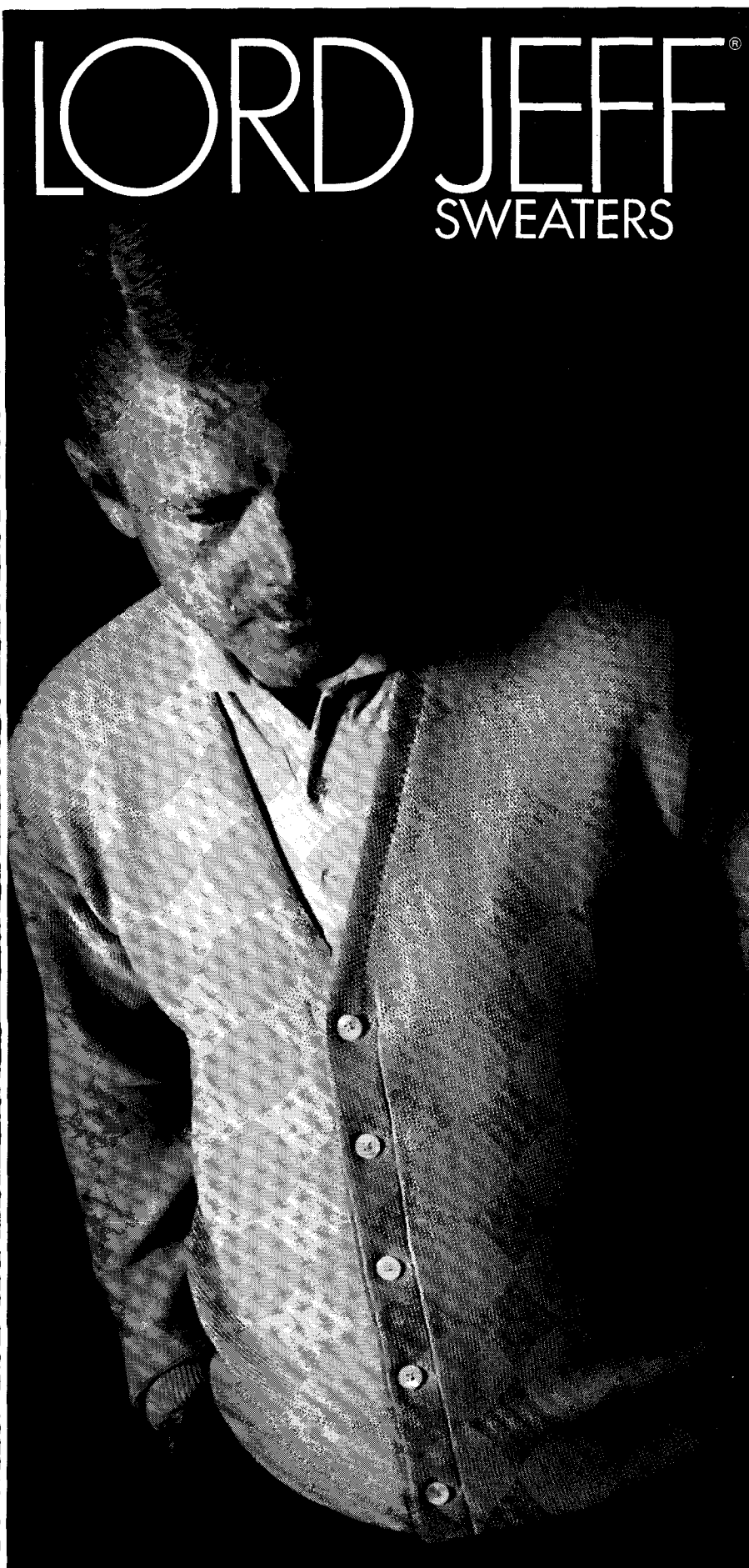
relatively little on the country's leading institution of musical education, the State Academy of Music. The Academy's facilities are insufficient, the lecture halls are crowded, and there is a shortage of teachers. The official point of view is that young people everywhere know of Vienna's reputation and will put up with a great deal to come there and find all the things they cannot find in any other city.

Vienna's musical life is organized in the style of the erstwhile K.K. (for *Kaiser-Königlich*, or Imperial-Royal) bureaucracy of the Hapsburgs, with rulers, a chancellery, ministers, secretaries of state, and ambassadors; it is a musical state within the state. The hundred-odd members of the Vienna Philharmonic are treated with the sort of courtesy that is elsewhere extended to statesmen. Upon returning from an overseas concert tour, the members of the Philharmonic have been received at the airport by the President of the Republic, the Chancellor, the Minister of Culture and Education, and other high dignitaries. Most Viennese still stubbornly refer to the Philharmonic as "the world's best orchestra." A few, though, have been heard to voice doubts (privately and cautiously) after the appearance in their city of orchestras from Berlin, Boston, Cleveland, London, and New York. (The order is alphabetical, not qualitative.)

Among Vienna's concerts, the regular Sunday-morning subscription concerts of the Vienna Philharmonic are special events, with a nostalgic flavor. Eight or ten times a year, the subscribers—members of what was once known as "the *good* middle class"—meet in the gilt-pilastered Musikverein hall for the *Feierstunde*, or festive hour. There they are among themselves—academic dignitaries, doctors, and company directors, a few members of the aristocracy, and many members of bourgeois families that once had more money than they have now. The Philharmonic concerts are one of the last links with "the old days"—meaning the days of the bourgeois society that typified Vienna before 1914. All tickets are subscribed to for these concerts, and, by Philharmonic rules, when a subscriber dies his tickets revert to the orchestra's management. (A few years ago, however, so many new faces appeared at the concerts that the management sent a registered letter to each ticket-holder, to be signed for in person. It turned out that hundreds of subscribers had died but their tickets had been claimed in their names by relatives

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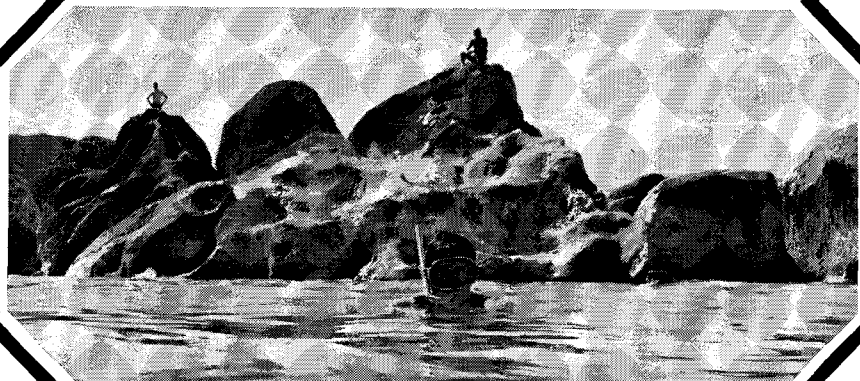
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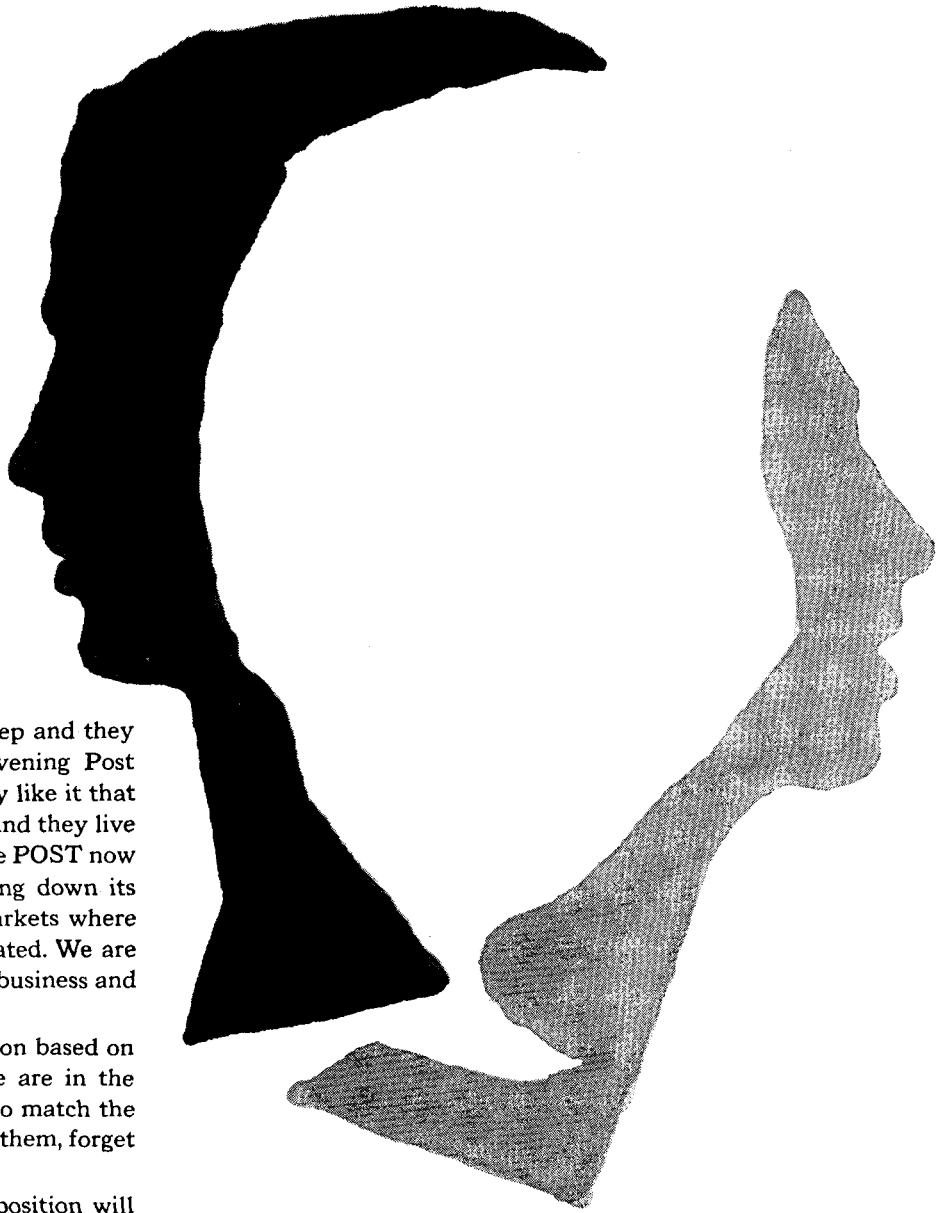
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or friends.) Many of the older subscribers live in genteel poverty. The elderly ladies carry threadbare handbags, and the Herr Professor's suit may be shiny at the elbows, but, thank God, at the Philharmonic concerts you are what you once were, not what you are now. Heimito von Doderer, one of the best of Austria's modern novelists, once called the Philharmonic subscribers "*frühere Nazis mit Tortenguss*" (former Nazis with frosting). At least in musical terms, it is certainly a very conservative audience. Everything later than Brahms is considered "modern" and slightly suspect. Music by any of the three great Austrian composers of the twentieth century—Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg—is rarely performed at a Sunday-morning concert.

The Vienna Philharmonic has undergone many changes since its great days under Furtwängler, but it still consists mostly of Viennese. The so-called Philharmonic style—which has been defined as an unusual sensitivity to beautiful tone, especially the sweet, mellow sound of the strings—is handed down from one generation to the next, from *Professor* to pupil. The *Professoren* still bring in their favorite pupils to continue the tradition. But no city on earth—not even Vienna—contains enough first-rate musicians for all sections of a modern orchestra, and the Philharmonic's brass and woodwind sections have become sadly deficient compared to those of other celebrated ensembles. A significant break with tradition occurred not long ago, when a gifted Hungarian-refugee violinist was elected by the members of the orchestra to be one of its four concertmasters.

Vienna's musical bureaucracy is rigid and generally represses demonstrations of individuality, but occasionally a musical dictator emerges who wields almost unlimited powers. Gustav Mahler and Herbert von Karajan have been the most forceful musical personalities in Vienna in this century. During the years from 1897 to 1907, when he served as *Direktor* of the Court Opera, Mahler set artistic standards for opera performance that have never been attained since, in Vienna or anywhere else. In the words of Bruno Walter, "Mahler was able to penetrate into the heart of the music, and to recreate the composer's dramatic vision out of his music." A ruthless perfectionist, Mahler hated the Viennese propensity for compromise, and aroused enmity everywhere. "I'm beating my head against the wall, but at least I'm

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making a hole in the wall," he once said to the Viennese critic Paul Stefan. And Hofmannsthal wrote:

Lovers of art perceive with delight, and philistines with reluctant amazement, that from a mass of inanimate elements a living organism has been brought into being, because creative intelligence has been at work. That was the kind of drama that was played out during Mahler's years at the Vienna Opera.

Mahler was finally driven out by a coalition of bureaucrats and mediocrities, but he is still a legend in Vienna. There are elderly opera lovers in Vienna who remember Mahler well, and all his successors have been measured against the memory of him. Karajan, who ranked as high as any man in this system of evaluation, lasted seven years as *Dircktor*, and then he, too, was driven out. In 1962, "the first Karajan crisis"—as it is known in operatic annals—reached its climax when the conductor handed a humiliating ultimatum to the Austrian government: he demanded complete autonomy for the State Opera, as a means of eliminating the artistically stifling influence of the musical bureaucrats. Vienna didn't surrender to the Turks in 1529 or 1683, but it surrendered to Karajan in 1962.

Two years later, however, after more skirmishing, Karajan announced that he was not going to conduct in Vienna anymore. In the dramatic fight between him and the musical bureaucrats, each side had relied on a network of spies and informers, just as opposing powers had done in the days of Metternich.

In recent years, Vienna's musical bureaucrats have been compelled to accept the harsh fact that the regimental band of the Deutschmeister, the Vienna Choir Boys, and the performers of the Spanish Riding School are in greater demand for overseas tours than either the august Philharmonic or the State Opera. The Deutschmeister, founded in 1714 as the brass band of the Emperor's Household Regiment, retained its "imperial" uniforms after 1918 and has continued as a professional band. The great tradition of the Choir Boys began at the seminary of the Stephansdom, where Haydn and Schubert once sang in the choir. The Spanish Riding School, which was established at the court stud in the village of Lippiza, near Trieste, in 1580, is the world's oldest and greatest school of classical riding. Its performances of curvets, levades, and caprioles in the beautiful baroque riding hall that was built by Fischer von Erlach during the reign of Emperor Charles VI—his portrait

hangs in the court box—are magnificent shows.

The baroque era is over, but in Vienna the baroque enjoyment of public spectacles continues. Ceremonies held in commemoration of famous people who have died, especially if they are artists of one kind or another, are still essentially baroque affairs. A few years ago, thousands of people participated in the rites accompanying the transfer of Haydn's skull from Vienna to the Bergkirche, in Eisenstadt, the capital of Burgenland Province, where it was at last reunited with the rest of Haydn's bones. Two nights after Haydn's funeral, in June, 1809, Josef Carl Rosenbaum, a prominent student of phrenology, went to the composer's grave in Vienna's Hundsturm Cemetery and removed the head "for scientific study." The theft was discovered eleven years later, when Prince Nikolaus Esterházy, the grandson of Haydn's erstwhile patron, had the body exhumed and reburied in Eisenstadt, where the composer had spent thirty years of his life. Rosenbaum was at once suspected, and his house was searched, but the skull was not found. Frau Rosenbaum, pretending to be ill in bed, kept it hidden under her mattress. Eventually, the Prince offered Rosenbaum a sizable sum of money if he would give up the skull, and Rosenbaum agreed. Then the Prince refused to pay the ransom money and threatened Rosenbaum with the police. Rosenbaum had the last laugh, though, for what he had sent to the Prince was not Haydn's skull. On his death, Rosenbaum bequeathed the real skull to the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, where it was displayed until its recent transfer to Eisenstadt. No one was shocked by the ghoulish aspects of the ceremony. In fact, everybody enjoyed it immensely. To this day, when a star of the Burgtheater or the State Opera dies the coffin is ceremoniously carried "around the house" where the artist performed before the funeral procession starts for the cemetery. The Viennese cry a little and then say with a happy sigh that it was *eine schöne Leich*—which means, literally, a beautiful corpse.

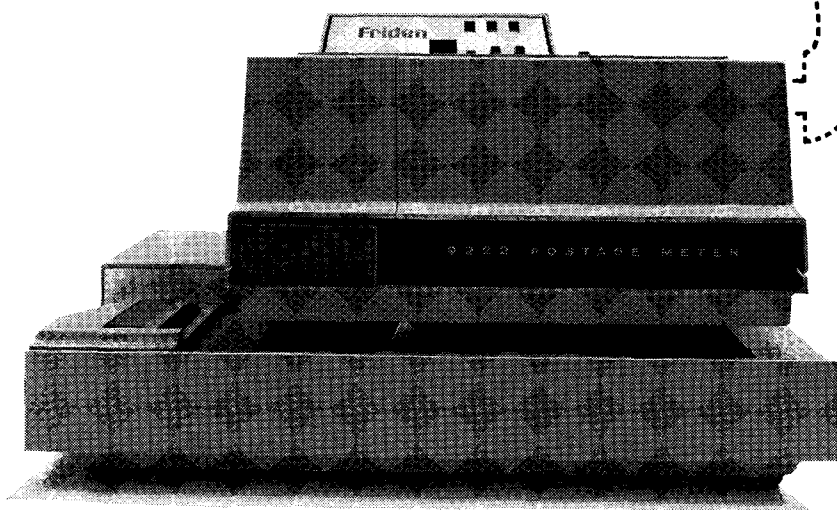
—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

(This is the first of a series of articles on Vienna.)

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SPECIAL MATERIAL

LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS" consists of four brazenly synthetic little blackout sketches that have the impudence to pretend to deal with recognizable human beings in recognizably human predicaments. What is still more offensive, there is evidence from time to time that the authors, Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna, would like us to regard their lumpish handiwork as heartwarming, and to this end, following a contemporary fashion, they have been bleakly clinical about almost every bodily organ except the heart. I am aware that physiology has been a surefire source of humor in the theatre for two or three thousand years, but it is a recent novelty for it to be expected to seem endearing instead of astringent. Nowadays, a pretty ingénue has only to utter some gross monosyllable for a sizable fraction of any audience to chuckle as if at an unexpectedly adroit witticism and murmur, "Isn't she adorable?" Well, not to me she isn't, and I resent the fraud to which the poor thing becomes—a less than innocent accomplice—the fraud of attempting to make a rebarbative mindlessness of vulgar speech conceal the fact that someone has proved incapable of the intellectual hard work of writing a play.

There is nothing heartwarming in the text of "Lovers and Other Strangers," nor are there either lovers or love in it; what is to be observed on the stage of the Brooks Atkinson is a series of acts of sometimes open but more often covert hostility among an assortment of couples uniformly defective in apprehension and craven in conduct. To their credit, Miss Taylor and Mr. Bologna do not ask us to believe in their beastly couples; if we did, the evening would be unbearable instead of merely irritating. The two characters in the first sketch are a hard-breathing nervous wreck of a young man and a girl whom he has met at a dating bar and, after thirty minutes, has lured to his pad in order to seduce her. She affects to resist his advances, but in the end we perceive that it is she who is the predator and he the prey. Their squirmy grappings did not put me in mind of the dalliance of eagles. The second sketch is, if any-

thing, more repellent than the first—a wife tries to force her husband to submit to sexual intercourse, and he refuses; they bicker over his sexual powers, such as they are, and over her muscle-flexing masculinity. The curtain descends upon them in their rumpled bed, a long night of conjugal loathing before them. In the third sketch, a young man rouses his fiancée at four in the morning to inform her that he is unwilling to proceed with their imminent marriage; the silent, seemingly cretinous girl lets him rant and rave and rage and plead and whimper until he falls exhausted, whereupon she gives his invisible leash a slight tug and brings him penitently round. The last sketch concerns a fat and slovenly middle-aged couple who try to keep their dreary son and daughter-in-law from getting a divorce. Whenever this sketch threatens to come to life—and it is the only one of the four that does—the frightened authors flog it to death with cheap gags and extraneous monologues. I understand that Miss Taylor and Mr. Bologna are highly regarded as manufacturers of what is called in night-club and theatrical argot "special material." I have never known what was supposed to be so special about special material, and I still don't know, but surely few plays can be made better by means of this sort of cosmetic surgery.

If "Lovers and Other Strangers" is so feeble an exercise in playwriting,

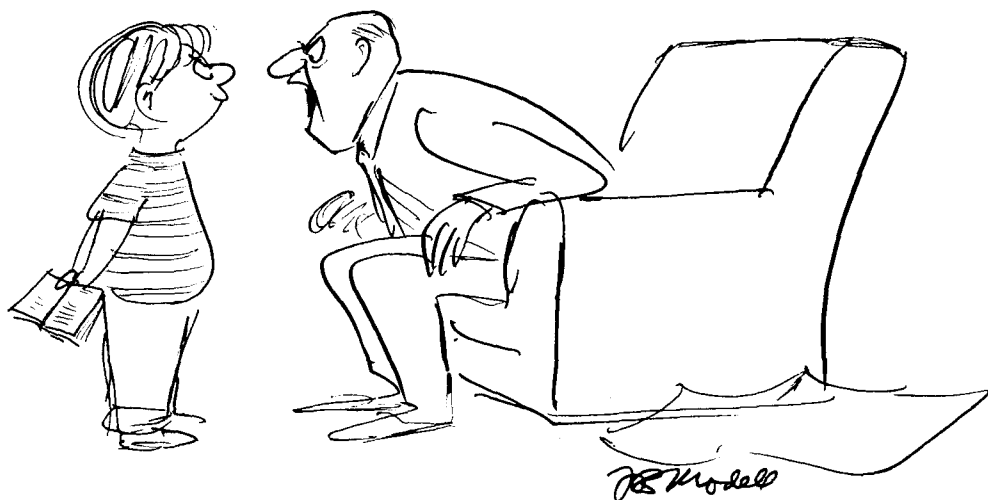
why am I satisfied to describe my evening at it as "merely irritating"? Because of the actors, of course. They are all fine in their not at all easy roles, and I single out Richard Castellano and Marvin Lichterman as being exceptionally fine; gold stars for them. The Messrs. Castellano and Lichterman aside, the cast includes Zohra Lampert, Gerald S. O'Loughlin, Ron Carey, Mariclare Costello, Helen Verbit, Bobby Alto, Candy Azzara, and Miss Taylor, who cleverly manages to get more out of her lines than she and Mr. Bologna put into them. The sketches are directed by Charles Grodin, who predictably falls back on franticness when all else fails, and the nondescript scenery is by Robin Wagner.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

But for Decibelle

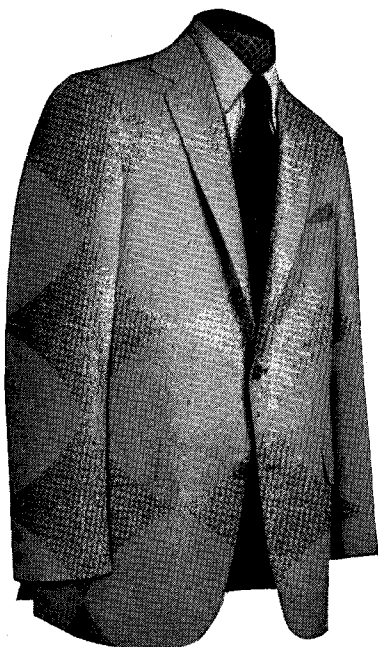
A FUNNY hippie character called Decibelle, who was given a funny and most refreshing performance by Amanda Trees, almost made the late "Month of Sundays" worthwhile. Otherwise, it was quite a trial. A musical allegory all but engulfed in its own syrup, it was about the Second Flood and a farmer whose house becomes the Second Ark. Among those taken aboard is, thank heavens, Decibelle. Miss Trees—a matchstick redhead wearing a silver minidress and high silver boots, and with a raccoon tail down her back—made her first appearance plugged into a transistor radio and swaying to her different drummer. In the best scene of the evening, her young rube of a lover (a cliché role, but well played by John Bennett Perry) finds her last, hidden marijuana cigarette and mistakes it for tobacco. He doesn't touch the stuff himself, of course—doesn't even smoke cornsilk—but to show his largeness of



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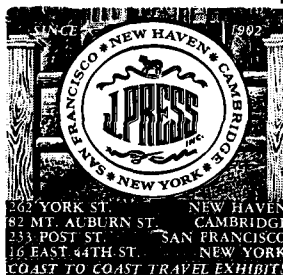
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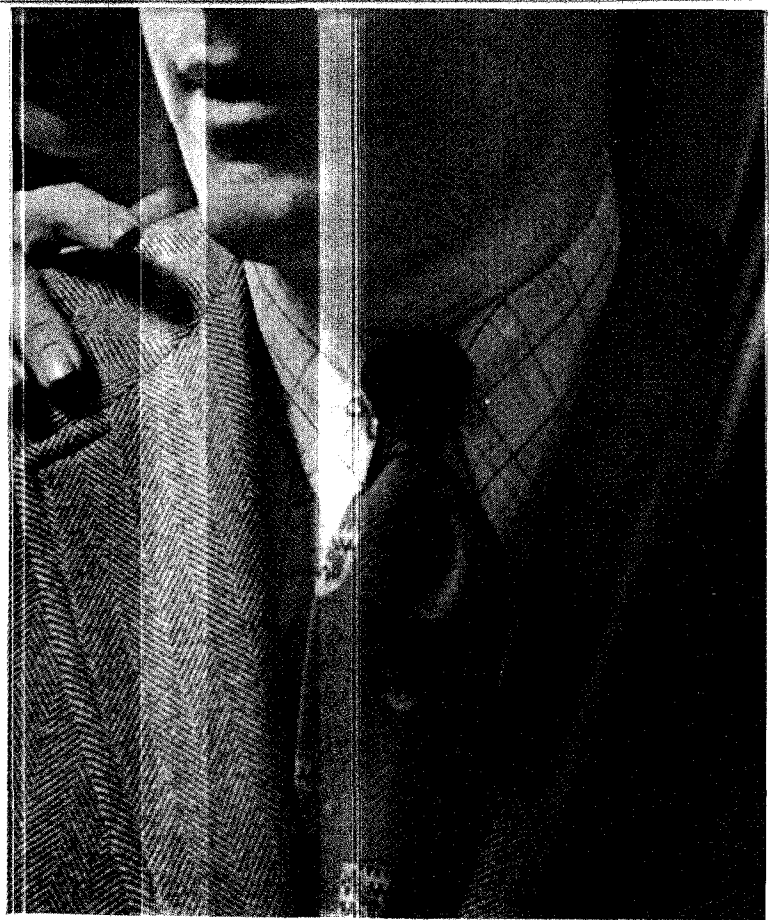
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mind he insists that she smoke it right then and there. Her wide-eyed amazement at his innocence as she sniffed up every wisp, combined with his beaming 4-H magnanimity, made for one of those comic misunderstandings that can light up even the dullest of shows. The scene ended with her tossing the cigarette over the side and singing, with considerably reedy style, "Flower, I Don't Need You Anymore." Maury Laws' music, while sounding like a number of other people's music, was agreeable enough, and Robert T. Williams' setting of that farmhouse being buffeted and whirled around in the flood was quite effective. Most of the members of the company did pretty well, I suppose, considering the nature of their assignments on the good ship Fatuity.

"MONTH OF SUNDAYS" was a harmless bore; Mel Arrighi's "An Ordinary Man," at the Cherry Lane, is an embarrassing and painful one, in which a sensitive subject is treated with careless simplemindedness. A badly written and old-fashioned propaganda play—or, more exactly, an old-fashioned propaganda movie done on the stage—it kept reminding me of one of those Grade B anti-Nazi films that used to tumble regularly from various West Coast assembly lines. The framework of the plot is a war-crimes trial in the distant future, and most of the action takes place as flashbacks to the near future, when the United States has become a Fascist country. The ordinary man of the title (and a defendant at the trial) is a young movie director named Andy Neff, a bad guy who agrees to make a series of false, inflammatory documentaries about Negroes. These turn out to be so successful that Neff rises high in the government, betraying everyone in sight along the way, and as a result of them our whole black population is thrown into concentration camps.

It is impossible for the cast to give the cardboard roles much semblance of life or the flat lines much conviction, yet some of the actors—notably, Michael Baseleon, Caroline McWilliams, Lloyd Hollar, John Carpenter, Jerome Dempsey, and Frank Bara—certainly seemed to be taking their work more seriously than the dramatist took his. "An Ordinary Man" is Mr. Arrighi's first produced play, and it can be said for him that he has attempted to write scenes for more than the usual two characters. But that is all.

—EDITH OLIVER



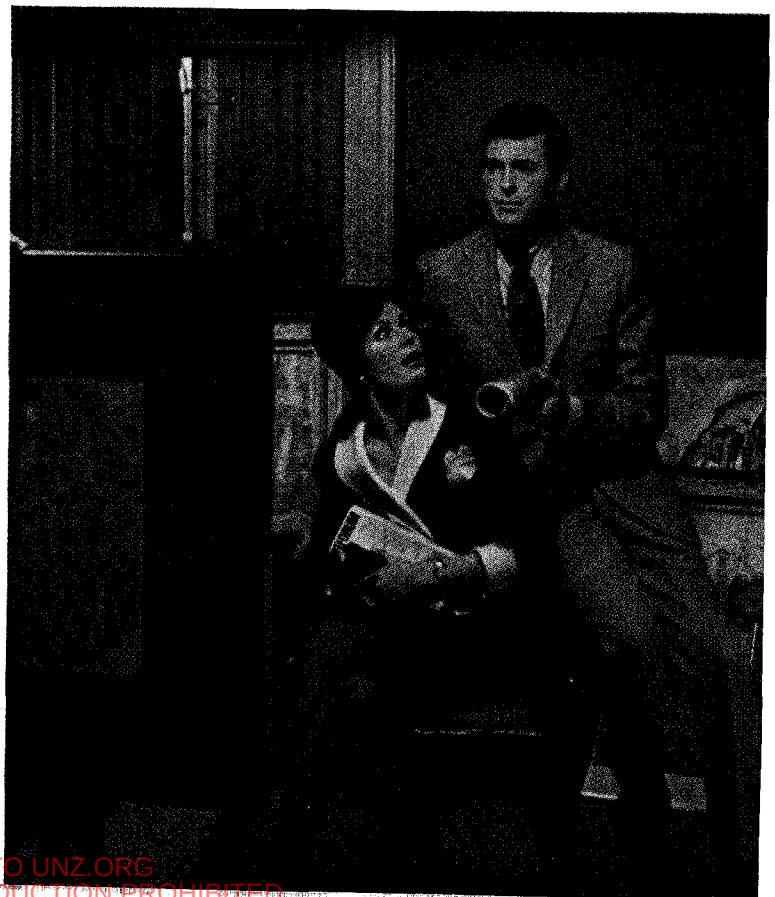
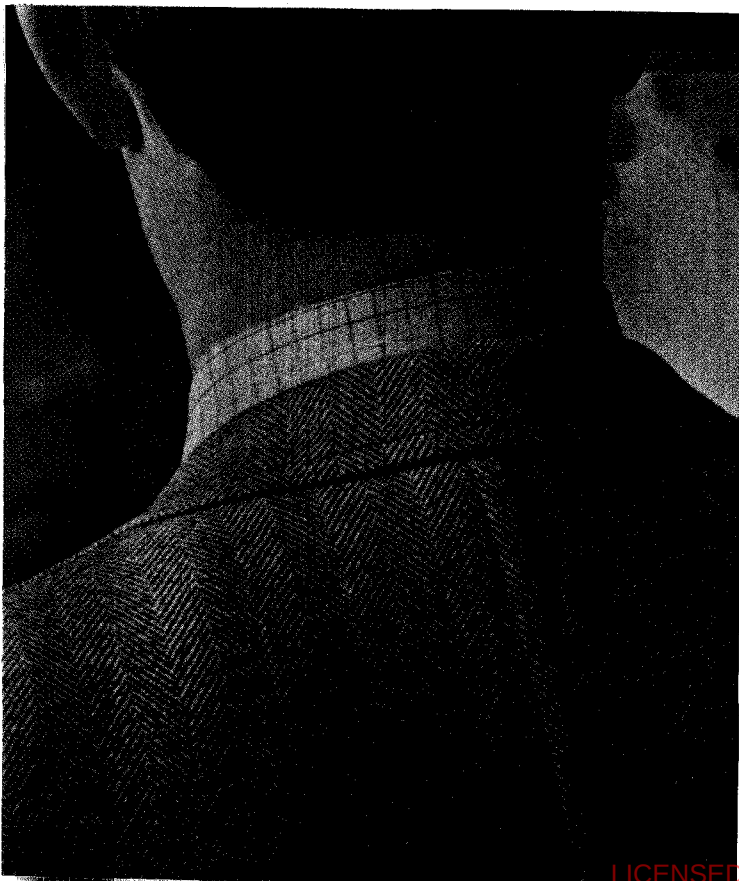
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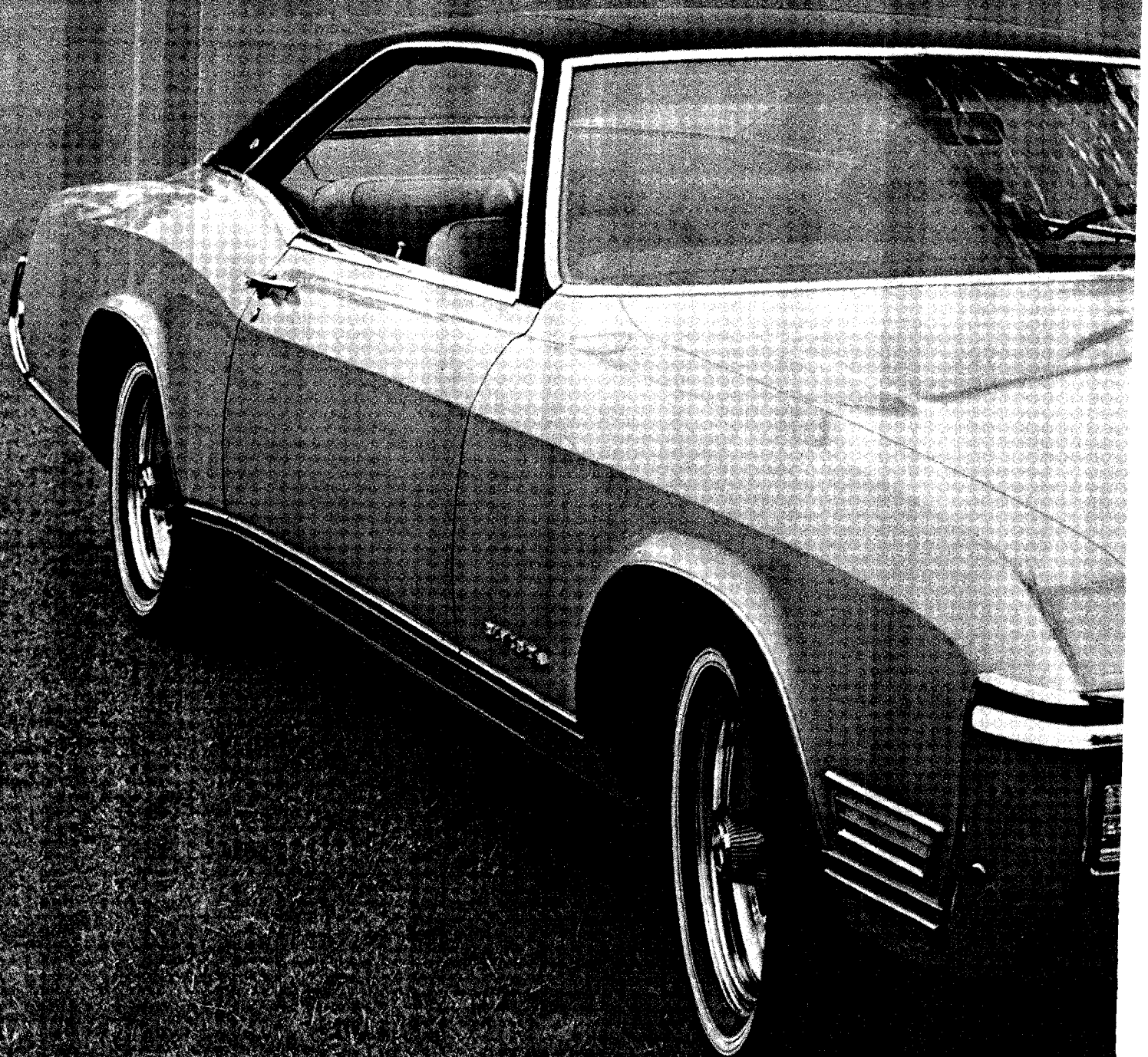
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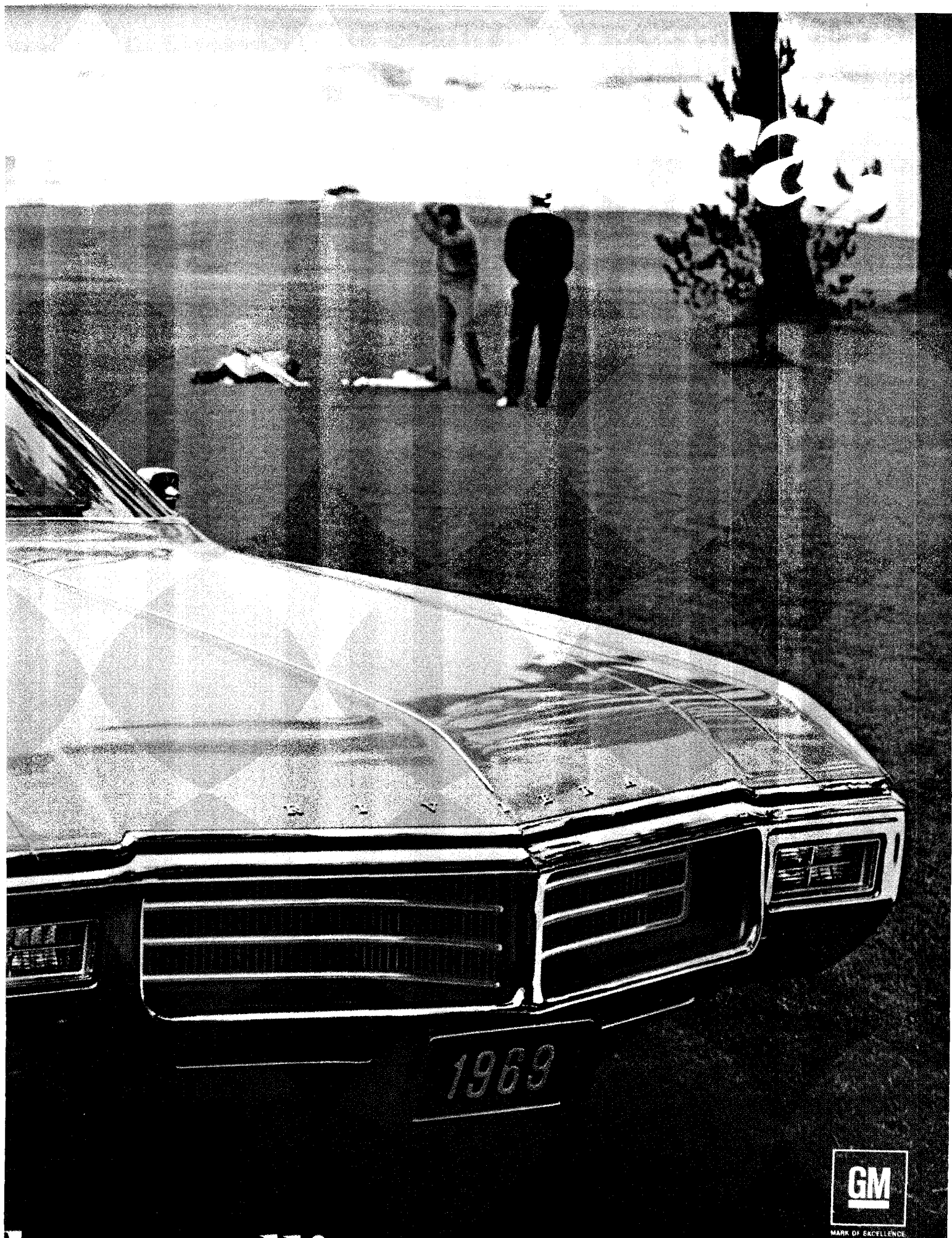


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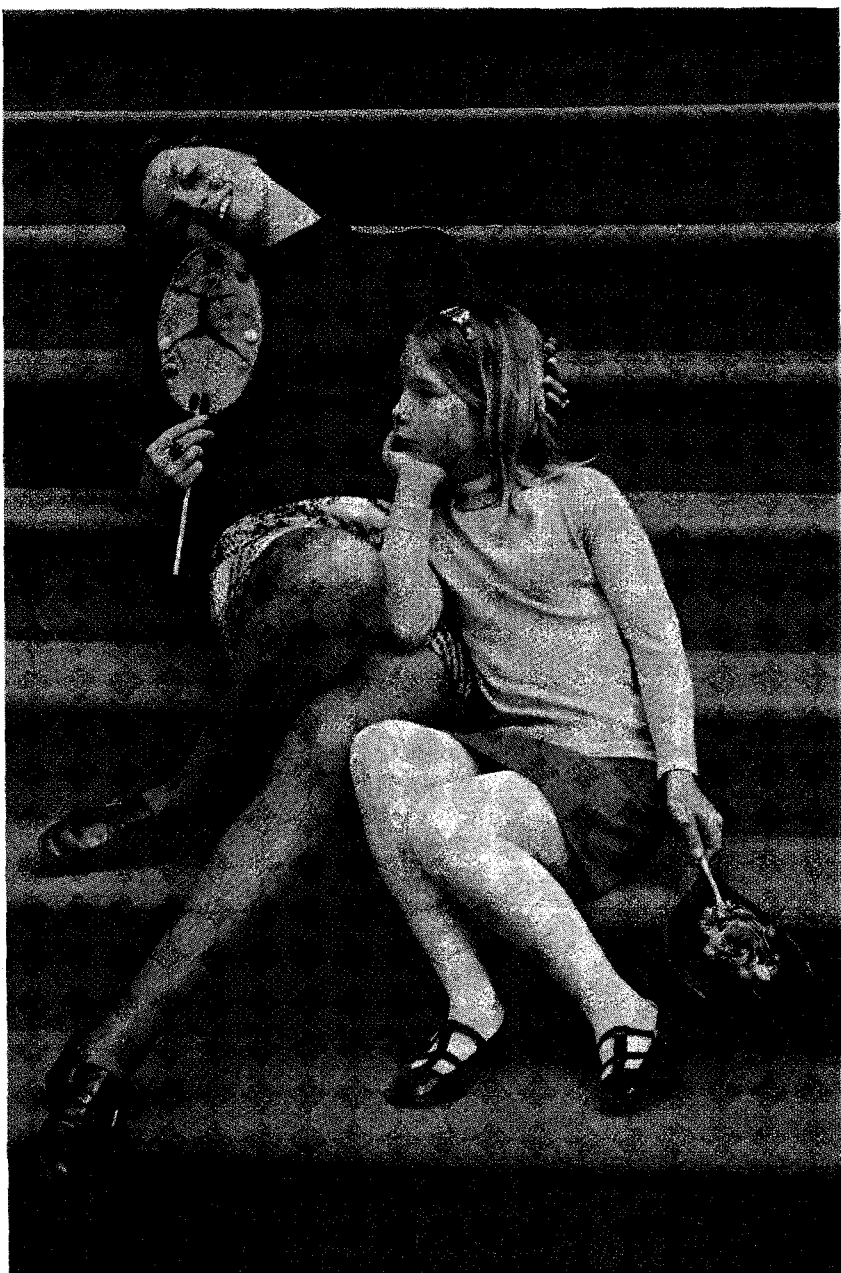


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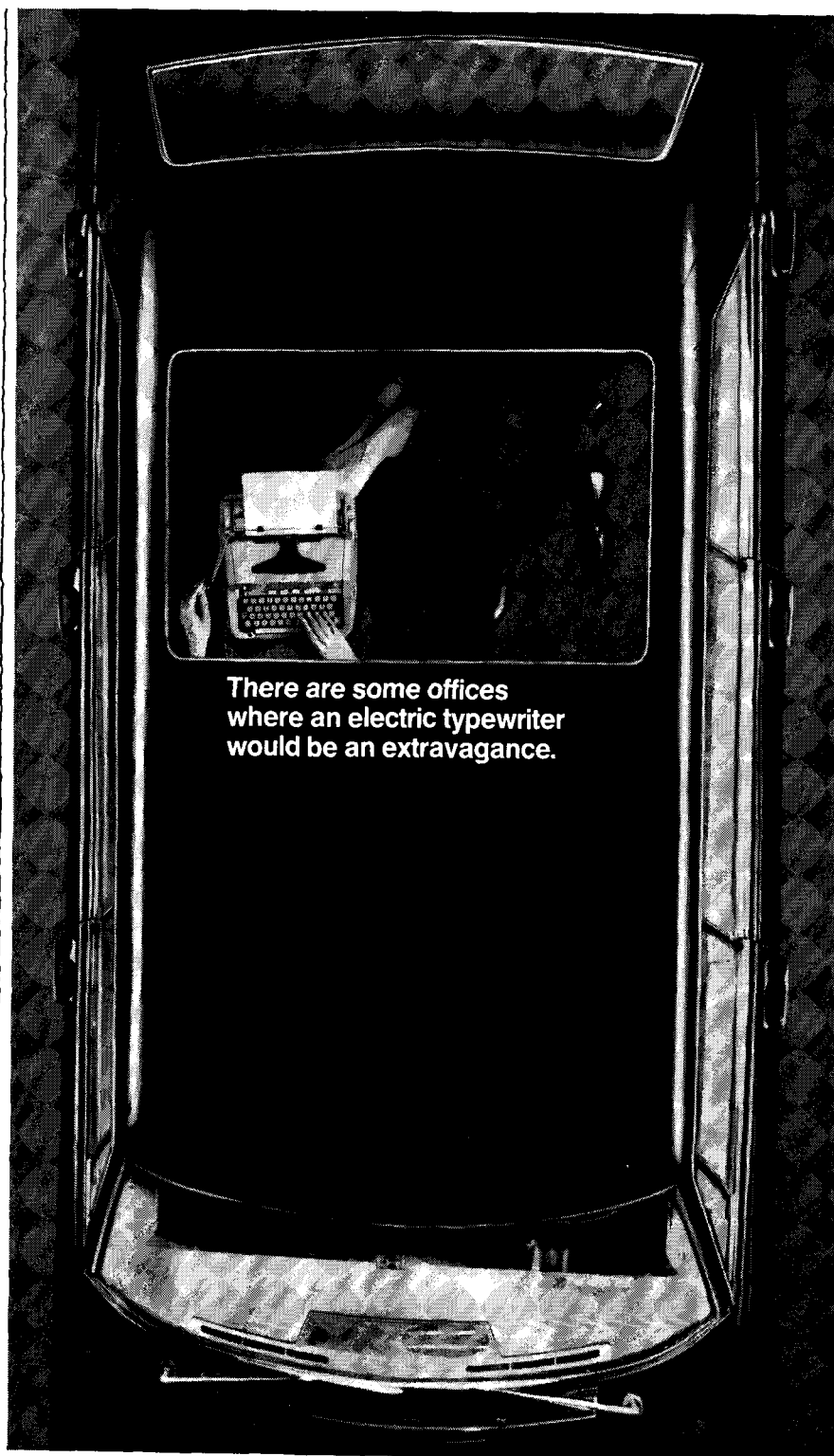
MUSICAL EVENTS

Openers



A SEASON that promises to be an undistinguished one was opened in an undistinguished manner by the Metropolitan Opera on Monday night of last week. There will be four new productions—"Tosca," "Il Trovatore," "Das Rheingold," and "Der Rosenkavalier." The Met is still stuck with that awful Jean-Louis Barrault-Jacques Dupont production of "Carmen," as well as with some other miscalculations, among them the tired Cecil Beaton sets for "Traviata," in which the Elder Germont comes on-stage in the second act, waves his hand, and exclaims "Pur tanto lusso" ("So much luxury!") while Violetta is sitting in the middle of a barnyard. One would have thought that *these* productions would be restaged instead of the rather handsome, if old, versions of "Il Trovatore" and "Der Rosenkavalier." The repertoire remains glued to the concept that the Met is a "museum" and cannot possibly afford anything but the standards. No adventures or experiments. There is an economic mystery in this matter that has been puzzling me for years. Why is it that the Met, which has lavish industrial and personal backing and charges a twenty-five-dollar top, is too poor to take a chance on a new or unusual opera, while the New York City Opera, which has very little backing and charges a top of five dollars and ninety-five cents, is rich enough to produce several premières or distinguished revivals of old and seldom sung operas every season? I suspect that part of the answer lies in Mr. Bing's substitution of mere expense, or conspicuous consumption, for taste. What taste we have in operatic production nowadays is more apt to be found at the New York State Theatre, and this season it can also be looked for in the productions of the Juilliard Opera Theatre, where the outstanding operatic director of the moment, Tito Capobianco, is taking over.

In any case, the Met started its season off with Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur." There is no use pretending that "Adriana Lecouvreur" is a great or even a good opera, and its preservation in our "museum" is another mystery. The work is exceedingly weak, owing



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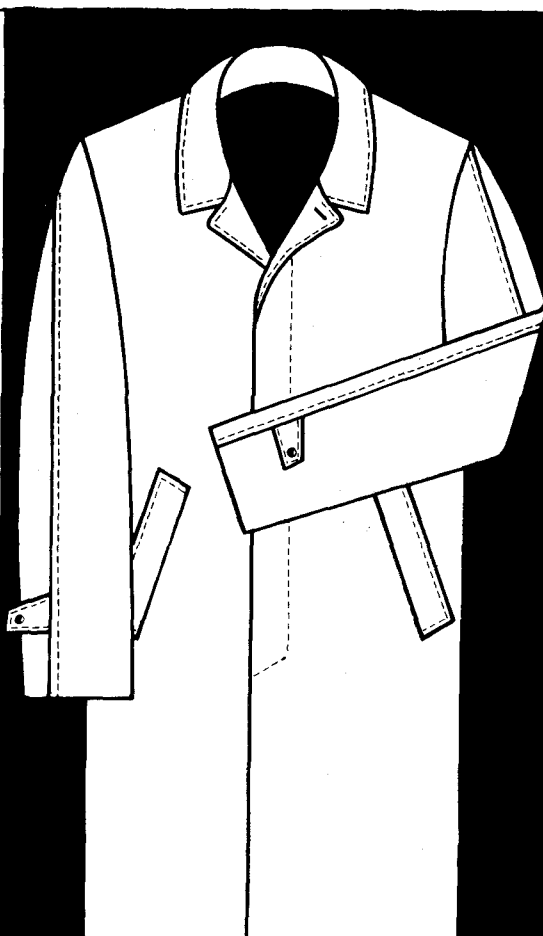
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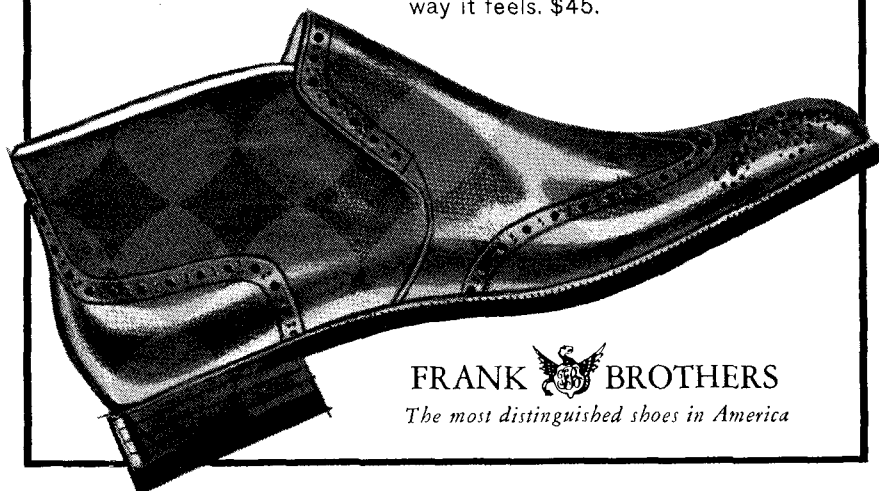


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to Cilea's lack of melodic inventiveness. Much of it sounds like a fairly presentable opera with all the inspired arias and ensembles left out and the recitatives and other bits of stuffing run together. I shall not trouble you by attempting to summarize its plot, which is mainly about some efforts to poison a noted actress—the last one successful.

The performance involved what I have come to think of as the Tebaldi-Corelli blue-plate special, which includes a soprano whose high notes are nowadays frequently sung flat and a tenor who still sings with the subtlety of a lumberjack—though, to be sure, he has the loudest and most beautiful natural voice of its type to be heard today. Some of the other roles were very well done indeed—Irene Dalis's Princess of Bouillon and Anselmo Colzani's Michonnet, for example, along with lesser parts sung by Paul Franke and Morley Meredith. A particularly pleasing ballet about Paris, the three Goddesses, and the Golden Apple had been contrived by Dame Alicia Markova, and it was one of the more agreeable events of the evening.

MR. BING has always been a lavish production man, and one of his most lavish productions is still the Nathaniel Merrill-Yoshio Aoyama-Cecil Beaton "Turandot," which, despite its age, still exerts considerable theatrical charm. It turned up last Tuesday night, inevitably with Birgit Nilsson in the title role, and Miss Nilsson, always true to form, attacked "In questa reggia" (one of the most taxing moments in all opera for a soprano) with the magnificent assurance and the brilliant tone that are uniquely hers, taking stratospheric notes with perfect intonation and awesome breath control. The Calaf was not Mr. Corelli, as usual, but Sándor Kónya, who has neither Mr. Corelli's imposing stature nor his volume of voice but who is really a more cultivated singer. Within his limitations, he did nobly. I found Gabriella Tucci a bit cold as Liù, though she warmed up somewhat in the last act. The other roles were all acceptably sung. Zubin Mehta, sporting a brand-new mustache, which makes him look like a Sicilian bandit, conducted with his customary forcefulness, occasionally drowning out Mr. Kónya.

LAST Saturday night, "Carmen" reappeared at the Met, and I realized that I had forgotten how truly dreadful the production is. After a performance of a thing like this, any con-

scientious general manager might reasonably be expected to shoot himself—a three-ring circus in which nearly every subtlety of a great work of art has been smeared over by a vulgar, philistine hand. Under the circumstances, it was difficult, the other night, to tell whether or not, with competent and experienced direction, Shirley Verrett, who was making her debut in the title role, might have turned out to be a fine Carmen. She is pretty and she has one of the most beautiful voices of its type to come to light in recent years. But the reckless passion and the dramatic refinements of a great Carmen were not there. To take one small example, the play of conflicting emotions on the face of a great Carmen during the “Flower Song” is something one always looks for. In this production, Carmen is lying prone on top of a table, with no facial expression at all, thanks to Mr. Barrault’s foolish staging. There were a few bright points, if one closed one’s eyes. Jon Vickers sang Don José with tremendous artistry, and his “Flower Song” was a model of what an outstanding singing actor can do. Mirella Freni brought both innocence and a noble degree of feeling to the role of Micaela, and was applauded to the rafters in the third act. Justino Díaz made a rather boyish Escamillo, but he was in every other way acceptable, and there has never been a better Zuniga than Morley Meredith.

THE New York City Opera opened its season, following some labor troubles, last Thursday night, at the State Theatre, with a highly enjoyable production of the double bill “Cavalleria Rusticana” and “I Pagliacci.” Essentially, these were the performances seen last season, although the company, this time, was presenting its finest casts and a few changes had been made by the indefatigable stage director, Frank Corsaro. Some of these changes were, I thought, for the worse. I don’t know why directors nowadays want Turiddu to die bloodily in full view of the audience, while all the authentic directions and traditions demand that he die offstage. This way, the event, viewed with gasps by those *onstage*, is twice as effective. And I fail to see why the religious procession in “Cavalleria” should be led by a nutty character in an ancient Greek costume pounding a tambourine (Sicily’s dark, pagan past?). Athena Lampropoulos, as Santuzza, showed a voice of considerable power with an occasional wobble; En-



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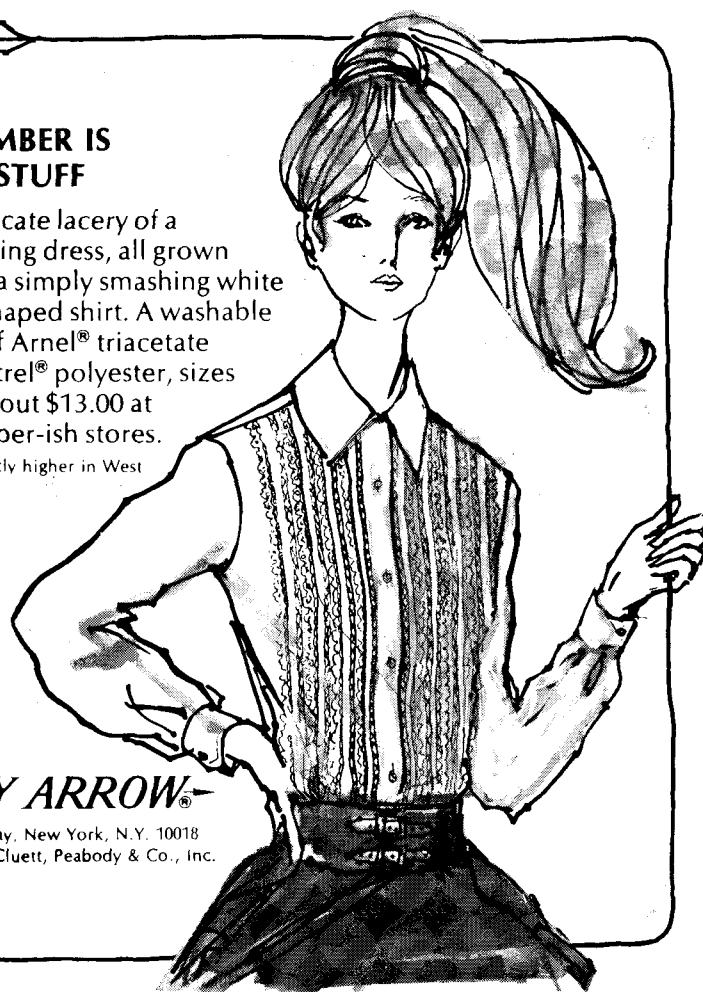
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rico DiGiuseppe, a lyric tenor in the best Italian style, sang eloquently as Turiddu; Roberto Banuelas made a rather elegant and aloof Alfio (I suppose that there *are* elegant and aloof teamsters); Kay Creed was pretty to look at and otherwise pleasing as Lola; Muriel Greenspon was a superb Mamma Lucia. The Canio of "Pagliacci" was Placido Domingo—one of the best Canios around—and the Tonio of Chester Ludgin was brought off with admirable dramatic power. Dominic Cossa sang beautifully as Silvio. The Nedda was Carol Bayard, a soprano whose voice has a slight, very agreeable edge to it, and who sings and acts with an apparent ease that is delightful to contemplate. I was disappointed by the new conductor, Alberto Zedda. Many choral passages in "Pagliacci" were muddy, the bells were much too loud in the "Dindon" chorus, and there is a delicate but important transition from horn to violins in the score that was completely missed.

LAST Wednesday night, I dropped in at the Joffrey Ballet, which is performing at the City Center. Jerome Robbins' musicless work "Moves" seemed again a remarkable tour de force, though I prefer music with my ballet. And "Pas des Déeses" again exerted its semi-satirical, nostalgic charm, with Susan Magno dancing like a young Danilova. But what really interested me was my second viewing of "The Clowns," which seems to improve as one gets to know it better. The score, by Hershy Kay, is the most successful essay in combined electronic and orchestral music that I have thus far come across. What happens on the stage—the work, of course, of the choreographer Gerald Arpino—has an eerie immediacy. It is apparently about the human soul caught in the violence and industrial uniformity of the present era, and the fact that its characters are clowns allows Mr. Arpino no end of humorous or touching thrusts at modern mankind and its surroundings. Robert Blankshine, as the helpful clown who is eventually crucified, gives a superb performance. This is a work no ballet enthusiast should miss.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

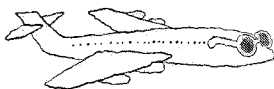
Bright and Randolph ran 200 meters in 20.1 seconds at the U. S. Olympic track and field trials on the wooded track just up the hill from here yesterday, one-tenth of a second slower than it had ever been run before.—*The Post*.

Well, a record is a record.

The movie mogul's guide to Paris.

le Voyage par Air France

There are no palm trees on Air France flights to Paris. But we do our best to make you feel at home. There's room to spread out in, a movie and



something to drink while you read *Variety*. Everything else aboard the world's largest airline is pure Paris: the food, the wines, the china, probably the stewardess. (Make a star out of her and a name for yourself.) If you're interested in exclusives, we've got them for you, sweetheart: the only daily non-stop flights to the town where they shot "Moulin Rouge." And if you're lonely for a palm tree when you get there, we'll tell you where to find one. Air France knows where you're going.

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White House 129-bis, rue de la Pompe

Dean 9, blvd. Bonne-Nouvelle
Eddy 76, Champs-Élysées
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If, however, you don't want to be taken for a tourist, dress as the Parisians do. At Comptoir Universel 24, rue La-Boétie, you will find les bluejeans, le cowboy, aviator's jackets, pea coats and bermuda shorts, as well as camp cots, Zippo lighters, Ivory soap.

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And to make an impression at premieres and Opéra Galas, arrive in a chauffeured Rolls you've rented from Murdoch Associés 30, ave. Pierre-Jer-de-Serbie, 225-28-14. \$80 a day will do it.

Pour les hommes d'affaires fatigués

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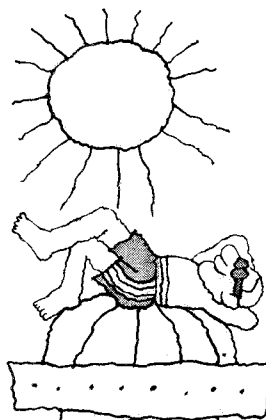
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Cercle Gaillon 92, Champs-Élysées. Racecourse clientele. Bridge and multicolore, a mixture of boules and roulette. Aviation Club de France 104, Champs-Élysées. Fortunes crumble, empires topple... Plus any number of less select establishments which the law forbids us to name. Ask around.

Discothèques

For those with a sense of history, there's the world's very first Whiskey à Go-Go 18, rue de Beaujolais. For those with a sense of "belonging," Régine-New Jimmy's 124, blvd. du Montparnasse. You absolutely can't get in unless Régine knows you. If you can't get by Régine, you can't get by Castel either. Chez Castel 15, rue Princesse. Gaslight 41, rue Bernard Palissy. The tradition of le flirt is still honored here. Among the participants: eager girls with very sad eyes.

Nourriture mexicaine

When you want a change from the delicate sauces of French cuisine, and are hungry for a taste of Olvera Street, you'll find it at Mexico Lindo 19, rue des Canettes. Le service take-out: canned tamales and frozen tacos at Paul Corcellet 46, rue des Petits-Champs; Hédiard 21, Place de la Madeleine

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Drugstore Champs-Élysées 133 Champs-Élysées.

Drugstore St. Germain 149, blvd. St.-Germain.

Drugstore Opéra 6, blvd. des Capucines (closes at 1:30).

Less elegant, but perhaps more useful, is the Lafayette Gift Shop, in the basement of American Express, 11, rue Scribe. When you run out of toothpaste, shampoo and cold cream, you'll find all your old favorites here.

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AFTER my father's death, my mother could not seem to enjoy anything any more. The light had gone out of gardening, to which she had always given most of her time when she was not actually painting. When I came home from New York, where I lived in my twenties, I would point out to her the extreme folly of her lack of interest. "You mustn't let that wonderful garden you've built up run down," I said. "I've often heard you say how quickly cultivation slips back into chaos once you let nature take over."

"But I don't take any pleasure in it!" she said. I disapproved of how piteous her large, gray eyes looked. "It makes me feel horrid when I try to work. To be doing it by myself without your father."

"But he was away all day," I pointed out. I solved her problem by adding, "It's a mistake to live in the past."

She did not even want to paint any more. In vain did I demonstrate how unwise it was to let her great talent lie fallow.

"I hate painting now," she said. "It's somehow horrible."

"You need to make an effort," I said. "That poking around in the attic with old letters isn't worthy of you. You always told *me* art was worth more than all the other activities on earth."

She only gazed dumbly at her child who was throwing back at her, as children must, the maternal words.

In New York, I went out to dinner with a doctor beau and spent part of the evening telling him about how badly my poor mother was adjusting to the death of my father.

"Loss of libido," declared Raymond, who practiced a little light analysis on the side, nodding.

"I'd be glad to discuss therapy with her if you want to send her to me."

On my mother's next visit to me I proposed Raymond.

"I don't see how it could do any good, but I'll try," she said, docile as a young girl, and as earnest. "I don't see how a doctor's going to make me feel any better about how I never really appreciated your father." Tears came into her eyes.

"Mother, dear. You worshipped Papa," I said. But there was no reasoning with her. "Just tell Raymond everything that's troubling you," I told her. "Psychoanalysis is a new science, and they are able to make you more objective."

"I *am* objective," she said sadly.

"It's when your father was alive that I wasn't objective. How's the doctor going to alter that? It's too late."

"Just trust him," I said, full of confidence in Raymond and Freud.

So off she went into the New York streets, in her black felt sailor hat, wearing her rubbers and carrying an umbrella as if there was no such thing as a taxi.

When she got back she was tight-lipped and wouldn't discuss the appointment. She had another for later in the week.

"I'm not going back to that man," she said when she came home from that one. "You may like him, but I think he's just horrid."

"What's so horrid now?" I said with asperity, feeling that wariness of knowing one is going to have to take sides against one's parent.

"He was. All he wanted to talk about was . . . *sex*. It was bad enough last time, when he wanted me to tell him all sorts of things about your father that are none of his business. But today this friend of yours asked me whether I had any . . . feelings . . . about him! Whether I was attracted to him! He said I must realize it was perfectly normal if I was. I never even saw him until this week! I think he's a slimy pig."

"Oh, Mother," I said. "Raymond was only hoping you would make a good transference."

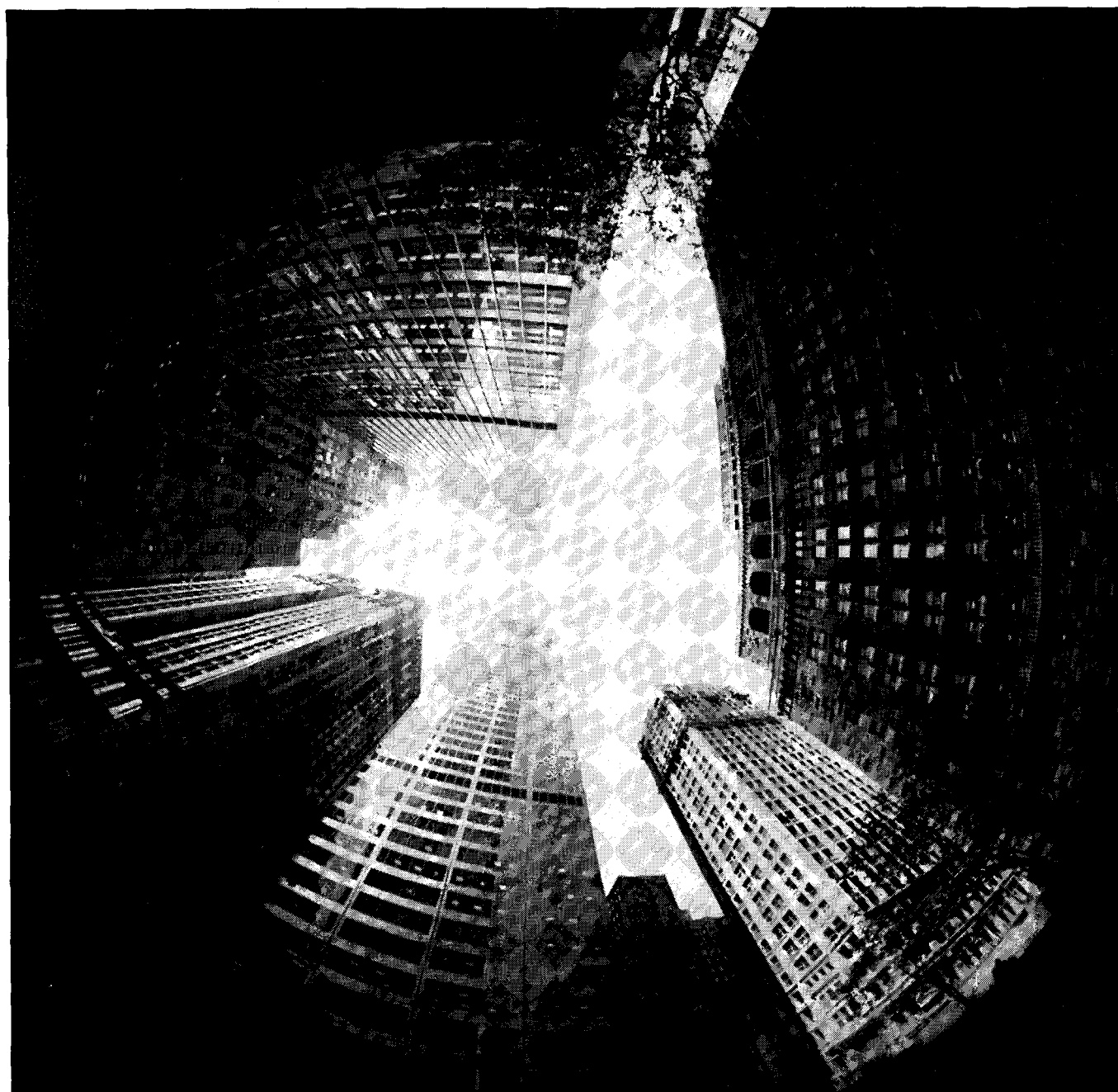
"I don't care what he was hoping," my mother said. "You could see he wasn't a gentleman."

It must have been shortly after that debacle that my mother turned to religion in an effort to assuage her grief.

The household I grew up in was nominally Unitarian, because my father's father had been a clergyman of that denomination. I was sent to a Unitarian Sunday school (where in those days they taught Bible stories like any other Sunday school, instead of growing seeds to study the Life Force). Once in a long while—I can't remember what occasioned it—my mother and father went to church, with me walking between them down the hill. We sat in the square pew of the white Colonial edifice, and afterward walked home to Sunday dinner.

At the table my father would begin by giving an imitation of Mr. Parker preaching the sermon, and work up to stories of the pranks he and his brothers used to play in his father's church. In the hymnbook they used there was a footnote to the familiar hymn "All





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lege choir
When he, catching, as it were,
The inspiration of the hour,
Would join—the—heav'nly chor-i-
us!

My father used also to render the boys' scurrilous imitation of their father and their sister Nelly, responsively reading as they never had a psalm that never was: "Slew the Ephesians!" boomed out the great, deep voice.

"For his mercy endureth forever," piped the little voice.

"Og, King of Bashan."

"For his mercy endureth forever."

"Chopped all their heads off!"

"For his mercy endureth forever."

"Sawed all their legs off!"

"For his mercy endureth forever."

My mother was brought up Congregational—a sort of alleviation her own mother made of the hellfire Presbyterianism of her preacher father, who had been a missionary to Chicago when its streets were mud. But when my mother married my father she embraced the Unitarian church just as she embraced everything else about the Hales, whom she held to be perfection. (That her embrace was never too tight for comfort is proved by a story she told me—that my Grandfather Hale himself said, shortly after her marriage, "Lily, don't get into church work, whatever you do. You won't be able to get any painting done.")

Now when I went home I was embarrassed by my mother's little volumes of devotions—some of them very old, since she was far too economical to spend money on a brand-new devotional book when the house was full of ones dating from my grandfather's day. She used to read them during her very early breakfasts—alone, because I got up late. "Helps by the Way"—that was the type of title. I opened "Helps" once, to the following verse:

"So!"—by small, slow footsteps,
By the daily cross,
By the heart's unspoken yearning,
By its grief and loss;
So, He brings them home to rest,
With the victors, crowned and
blessed.

I shut the book again hastily, blushing at my mother's taste in consolation. What she needed was to have a good time, I thought; enjoy herself. But my mother had always had such incom-



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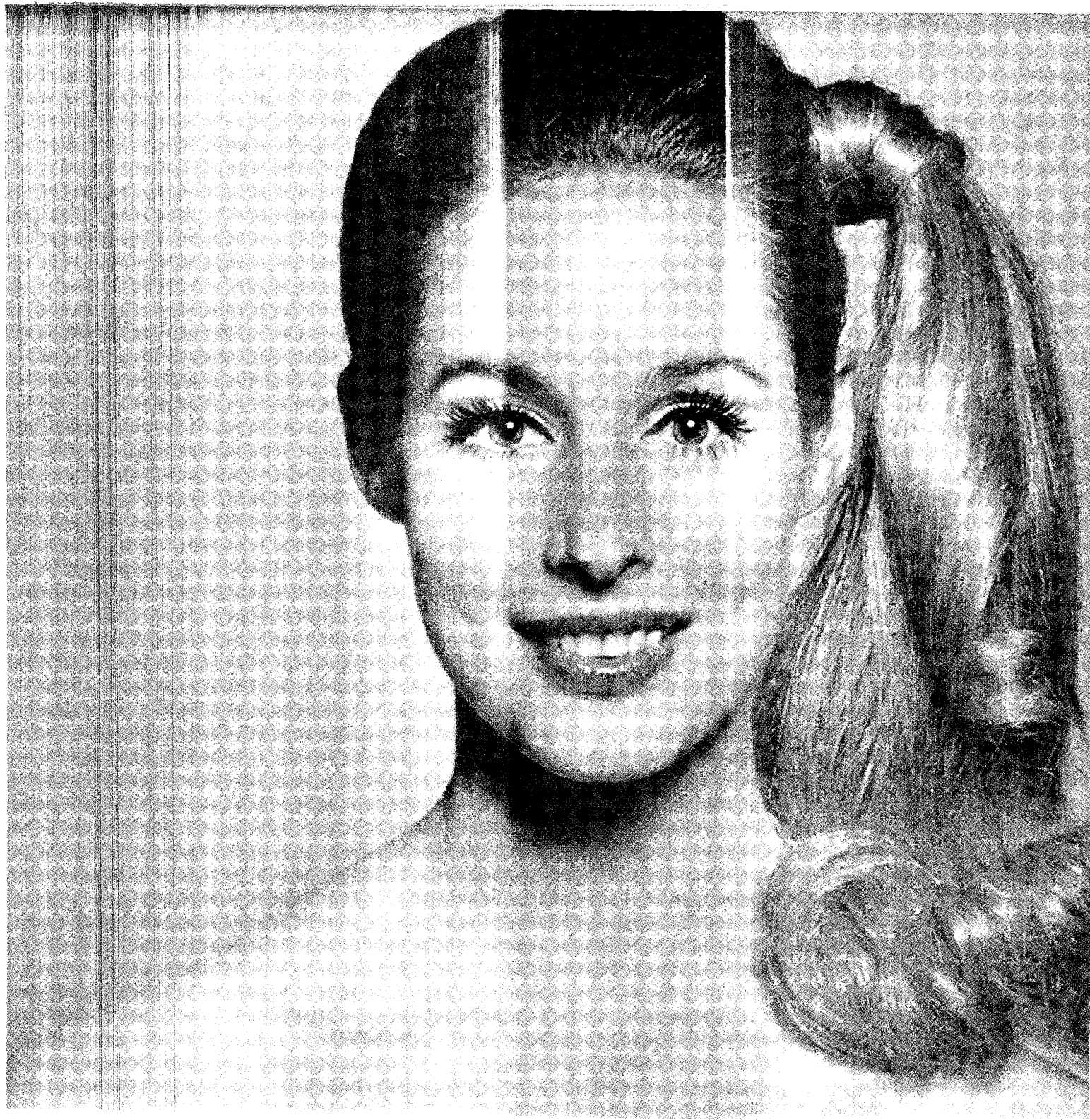


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prehensible ways of enjoying herself.

She tried going to the Unitarian church, but she said it didn't satisfy her somehow. Her way of putting it was that she wasn't intellectual enough to appreciate Unitarianism. In the years since I went to Sunday school, the church had become highly humanistic. "There isn't anything to look at," my mother said. "No cross or anything."

I told her, and her Episcopalian sister told her, that since she found the Unitarian church empty, she ought to look somewhere else. She went to stone-Gothic St. Paul's a few times, but that didn't satisfy her, either. "I hate just sitting there like a great bump while everybody else goes up to the altar," she said.

"Then why not go up too?" I said. "After all, you were christened. I read that the Archbishop of Canterbury says anybody baptized in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost can take Communion."

My mother's face lit up, as it always did when something reminded her of my father. "Do you remember that christening story your father used to tell about your grandfather?" she said. "The old gentleman was getting deaf by that time, and the baby's mother had a lisp. 'What's the name of this child?' he said. Even when he whispered his voice was enormous. 'Luthy, thir,' the mother said. 'Lucifer? Nonsense!' your grandfather rumbled. 'John, I baptize thee...' And that, your father said, is how Lucy Perkins came to be christened John."

Next time I saw my mother I asked if she had gone up to the rail yet.

"I went once," she said. "But I can't keep on doing that. I'm not a member! I don't feel as if they really wanted me."

"Then join the church, for pity's sake," I said.

"Oh, no. I couldn't possibly," she said. "All the Hales were Unitarians. It would be disloyal to them." She looked as dutiful and good as a young girl.

But she also looked lumpy, in those days. Her figure had got out of hand, and she had backaches. She started going to an orthopedist in Boston. The next time I came up for a visit she was deep in the mystique of posture exercises.

"He says the seat of the soul is right here," she said, laying her hand on her solar plexus.

She would sit only on straight chairs—erect but easy, as she was being taught to do. Her gaze tended to look inward, like a Hindu's. She had even acquired missionary fervor, and made me consult the orthopedist, too. My

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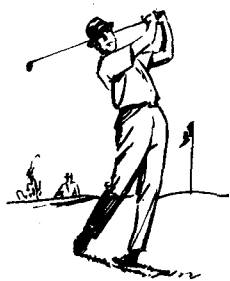


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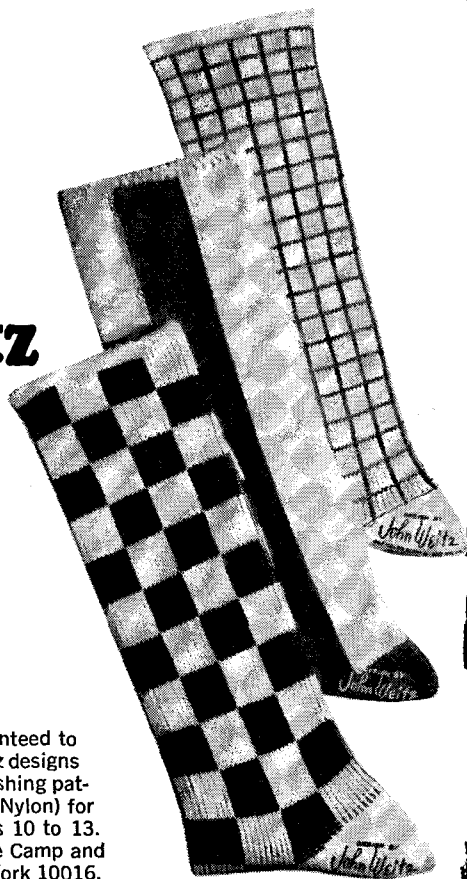
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experience with him was hardly more successful than hers with Raymond. When the doctor bounced lightly up and down on his toes and said, "Look at me! This is perfect posture!" he received less than my full approbation. "How *can* you think so highly of that man, after once knowing Papa?" I said.

WHEN my father died, his sister Nelly presented my mother with a house on Cape Ann. It had been my grandfather's custom to give each of his sons a house when they married, but when my parents married they didn't want a house. They were going to live in their studio, and I was not to be so much as thought of for another six years. Aunt Nelly's gift represented the house my father never got.

My mother began going there in the summer; her gardening instincts revived, and she brought into being a series of terraces, a rock garden, lily beds, and a herbaceous border, out of what had been only a wilderness of plum thickets and a bed of old-fashioned striped roses run wild. What woke her interest was the appearance in her life of organic gardening. Now, when I came up for visits there, I found Mr. Rodale a sacred name around the house. There was also, I learned, a high priestess in England named Lady Eve Balfour, who ran an experimental farm for raising crops organically.

Making and augmenting an enormous compost heap became as much a ritual in my mother's life as her posture exercises. With great trouble and infinite effort she used to bury all our garbage; it would then be dug up by dogs and the raccoon who haunted the grounds of nights; then my mother would bury it again. The world was full of sin—people not only used commercial fertilizer but failed to use the organic when it lay right at hand. Look at Disposalls! With her early breakfasts, my mother took to reading a magazine called *The Soil*. The Devil's name was Chemicals.

"But, Mother," I would say, restraining myself. "Everything in the world is made of chemicals, one way or another."

"You mean natural chemicals," she retorted.

"A chemical's a chemical, dear. They make things out of chemicals in the laboratory."

"Synthetically!" she hissed.

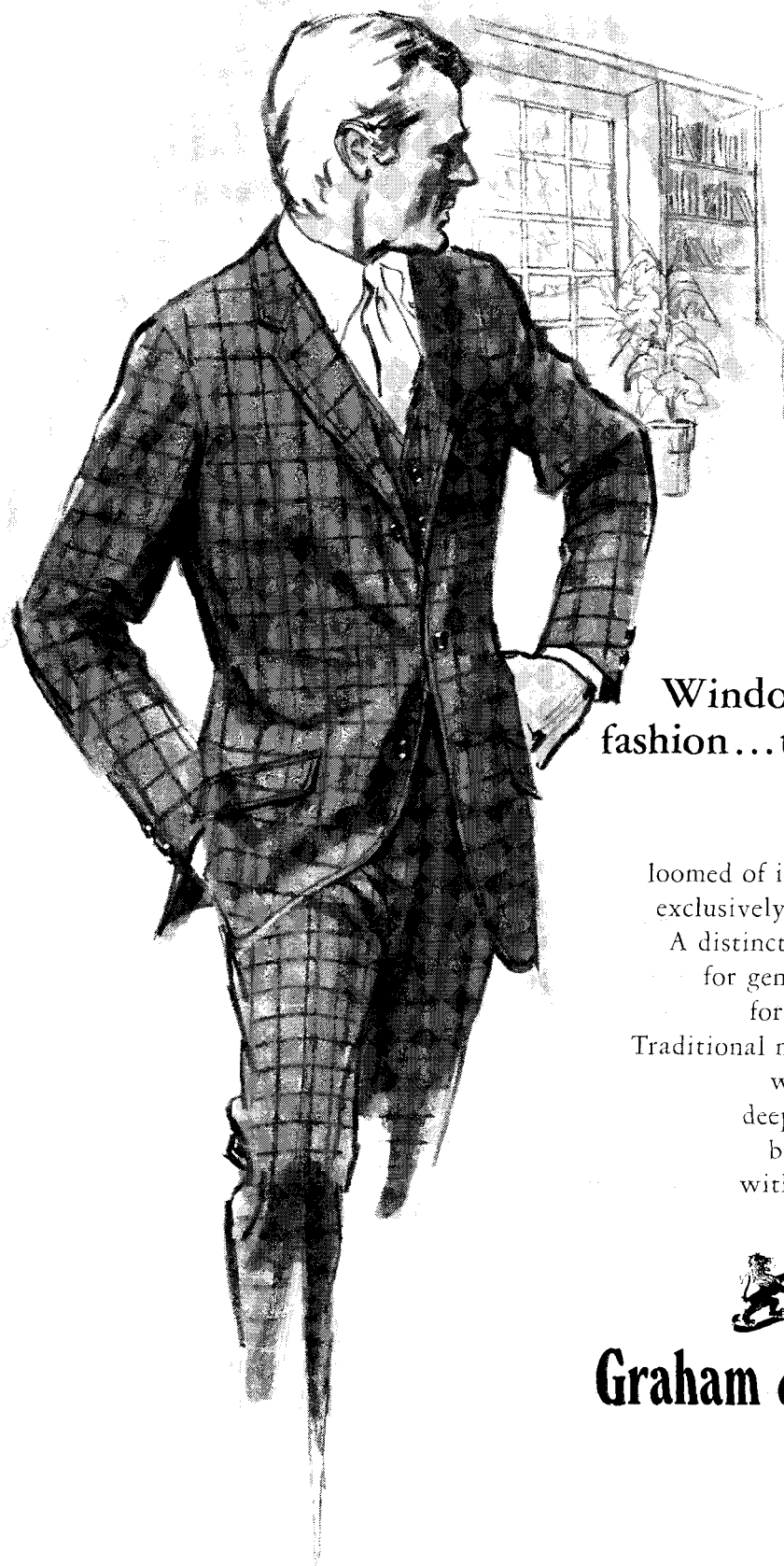
The reason there are in the stone house by the sea, to this day, five one-pound cans of cocoa is that my mother, who loved a good cup of hot chocolate,



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couldn't find a brand that did not violate her principles, and was, of course, too economical to throw away even one that did. In the ingredients listed on the labels, one can confess to containing not chocolate but "delicious chocolate flavor." Two other brands both say, "Artificially flavored with vanillin." There are two cans of a fourth brand, but even the newer of them, purchased after an interval during which my mother hoped the manufacturer might have repented, says, "chocolate flavor."

It was a great relief to me when she started painting again. There was no question but what, after the interim, her work was better than ever. Something had pulled it together. Forceful black accents pointed up what had always been her exquisitely sensitive charcoal technique. Her painting in oil had become looser, more *déagé*. She had always had a command of line; but now to see her holding a brush—she used very small camel's-hair brushes—at arm's length, eyes intent on what she was painting, and then make an acute, intricate, nervous line down the canvas made you know that somehow behind the scenes she had moved; as was said of Renoir, she had changed from a worshipper of nature to one able to dominate it. It was very mysterious. My mother was as girlish, as frequently absurd, as ever; but when she was painting you would not dream of teasing her. She was like a ship moving majestically under full sail.

"I'm glad to see you getting so much done," I said one morning. We were in the studio by the sea, built by my aunt to include what used to be considered the ideal adjunct to painting—an alcove back of the great studio window so the painter can get behind his light. "Don't you feel this represents true devotion for you? I mean, artists are supposed to find their religion in painting."

My mother could look blanker than anybody. "I don't know what you mean," she said, poking delicately at the rose madder on her palette with the tip of her brush.

"Don't you feel you sort of fulfill yourself, in art?" I said.

"I try to be a good painter," she said. Her gaze shifted to the canvas, and with that curious encompassing stare of an artist she deposited the speck of paint in a precise spot.

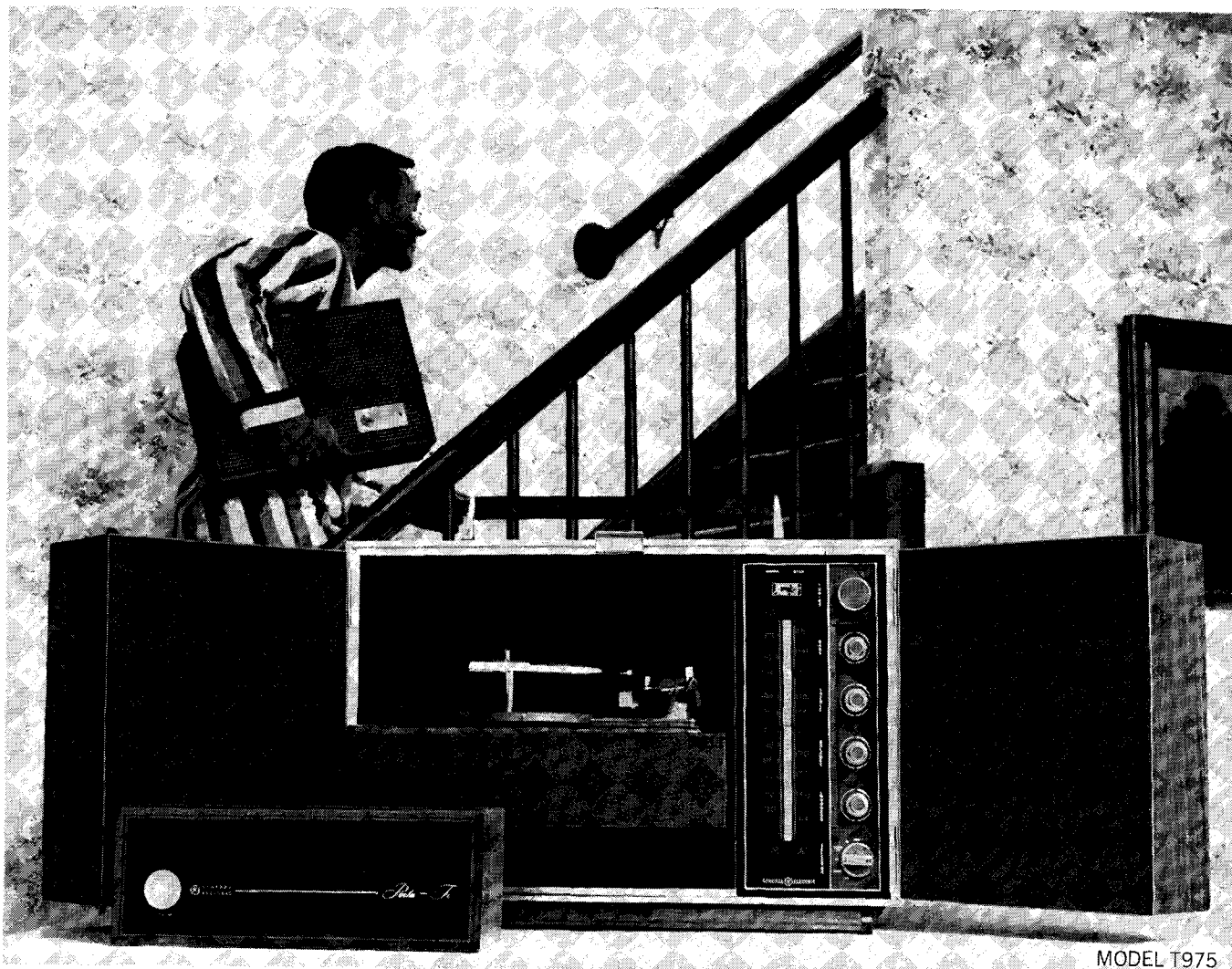
I tried once more. "You don't seem to feel you have to fool with churches any more."

"What's church got to do with it?" Her eyes went back to her palette.

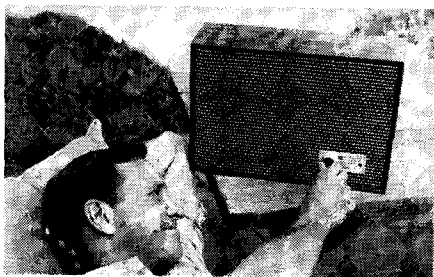
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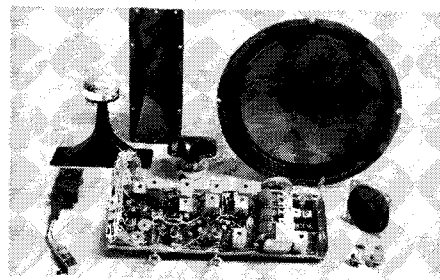
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tion, though not the one I intended, for at dinner she said, "The only thing your father ever did that doesn't seem entirely kind and understanding was the way he used to make fun of church. *He* was a great intellectual, and I know he was *deeply* religious. But he *might* have left a little of church standing for me!"

It was the first time, at least since his death, I ever heard her criticize my father, and I don't know but what it was the last. Until her own death my mother continued to sing my father's praises as though he had just died and her mind was still filled with his perfections. After her death I began to appreciate how she'd felt.

WHEN someone beloved dies, one dies too. At least that is what it feels like, or, rather, one imagines it feels like. The sensations are well known in literature. There is the loss of color from one's surroundings, the sensation of emptiness, the sense of loss of connection. One knows perfectly well what's the matter, at the same time struggling, as though in deep water, for a finger-hold on something—anything—to pull one back to life.

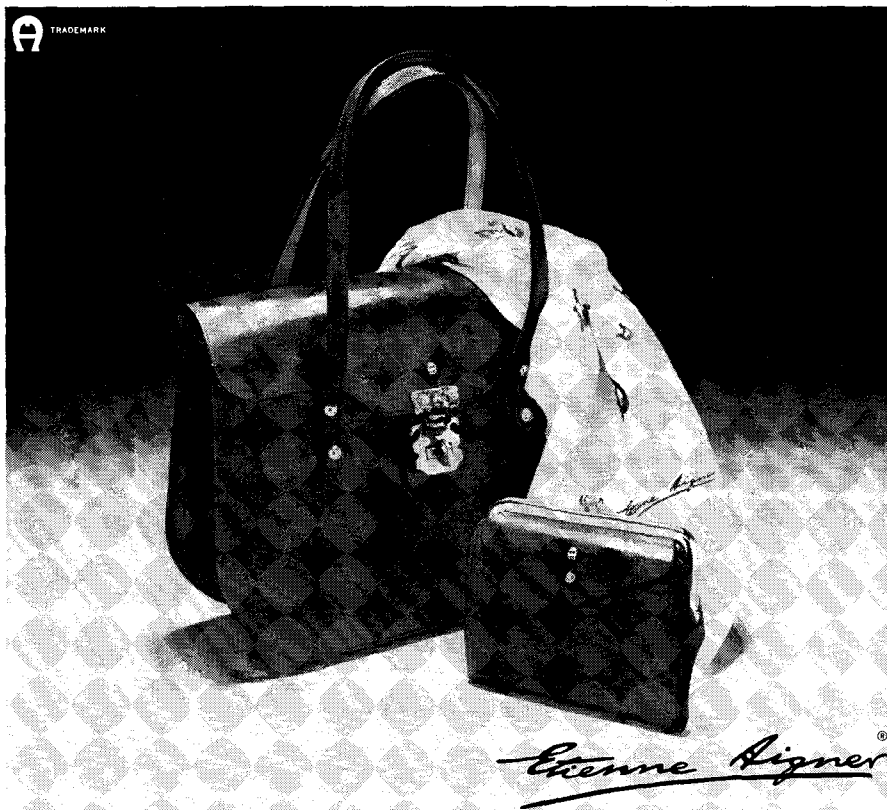
All my friends reminded me that time is the great healer. Marian, a neighbor, turned back at the door after her call, to make a concrete suggestion. "You mustn't allow yourself to live in the past," she said. "Perform an *operation* on the past. When my mother died, I just took all her clothes out into the yard behind her house and burned them."

I considered it. But later when I came to pick up my mother's old beige cardigan sweater, it *was* kindness, and her matter-of-fact embrace. When I looked at the little gray cotton suit she wore to Italy just before she died, it *was* the posture she achieved over the years, so pretty and erect. I didn't mind the idea of burning up clothes, I told Marian when I saw her, but I couldn't bear to burn the love residing in them.

"That's silly," she said. "Your mother isn't in material things."

I tried doing posture exercises, for there no longer seemed anything so horrendous about doing them. Except that I could find no pleasure in it. Perhaps remembering my mother's regrets about church, I tried going back to the Unitarians.

I found it worried me, too, that there was no object on which to fix my trapped and struggling contemplation. "Why doesn't the church have a cross any more? They used to have a cross, when I was a child," I said to the min-



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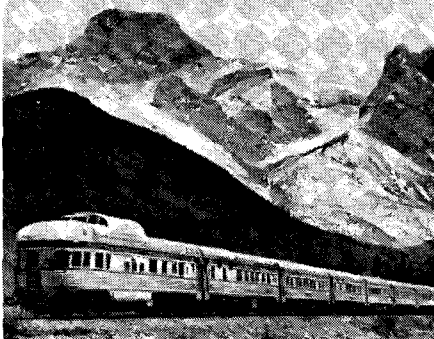
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ister at the door one Sunday after service.

"A cross is a symbol," the minister said—a handsome man, youthful and bouncy on his toes, with curly, graying hair.

I looked out toward the sunshine beyond the church porch. "What's the matter with a symbol?" I said.

"You want to look out for symbols. They're freighted," he said.

I tried the Episcopal church, where they did have a cross I could contemplate. The rector, a tall man with a face full of exaltation and pain, like Lincoln's, preached a simple, feeling sermon. One afternoon I asked him and his wife to come for a drink. When they were saying goodbye, the rector's wife said, "What beautiful things you have in your house!"

"They all came from my mother," I said.

The rector must have been trying to console me. "I never knew the meaning of spiritual freedom," he said, "until I realized one day I could truly say that I didn't care whether my house and all its contents burned down or not."

"He's talking about material things," his wife said hastily.

After my mother's death I began to see her as she had really been. Now that all occasion for disagreement was gone, the resulting chasm seemed filled by a tide of praise—objective, discerning. It was less like losing someone than discovering someone. I could see my mother's face as it had looked a hundred times: earnest, gentle, misinformed, good. What was there but loveliness in all that? I saw her in her little black rubbers and black sailor hat, paddling along with a serious expression, carrying her umbrella just in case.

When I cooked dinner she would never again come up behind me and switch the electric burner off high to save electricity. The trick always enraged me, but now I saw why she'd had to do it. Like all real artists', her objective had been to create riches with modest means; squandering seemed to her a kind of stupidity. Since she never had but one standard, perfection—which in the nature of things fits art better than life—she often gave a misleading impression of Yankee parsimony. But she would really only be trying to make a dish of, say, creamed potatoes the way she would make a drawing—consummately, with an economy of means.

Was it remorse I felt? I wondered, putting away after-dinner coffee cups one afternoon in my house in Virginia. After all, I had done all the appreciat-



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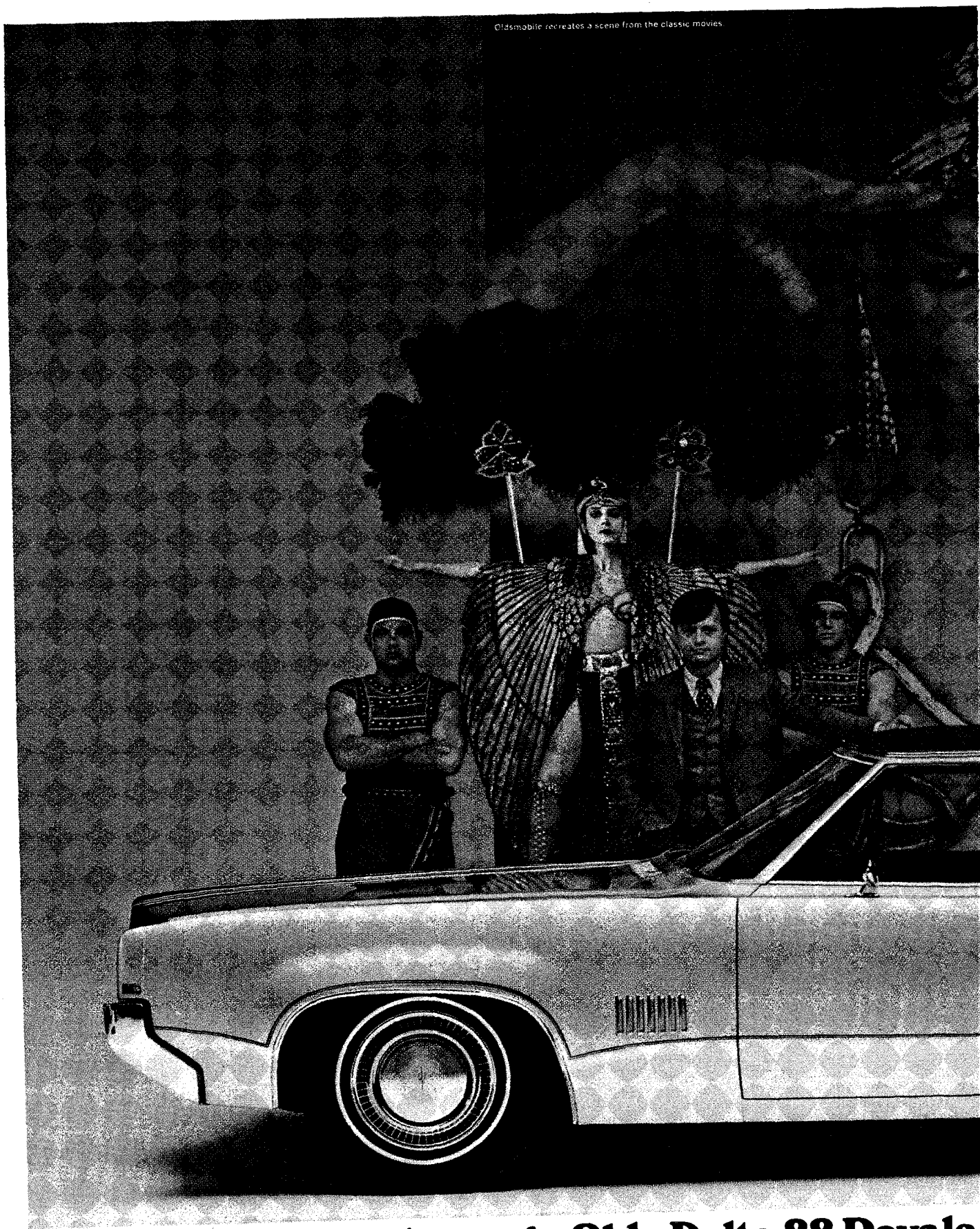


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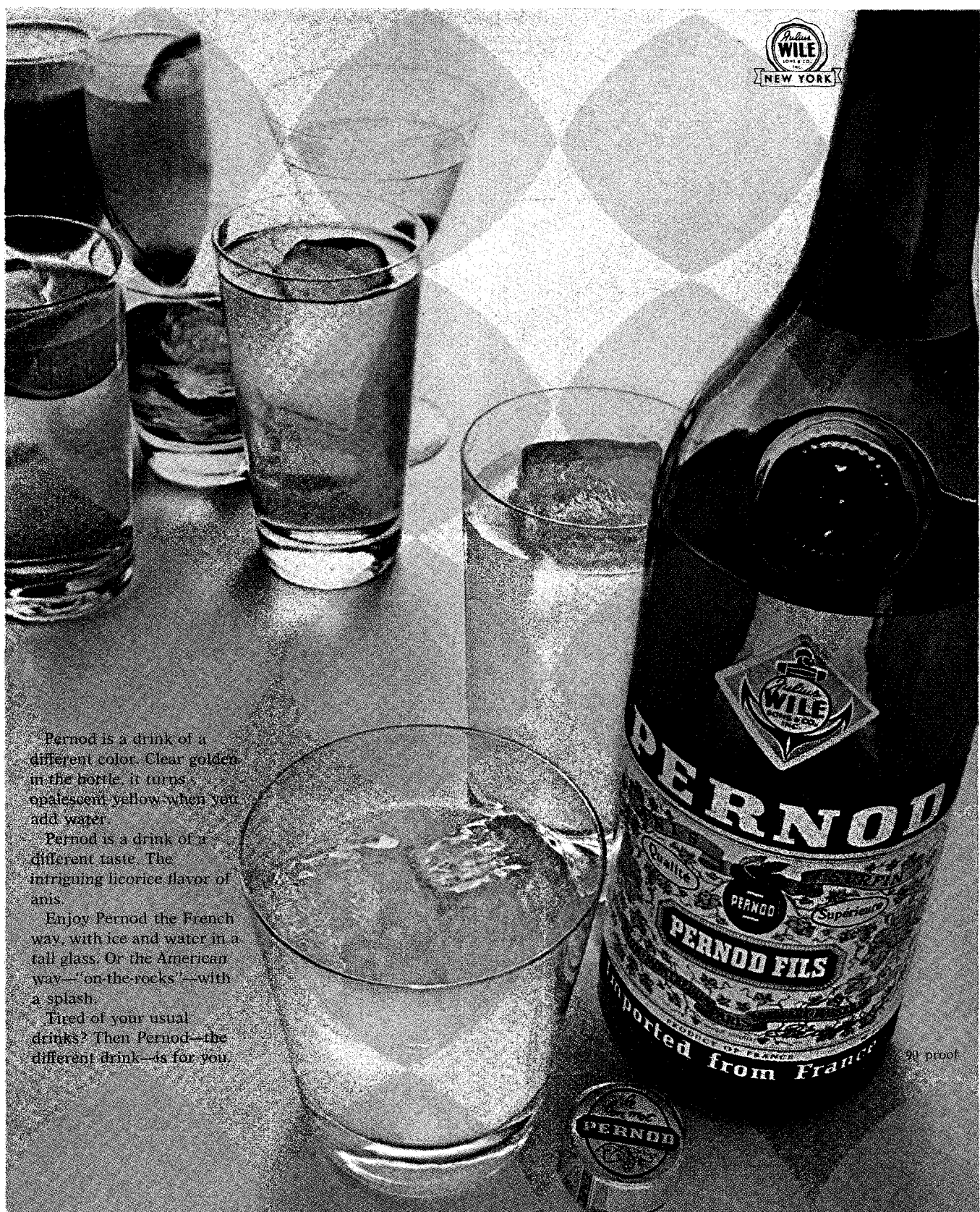
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The Oddball

ing of my mother I was capable of, while she was alive; I just hadn't been objective. I put another of the little coffee cups up on the kitchen shelf. My mother had given them to me. I felt a pang as I visualized her receiving them as a wedding present—young, with her lovely life before her. It gave me a sort of nausea to remember how briskly I had recommended panaceas after my father died and she would say, her eyes pleading for sympathy, that she felt horrid. *Make an effort. . . . Don't let things slip, or nature will take over. . . .* How right I was! When the world loses color, gray jungle encroaches more and more on the clearing you are in. The thought came to me that what I felt was not so much remorse, not grief, as it was desire, for what I had not been able to stand apart from my mother enough to do: just purely enjoy her.

The idea was so new to me that all I could do was stand perfectly still. My coffee cups are bowl-shaped, with narrow, bright-green rims, and little bunches of Dresden flowers. They were among the china that used to be in the cabinet in the dining room of our house outside Boston; as a child I would stand with my hands behind my back, staring at its wonders. It was probably not right that moment in my Virginia kitchen, but memory makes it seem suddenly, that the cup in my hand, before my eyes, looked wonderful once more—its color vibrant, like a tiny painted shallop come sailing in with tidings of comfort and joy.

So, by each cup and saucer. . . In my living room, on an end table, is a vase, strong blue, with a gilt rim and a picture of an eighteenth-century lady with a long curl, that also used to be in that china cabinet. I don't know its origin; history seems to be unnecessary for putting the animation in inanimate objects. The vase always gave me a special feeling, and now it gives me a special feeling again—a feeling carried over, like freight. My mother used to call that kind of delight a "feel." I have a feel for some pale-green glass finger bowls, on a shelf in the storeroom, that I have no real use for, but that I wouldn't dream of throwing away, any more than I would a message from the past. When I look at them I almost shiver—their green is opalescent, their glass a mere film; they are like great bubbles blown out of green soap.

I said something of these pleasures to Marian one day when she came to tea. She said, "I didn't realize you were a china and crystal collector."

"I'm not exactly," I began, and

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giggled. I hope she didn't think I was laughing at anything she said. I was only remembering a story of my mother's about how indignant she was, as a desperately ambitious art student, when a society lady said, "Miss Westcott! Do you aspire to china painting?" If I told Marian I was collecting feelings she would say it was silly. The Unitarian minister might say they carried too much freight, and the rector might think they weren't spiritual enough. But at least I could enjoy them.

At first when I went to the stone house by the sea, it felt both empty and crowded with the objective reality of my mother that I had overlooked. Her absence seemed abysmal. Later in the summer, when the season had turned—the time of year when the Dipper tips as though spilling honey into our cove, and you can smell the ripening apples of autumn—I went down to the rocks where we swim. Lying on my stomach in my bathing suit, arms folded under my chin, I looked at the pink granite two inches before my eyes, where some infinitesimal red spiders ran. Then I turned over on my side and looked at the loosestrife growing in a deep crevice between the rocks. I didn't know much about wild flowers, but all at once I could see, as I certainly never saw before, how beautiful these particular ones were. They had long spires, off which burst purple blossoms—but to say purple is not enough; they were radiant, orchid-tinged; like jewels in that afternoon light.

"Do you know what family loosestrife belongs to?" I asked a little boy sunning himself.

"No. Can you do botany?" he said with interest.

"No," I said, concluding the conversation. For when you catch anything looking as beautiful as that, you had better keep perfectly still and enjoy it, hoping it doesn't change.

The loosestrife did change. Each spire began to look like a mace, a sceptre; and the blossoms up its length like purple gems—adamantine, sharp. But I found that by blinking my eyes I could make it go back to being a flower again. After all, that is what it was—a flower, and beautiful. The sceptre was only a fancy.

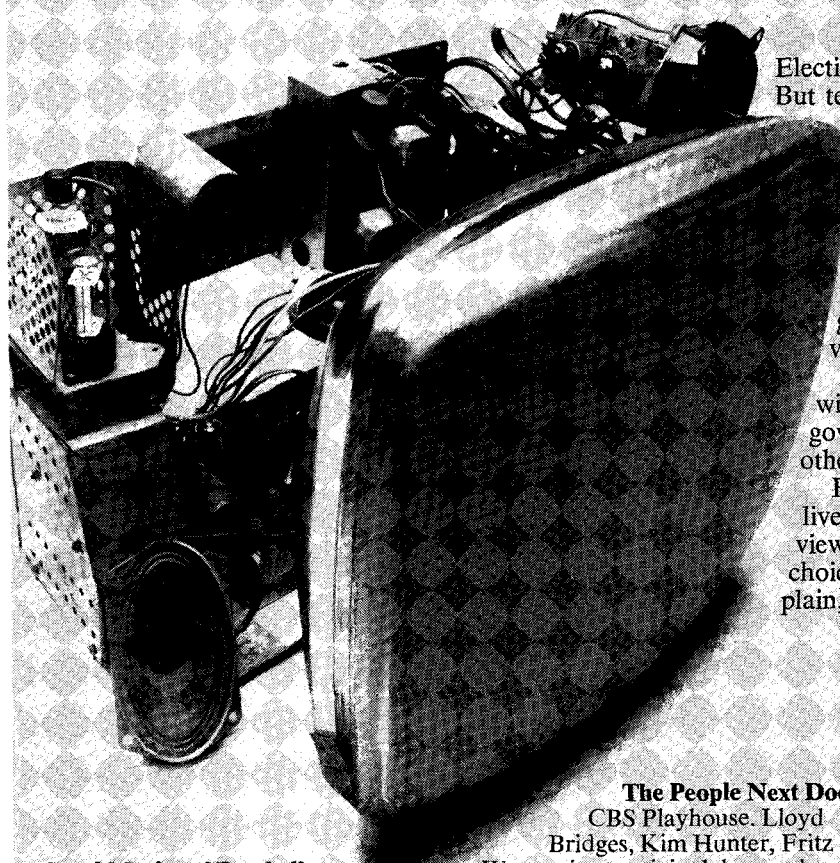
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Summer Olympics From Mexico City.

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Discovery. Discovery Goes to Israel; Discovery Goes to Thailand—The River People; The Stone Age Americans; An Iron Horse in Silver Pastures. Sundays, Oct. 6, 13, 20, 27 (11:30-12 Noon).

The 21st Century. The Incredible Voyage; Games Futurists Play; Surviving in Space. Sundays, Oct. 13, 20, 27 (6-6:30 pm).

Apollo Space Shot. Tentatively scheduled for Friday, Oct. 11.

How Life Begins. A documentary of the beauty, wonder and mystery of all beginnings of life. Monday, Oct. 14 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The People Next Door.

CBS Playhouse. Lloyd Bridges, Kim Hunter, Fritz Weaver in an original drama about the effect on a middle-class family of discovery that the daughter is on drugs. Tuesday, Oct. 15 (9:30-11 pm).

The Fabulous Shorts. A salute to shorts and cartoons that won Academy Awards. Jim Backus narrates. Thursday, Oct. 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Campaign '68 Specials. Two reports on the election situation. Sundays, Oct. 20, 27 (6:30-7 pm).

Babar The Elephant. Peter Ustinov narrates this animated program drawn from Jean de Brunhoff's children's stories. Monday, Oct. 21 (7:30-8 pm).

Hemingway's Spain. The country and its people as seen through Hemingway's novels. Monday, Oct. 21 (9-10 pm).

America's Wonderlands—The National Parks. National Geographic Society's panoramic view of the parks and the millions who use them. Wednesday, Oct. 23 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Sophia! A chronicle of Sophia Loren's life and career. Wednesday, Oct. 23 (9-10 pm).

Johnny Carson Friars' Roast. Kraft Music Hall: Ed Sullivan, Steve

Allen, other Friars kid Carson. Alan King, toastmaster. Wednesday, Oct. 23 (9-10 pm).

Bing Crosby Special. Bob Hope joins Bing Crosby in this music-comedy special. Wednesday, Oct. 23 (10-11 pm).

It's The Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown. Charles Schulz's "Peanuts" characters at Halloween. Thursday, Oct. 24 (7:30-8 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour ("60 Minutes"/CBS Reports/Who, What, When, Where, Why, With Harry Reasoner)

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/ABC's Wide World of Sports/Campaign and the Candidates/G-E College Bowl/Frank McGee Saturday Report

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Discovery/Catholic Hour/Issues and Answers/Race to the White House/The 21st Century/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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THE SPORTING SCENE

SEPTEMBER SONG

ABOUT midway between the first open Wimbledon, which ended shortly after the Fourth of July, and the first United States Open Tennis Championships, which began shortly before Labor Day, it became clear to me, as I thought ahead to our championships, that my major concern was whether Ken Rosewall and Richard (Pancho) Gonzales would come through with good, solid performances at Forest Hills. I expected neither of them to win. For Gonzales, that was simply out of the question. He is forty years old—an age when an extraordinary athlete can flout the laws of nature on isolated afternoons now and then but certainly not throughout a seven-round championship in which a contestant must play a series of matches with, at most, a day between them to recuperate in. Rosewall's case is somewhat similar yet somewhat different. At thirty-three—he will be thirty-four in November—he is physically capable of standing up to the rigors of a protracted championship, but the hard fact of the matter is that the years have also

begun to catch up with this brilliant Australian and he is now a discernible shade past his tennis peak. While he can still hold his own against anyone on a slow surface, he is a lot more beatable on a fast surface, like grass, than he was two or three years ago. At Wimbledon, for example, where he was seeded second, he was defeated by Tony Roche in straight sets in the fourth round—the round after Gonzales was eliminated by Alex Metreveli, a young Russian. As I say, I didn't expect Rosewall to go all the way at Forest Hills—like almost everyone, I thought that Rod Laver would repeat his Wimbledon triumph without much trouble—but I wanted both him and Gonzales to be in much better form than they had exhibited in England, so that, however long they lasted, they would leave an imprint on our first Open befitting two exceptional champions, each of whom had reigned for years as the best player in the world (Gonzales, roughly, from 1954 to 1960, and Rosewall from 1960 to 1965) but had had the misfortune to

be past his prime when open tennis finally arrived.

Gonzales' story is fairly well known. In brief, he came out of the Mexican section of Los Angeles; survived a difficult period as a junior star; won our national title in 1948, at twenty, and won it again the following year; was thoroughly laced (ninety-six matches to twenty-seven) when he then turned professional and made the usual coast-to-coast tour with the incumbent champion, Jack Kramer; got another crack at the tour—then the only game in town for a professional—in 1954, and after defeating Frank Sedgman and Pancho Segura that year, dominated all his subsequent challengers until he went into partial retirement, in 1960. No one who ever saw Gonzales in his heyday was likely to forget it. It was not only that he combined power and touch and tennis sense as few players before him had done but that he projected one of the strongest personalities in all of sport. Saturnine and disputatious, an unrepentant loner, this tall, graceful man who moved like a panther seemed forever to have a chip on his shoulder. When the galleries rooted for his opponents (galleries invariably attach themselves to the underdog), Gonzales seemed almost to welcome it, as if to say, "Who needs you?" During his reign, he didn't change an iota.

Rosewall is quite a different person and he has quite a different story. Born and brought up in the Rockdale section of Sydney, he was the only child of tennis-playing parents. While he was still an infant, his father, a grocer, bought a piece of land with three clay tennis courts on it. He supplemented his income by renting out the courts, and his son grew up bashing the ball around on them when he wasn't bashing it against a wall or a fence. The father made one significant change in his son's game. Convinced that a two-handed player imposed unnecessary limitations on himself, he was displeased when he saw that the boy had fallen into the habit of using both hands on the racquet for certain strokes, and he asked him to decide whether he wanted to play left-handed or right-handed, and to stick with that one hand. Rosewall threw left-handed, batted left-handed in cricket, and did most other things left-handed, but he chose to play tennis right-handed. He became very good very quickly. In-



"Well, I suppose we're still crowning our good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea?"



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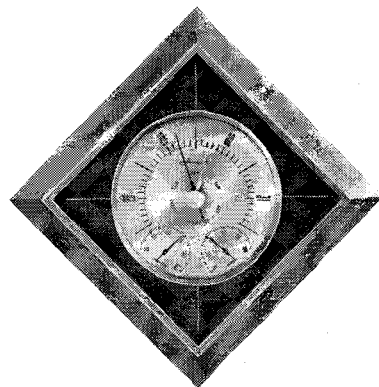
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terestingly, his backhand, because of his unusual control of the movements of his left side, was from the outset his soundest and most natural stroke—essentially the finest backhand since Don Budge's. (Australian tennis players are a strange lot when it comes to port and starboard. Rosewall plays golf left-handed, and so does the right-handed star Mal Anderson, who won at Forest Hills in 1957. Laver, Neale Fraser, and Mervyn Rose, who are left-handers on the court, are right-handed golfers.)

Rosewall's first big moment in tennis came in 1946, shortly after he had turned twelve. Jack Kramer and Ted Schroeder, who were in Australia for the Davis Cup Challenge Round, appeared in Sydney for an exhibition match, and Rosewall was selected to play a curtain-raiser set against another precocious Sydneysider, Lew Hoad, who was just three weeks younger than he was. The two had met before, but this was the first time they had played each other. From that afternoon on, the careers of Rosewall and Hoad were closely intertwined. The first time we saw them at Forest Hills was in 1952, when Harry Hopman, the captain of the Australian Davis Cup team, brought them over for a little seasoning. One afternoon early in the championship, some of the Forest Hills officials got the bright idea that the spectators might enjoy watching an exhibition set by the two seventeen-year-old Australians. Onto the stadium court came a husky blond boy, Hoad, and a small, trim black-haired boy. (As I remember it, Rosewall had not then reached what was to be his full height, five-seven, or his eventual playing weight, one-forty.) They hit a few warmup shots, and then proceeded to flabbergast the gallery with the beauty of their strokes and the cohesive maturity of their games. No one who saw them that afternoon was exactly surprised when, on the day of the fourth round, the two kids—they were entered in the singles—turned the tournament upside down: Rosewall defeated Vic Seixas, the No. 1 seeded player, and Hoad defeated Art Larsen, the 1950 champion. (In the quarter-finals, Gardnar Mulloy stopped Rosewall, in five sets, and Sedgman put out Hoad.) In December, 1953, when the Davis Cup Challenge Round was held in Melbourne, Rosewall and Hoad, a month past their nineteenth birthdays, were called on to replace Sedgman and Ken McGregor, who had won the cup for Australia three years in a row but, having turned pro, were no

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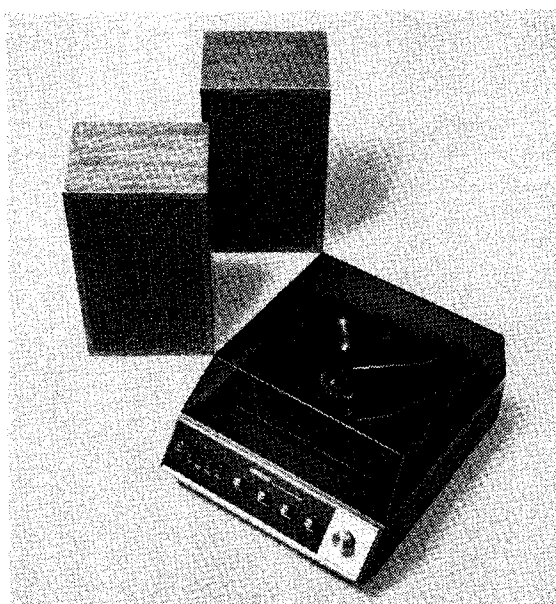
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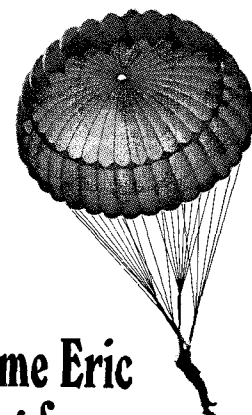
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longer available. Up against the potent American pair of Seixas and Tony Trabert, the kids successfully defended the cup, three points to two, with Rosewall beating Seixas in the deciding match. The Americans took the cup the next year (and Seixas took Rosewall), but in 1955 Rosewall and Hoad won it back, and they retained it the following year with no trouble at all.

Shortly after the 1956 Challenge Round, Rosewall turned professional. For a twenty-two-year-old, he had compiled an astonishing record: he had never won at Wimbledon (though he had reached the final twice), but he had captured the three other major titles—the French in 1953, the Australian in 1953 and 1955, and the American in 1956, when he defeated Hoad in the final. (Hoad, incidentally, did not turn pro until July of 1957.) Rosewall had accomplished much, but how he had accomplished it was at least as important. In a period in which just about every other player of world class was an exponent of the so-called big game—the big serve followed by the big volley or smash—Rosewall was that comforting anachronism, the baseliner with superb ground strokes who won his points by outmaneuvering his opponents. A cool, neat, economical workman with an extremely pleasant court personality, he prepared his points carefully. When the structure of a rally suggested it, he did not hesitate to move up to the net—he was a very deft volleyer—but he concentrated on the forecourt only in those rare matches in which he was making no headway against a determined opponent and felt he had to change his pattern of play. (He did this in winning a marvellous five-set match with Dick Savitt at Forest Hills in 1956, for example.) For all his ability, however, there was some doubt whether he would enjoy equal success as a pro, because most of the time he would be facing Gonzales and the other serve-and-volley virtuosos on fast indoor courts that favored their style of play. There was increased doubt, and not a little sadness, when Rosewall himself, as soon as he turned pro, went over to the serve-and-volley game. With the least powerful serve of any of the great players since René Lacoste, he seemed ill-equipped for this, and few people were surprised that Gonzales had little difficulty with him on their coast-to-coast tour in 1957, winning fifty of their seventy-six matches. Then Rosewall amazed everybody all over again. Gradually, he became adept at the big game. ("I felt I had to try to play that way, because,



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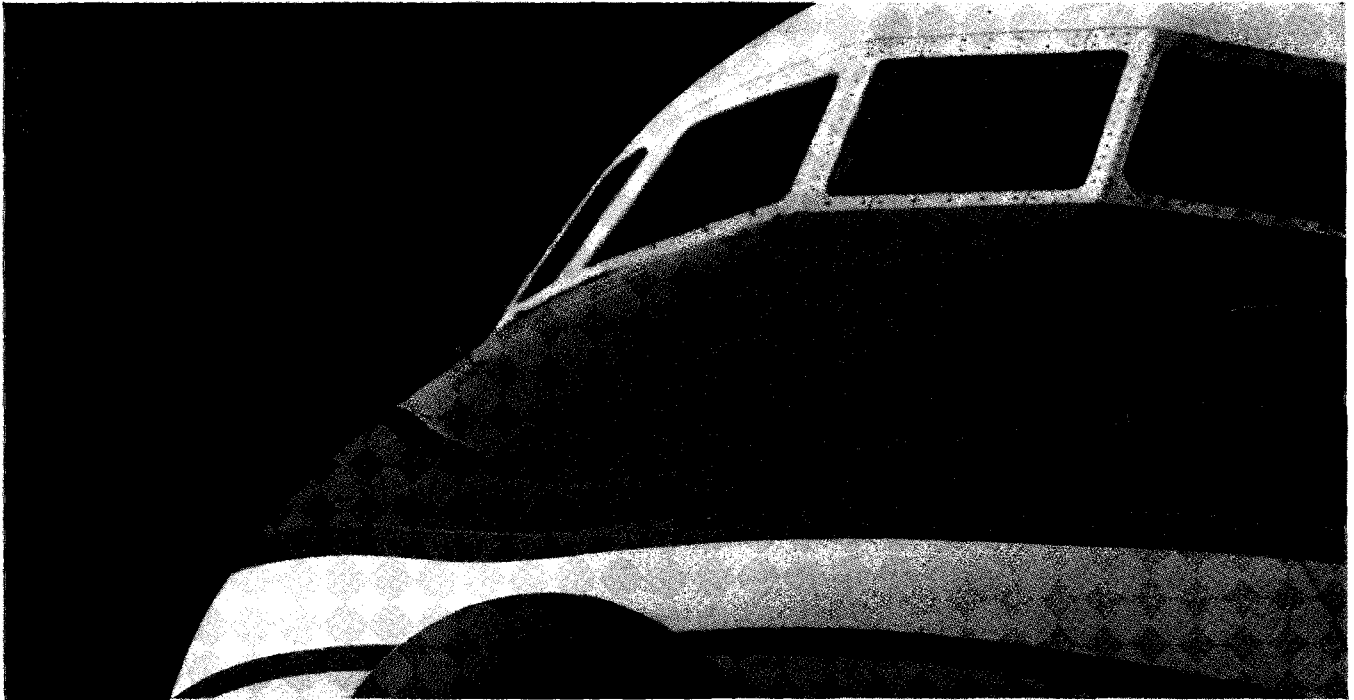
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THE TRUE OLD STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

under the conditions, it was the easiest way and the most certain way to victory," he told me recently. "Indoors, the percentages for making good passing shots are very low.") He improved his forehand, which had a tendency to be loose, by cutting down the length of his backswing. This put his return of service in a class by itself. He beefed up his own serve a bit, but what really made it click was his incredible quickness in getting to the return and dispatching an aggressive volley. Before too long, he was beating Gonzales as often as not, and after Gonzales went into semi-retirement Rosewall succeeded him as the world professional champion. (That title is not determined by a victory in one special championship but goes to the player who amasses the highest point total in half a dozen stipulated tournaments, a certain number of points being allocated to the winner, a lesser number to the defeated finalist, and so on down the brackets.) Rosewall held the championship until 1965, when Laver took over.

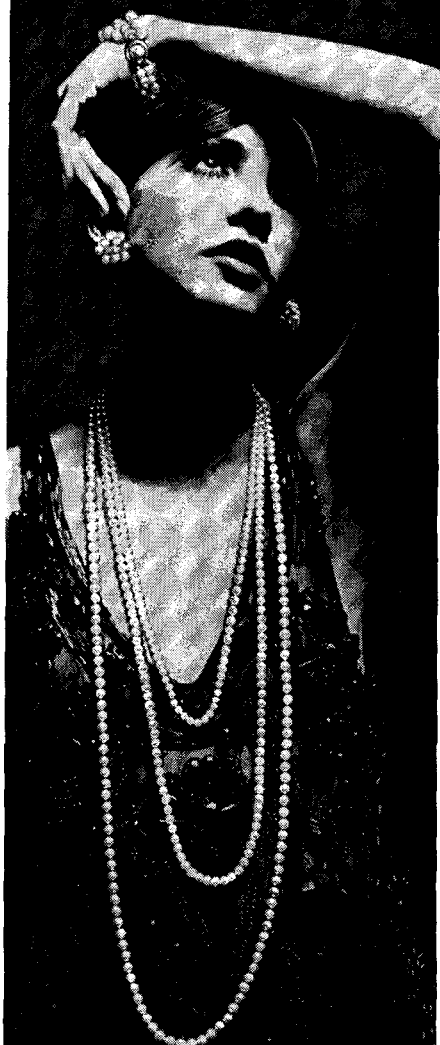
One of the most grievous drawbacks of professional tennis—and, it follows, one of the most valuable rectifications of open tennis—was that one got to see the great players so seldom; they always seemed to be in Ponca City, Wollongong, or Spa. In the spring of 1963, however, they did assemble at Forest Hills for one of their infrequent tournaments on grass, and this enabled me to catch Rosewall when he was just about at his zenith. He was so far superior to all his opponents, Laver included, that none of his matches were even remotely close. That week, by a happy chance, I discovered the secret of one aspect of Rosewall's skill that had always fascinated, and mystified, me: How come he was always perfectly positioned for each shot when men of comparable agility weren't? During the final, when Rosewall was on the far side of the court, I had the inspiration of holding up my hand in such a way that it blocked off the near side and I could focus wholly on how Rosewall moved to the ball from shot to shot. My guess was that I would find he took quite a few more steps than the average player—maybe fifteen on some shots. What I found was that he often took as many as thirty. The instant after he had executed his stroke, he began repositioning himself, with a series of quarter and half steps, and all the while that he was studying the stroke his opponent seemed to be planning, he continued to shift his position, with a dozen or so noodling little steps; then, when the return was on its way—

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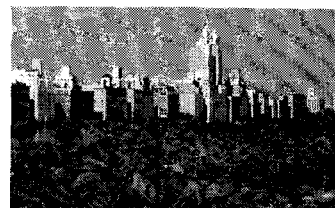
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and he was already darn close to where it was coming—he went on adjusting, with a succession of tiny sidesteps. No wonder the ball arrived so regularly in his “strike zone.” And since he was always on balance, no wonder he had such exquisite timing that the ball exploded off the face of his racquet.

In sum, Rosewall, thanks to his inherent artistry, made even the serve-and-volley game a delight. How Rosewall at his peak would have fared against Kramer, Gonzales, and Laver at *their* peaks I cannot say, but I do know that for me, as for many others, Rosewall stands as the most attractive player of the postwar era. Certainly no other player has given me nearly as much pleasure. For these reasons, and for the additional one that he is now starting down the far side of the slope, I wanted him to have a very good Forest Hills.

ALTHOUGH Forest Hills can't compare with Wimbledon as a spectacle, as an occasion, or as an institution, there was little to choose between the two history-making Opens in terms of straight tennis. The only player of renown who appeared at Wimbledon and not here was Manolo Santana. If Wimbledon gained a special evocative aura from the high number of former champions who returned either to play in peripheral events or simply to be on hand, this was equally true of Forest Hills. In the Senior Men's Doubles, for instance, nostalgia flowed like wine when Bobby Riggs and Pancho Segura confronted Don Budge and Frankie Parker in the quarter-final round. (They all looked pretty good, and Parker, at fifty-two, appeared indecently untouched by time. He weighed not a pound more than he had back in 1947, when he played Kramer in the championship final, and he seemed to be wearing the same pair of shorts—the ones with the blue stripe down the side.) The first open Forest Hills also resembled the first open Wimbledon in its unpredictability. From the moment, early in the tournament, when Fred Stolle fell before young Peter Curtis, of England, the seeded players were treated roughly. To say the same thing in a slightly different way, no fewer than thirteen professionals were ousted by amateurs, and even if this statistic is qualified by the observation that two-thirds of the players who have turned pro in recent years had not been colossi in their amateur days, it does indicate the prevalence of the unanticipated. Whatever the reasons, tennis, long the most

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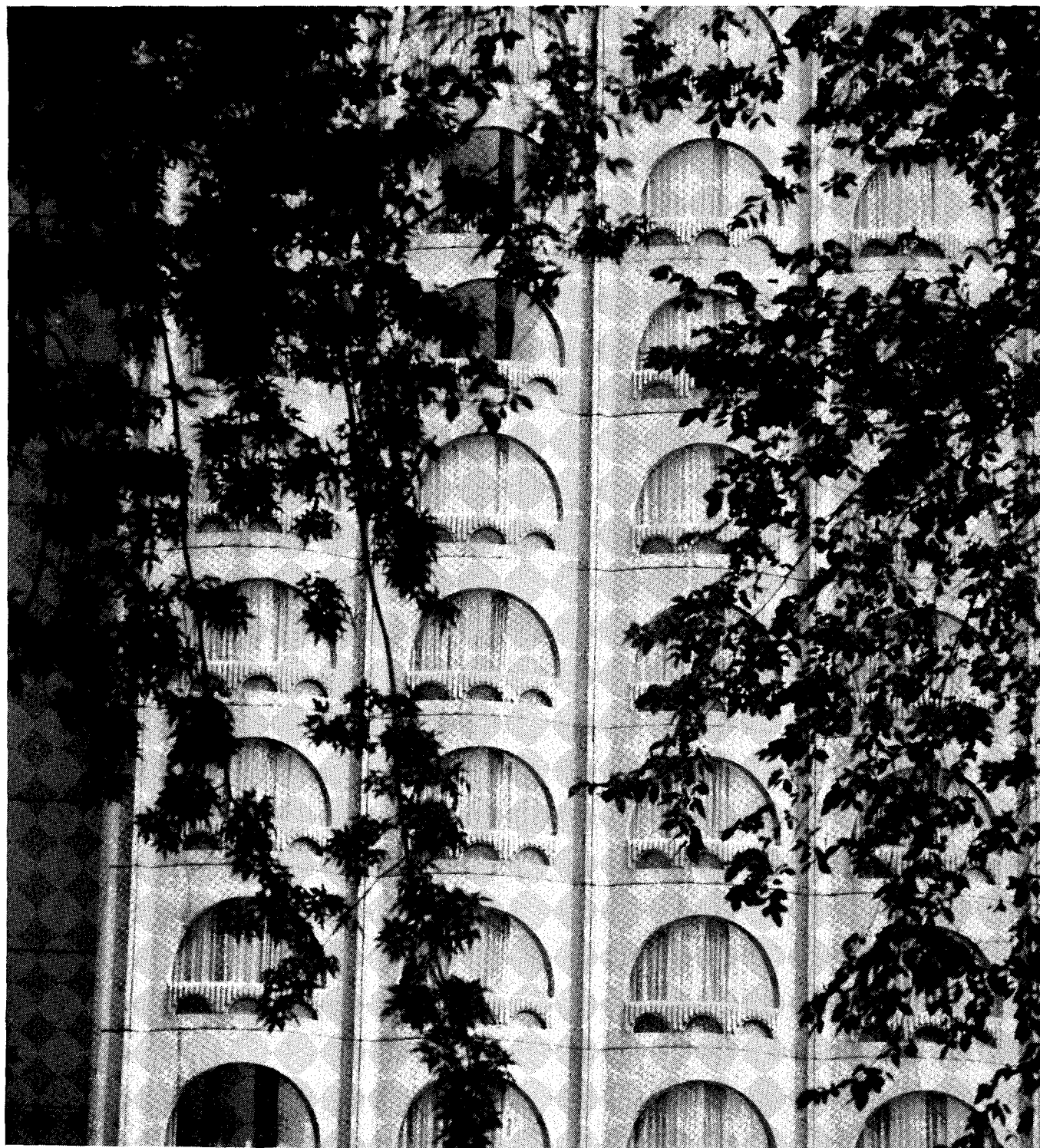
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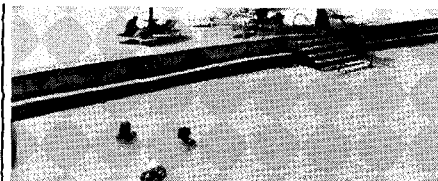
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form-abiding of sports, isn't that way at the moment. The most startling upset took place in the fourth round, when Laver, the heavy favorite to win the championship, was put out by Cliff Drysdale, of South Africa, 4-6, 6-4, 3-6, 6-1, 6-1. (Note the decisiveness of the scores of the last two sets.) In the second round, Laver had barely avoided elimination at the hands of Tomas Koch, of Brazil. When, after losing the first two sets, he pulled that match out despite his inability to control his serve, most of us were inclined to view his escape as an almost classic example of a champion's grit and resourcefulness, and we expected that Laver, a notoriously slow starter, would gradually come onto his game as the tournament progressed. Well, we couldn't have been wrong. In the fifth set of his match against Drysdale, when it was do or depart, Laver failed three times to hold serve and, if I can trust my notes, amassed a grand total of three points during Drysdale's three service games. Indeed, he played so utterly unlike the Laver we know that there was rather widespread speculation as to whether he was still hampered by the wrist injury he suffered in late July. Laver flatly denied that he was, and remarked only that he had found it hard to serve with the official tournament ball. Inexplicably, the ball selected for Forest Hills—one sold by Macy's and manufactured in England by Slazenger, but not the Slazenger ball used at Wimbledon—has very little fuzz, is heavy to begin with, and becomes as heavy as a rock after four or five games. Laver was by no means the only contestant who felt that he might have played somewhat better with a better ball.

One man who coped with the ball fairly well—though he didn't much care for it, either—was Gonzales. After a bye and an easy second-round match, he came up against Mal Anderson, who, at thirty-three, is still a redoubtable player. The Gonzales we saw against Anderson was an entirely different Gonzales from the tired old man of Wimbledon. His pride had obviously been wounded by his performance there, and he meant to do something about it. Having got his weight down to a hundred and seventy-five pounds, he looked years younger and he moved years younger. Against Anderson, he played an almost perfect match, expending his limited reserves of energy at just the right moments. In each set, when he had his chance for the pivotal service break he seized it, and he wrapped up the match



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quickly, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4. On the court, he was uncharacteristically pacific, and after the match was over he positively radiated bonhomie. (On being asked if he had noticed that the gallery was solidly behind him, he broke into a big smile. "Sure, I'm an old man now," he said. "When I was the champion, I was the villain. I had both my opponents and the crowd against me. I think I like the change.") In the next round, when Gonzales met Roche, the young Australian who was a finalist at Wimbledon and was seeded second at Forest Hills, the stands were so passionately pro-Gonzales that on several occasions they went too far, even applauding Roche's double faults. In truth, though, Gonzales did play a rousing match. In winning the first set, 8-6, he fought off four set points in the tenth game, broke through Roche in the thirteenth with two bravura forehands, and then held his service at love. In the second set, when Roche, leading 4-1 in games and 40-15 on his serve, became a little careless, Gonzales pounced on his errors like a cat on a mouse, and before you knew it he had broken Roche's service twice. That was it, really: Gonzales, 8-6, 6-4, 6-2. There are a lot of men who can hit a tennis ball with authority but very few who are gifted match players, like Gonzales. What it requires, at bottom, is true resolution and infinite care. You give nothing away cheaply yourself, but you are poised to exploit every cautious serve by your opponent, every shallow return, every imprecise volley, and every lob that is out of context, not to mention every little edge—a moment of flagging concentration on your opponent's part, the fact that the sun is in his eyes, his awareness that he has muffed two backhands in a row, and so on. Only a man who wants terribly to win can work so hard and steadily at the task of winning.

Gonzales' victory over Roche took him to the quarter-finals, where he opposed Tom Okker, a twenty-four-year-old Dutchman, who is currently the fastest man in tennis. Again, Gonzales gave it everything, but this time it wasn't enough, and he went down, 14-16, 6-3, 10-8, 6-3. The first set was the key. Since Gonzales played this match the day after he played Roche, his one chance of winning lay in avoiding a drawn-out battle; if he had to go five sets, or even four, he couldn't hope to stay with a beautifully conditioned young athlete like Okker. Accordingly, although Gonzales won the first set, it was a Pyrrhic victory,



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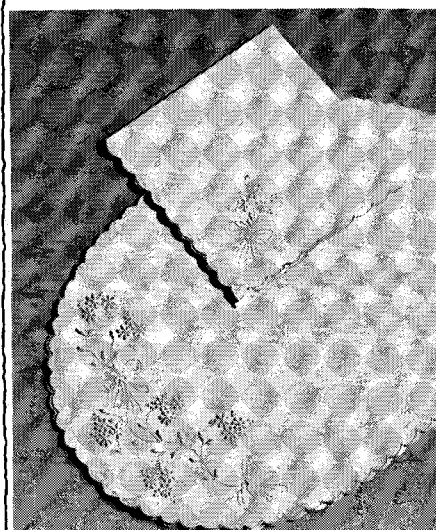


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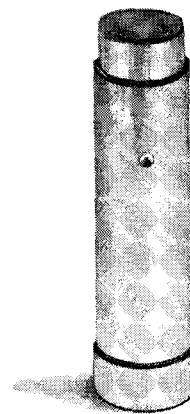


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for he was forced to play thirty games—only two fewer than his entire match with Roche had taken. After that, he was simply too weary to do what he wanted to do. Though patently irked by his powerlessness to defy the gods, Gonzales was pleasant in defeat, and not unhappy. The impression he gave me was that he felt that, all things considered, he had atoned for Wimbledon and done himself justice.

IN the semifinals, Okker met Rosewall in the lower half of the draw, and in the upper half Arthur Ashe, Jr., who had eliminated Roy Emerson and Drysdale, met his fellow-American amateur and Davis Cup teammate Clark Graebner. En route to the semis, Rosewall had had a relatively quiet journey. His only uncomfortable moments had come in the fourth round, against that perennial ranking enigma of American tennis Ron Holmberg, a player of immense talent who invariably finds a way to lose. Down two sets to one, Holmberg was outplaying Rosewall in the fourth set and seemed likely to win it, but, only too typically, he allowed himself to become upset when, at a comparatively uncritical point, he hit a first serve that he thought had ticked the net but that wasn't called a let. Rosewall then coasted home. His opponent in the quarters was Dennis Ralston, but what would ordinarily have been a very good match turned out to be no match at all. Handicapped by a torn stomach muscle, Ralston could serve only at half speed and, in general, offer little more than token resistance. From Rosewall's point of view, a tougher match might have helped him sharpen his game but would have taxed him more physically. At least, he would be fresh and rested for Okker, and against the Flying Dutchman, as Okker has inevitably been labelled, he would need to be.

Until this year, Okker was just a respectable internationalist. Then he suddenly blossomed. He won the South African and Italian championships, and in the Queen's Club tournament, prior to Wimbledon, he knocked off three professionals, Laver among them. A slim (five-ten, one-forty) young man with a handsome, Ivy League face, Okker is what is currently called in this year of change a "registered player"—that is, he is registered with his national association and has its sanction to compete both in amateur events, where he is paid expenses, and in open events, where he plays for prize money, just as the pros do. It is like having the best



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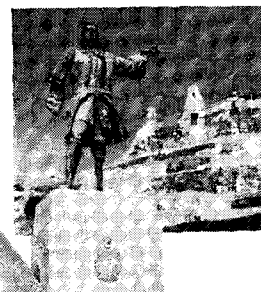


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of both worlds. (The British Lawn Tennis Association approves heartily of this new category. Ours doesn't, so no American can be a registered player.) Anyhow, Rosewall vs. Okker proved to be the finest match of the championship—crisp and entertaining tennis, filled with dramatic exchanges. In the ninth game of the first set—games 4-4, Okker serving, and the score 30-40—we had just such an exchange. The Dutchman raced in behind a good fast serve, volleyed the return deep, and smashed Rosewall's hurried lob into the backhand corner—an apparent winner; because this was an important point, Rosewall was giving it that extra something, and as he lunged across the baseline he managed to get his racquet on the smash and block the ball back over the net; Okker then played a rather tentative forehand to the backhand corner, and Rosewall not only got to it but pasted such a severe backhand down the line that Okker's off-balance volley carried over the baseline. Point and game, Mr. Rosewall. Up to this juncture, the trim little Australian—he seemed hardly altered from the boy we had seen trotting out with Hoad sixteen years before—had had a slight edge in the play. He was keeping the ball away from Okker's dangerous top-spin forehand, he was making Okker do a lot of running, and he was moving very well himself. However, in the tenth game, when Rosewall was serving for the set, we had the first adumbration of the course the match was to take. Down 30-0, Okker fought his way to deuce with two placements—hit while he was running at full tilt—and a forehand drive that Rosewall volleyed into the net. He went to ad on another volley error by Rosewall, and took the game by whipping a forehand down the line off Rosewall's first service. Four games later, he broke through Rosewall's service again, to win the set, 8-6. The rest of the way, except for a shaky passage in the third set, Okker was just a little too much for Rosewall to handle. His speed afoot was something to behold. For example, there must have been a dozen rallies that Rosewall controlled yet ultimately lost when Okker not only caught up with an angled volley that would usually have terminated the point but added insult to injury by hooking a stunning winner into the distant corner of the court. In addition, Okker possesses terrific reflexive speed in handling a racquet, and I think that what may, more than anything else, have con-



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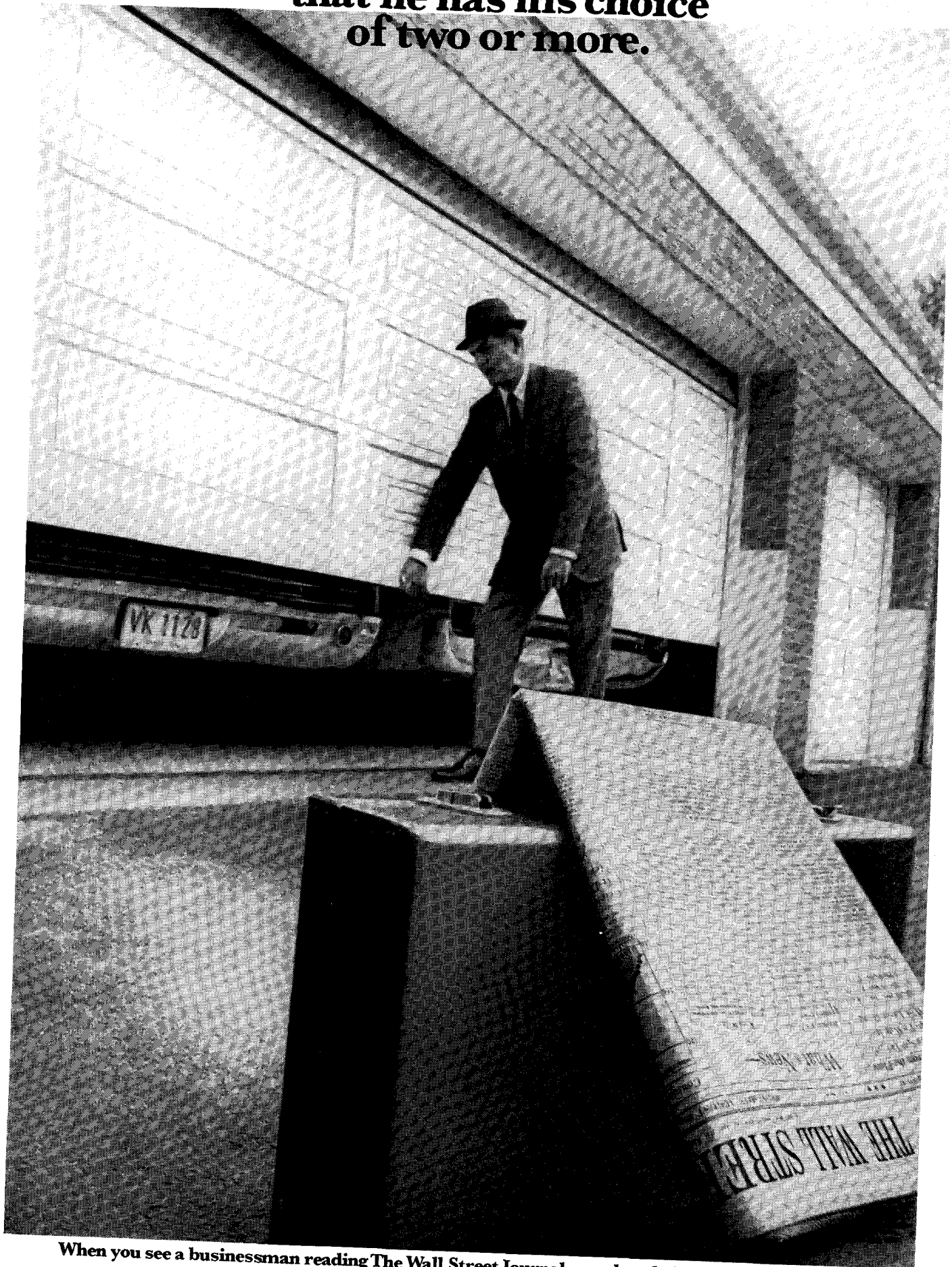
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vinced Rosewall of the impossibility of his task was finding that in those rat-tat-tat volley exchanges at close quarters the shot that should have won for him kept coming back. Okker in four sets: 8-6, 6-4, 6-8, 6-1.

In all this there was, of course, a lavish splash of irony. Rosewall had played very well—well enough to have won most matches—but he was up against the one type of opponent he could not contain: a young Rosewall.

FINALLY, the finals. I have devoted so much attention to the heartening adventures of the old boys that, I fear, I will be discussing the new young champions all too briefly. However, Arthur Ashe and Virginia Wade should be strutting their stuff for many years to come, so there should be ample opportunity to make amends.

The ladies first. In Miss Wade, the first British girl to carry the day at Forest Hills since Betty Nuthall did it in 1931, we have a new and refreshing tennis personality. A tall, rangy, twenty-three-year-old brunette with blue eyes and lots of brains (she is a graduate of Sussex University, having taken her degree in mathematics), she learned her tennis in South Africa, where her father, Canon Eustace Wade, was for fifteen years the Episcopal Archbishop of Durban. She has always been a hard hitter with a big, Emersonian service, but up to this year she was a most uneven performer—either very good or very bad. Her chief handicap was her high-strung temperament. Instead of approaching a tennis tournament as a tennis tournament, she would become so emotionally involved in her matches that even her victories were ordeals. This year, she appears to have come of age. At Forest Hills, she made her way past four strong opponents—Stephanie DeFina, Rosie Casals, Judy Tegart, and Ann Jones—to reach the final. There she outclassed Billie Jean King, the defending champion, 6-4, 6-2, hitting out all the way and never losing her nerve or her purpose. The trophy should look quite splendid on the mantel at Sharsted, the Jacobean country house in Kent where the Canon and his family now live.

As finals go—they are generally anticlimactic—the men's final between Ashe and Okker was a superior one. Ashe won it in five sets, 14-12, 5-7, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3, and, as the scores indicate, it was closely fought all the way. However, it was a decidedly less interesting match than the Okker-Rosewall duel. It produced a paucity of rallies, for one thing, and, for another,

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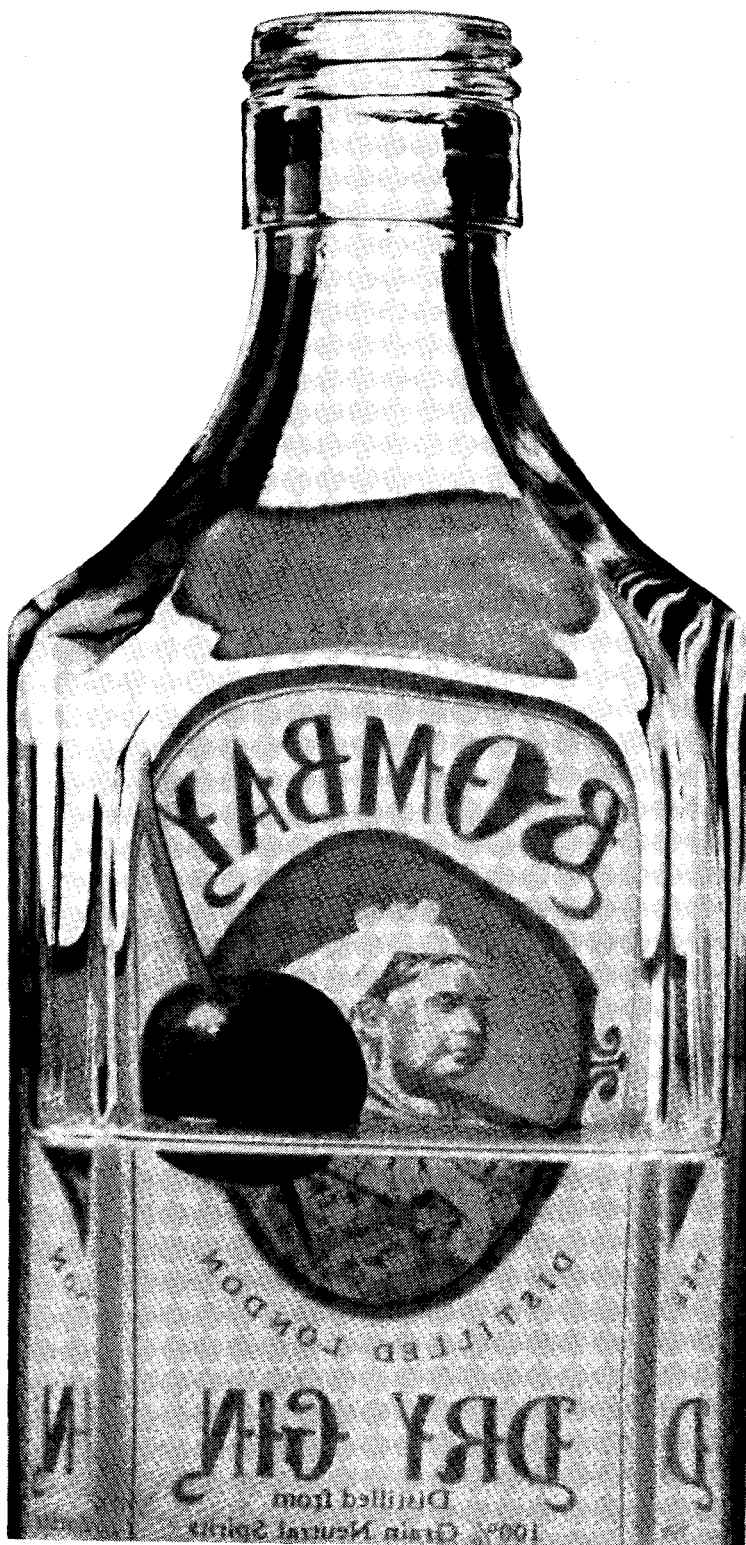
Okker did not play as brilliantly. Both of these phenomena—an absence of rallies and a less than glittering performance by his opponent—occur in just about every match that Ashe plays. They are curious affairs, Ashe's matches, often boring and exciting at the same time. Ashe, you see, hits a tennis ball harder and faster than anyone else has for years. He simply blows it past his opponents. On a good day it goes in a lot, and on a bad day it goes out a lot. As a result, you can have long successions of points that are over almost before they have begun. That is what makes for the boredom. What makes for the excitement, of course, is the sheer velocity of Ashe's strokes. The odd thing is that he has a rather wispy build for a power hitter: he is six feet one inch tall but weighs only a hundred and fifty-five. The secret of his power is fantastic coordination. For example, on his cross-court backhand—his best stroke, apart from his serve—he doesn't appear to swing especially hard at the ball, but it travels like a shot. His method of serving is simplicity itself. He bounces the ball twice, tosses it about a yard above his head, leans forward, and cracks it. It goes like a blur. In the first set alone against Okker, he scored fifteen aces—not that that is anything unusual for Ashe. Moreover, he possesses endless energy and can keep the cannonading up for hours.

Ashe's admirers have long speculated about the heights he might reach if he modified his all-attack style by adding to his repertoire some more restrained strokes on which he could rely during those afternoons when his control is off—and on which he could call during his good afternoons, too, in those tactical situations that require a whisper rather than a thunderclap. Ashe is only twenty-five, and in time he may develop a more complete tennis vocabulary and move closer to Tilden than to Vines. However, the game he now plays is the game he has always played, from the time he emerged as a sensational talent when he was just a boy in Richmond, Virginia. Since he was barred from playing in that city's tournaments because he was a Negro, he transferred to an integrated high school in St. Louis, and during his years there he won the United States Interscholastic Championship and the United States Indoor Junior Championship. He went on to the University of California at Los Angeles on a tennis scholarship. His first considerable victory came at Forest Hills in 1965, when, in the quarter-final round, he

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met Emerson, then the No. 1 amateur, and blasted him off the court. After that, everyone expected the world of Ashe. This put a tremendous burden on him, which became still heavier in the next two years, when, serving in the Army, at West Point, and consequently under-tennis, he had disappointing tournament seasons. This year, although he is still in the Army, he has finally come on to fulfill his vast promise. He won the Madison Square Garden Challenge Trophy by defeating Emerson. At Wimbledon, it took Laver to stop him, in the semifinals. The week before the Open, he won the United States Amateur Championship, at Longwood. Then, at Forest Hills, he topped it all off. I cannot conceive of a more popular victory. Ashe is not only a very fine young man but a very rare young man. Intelligent, calm, honest, and natural, he is the antithesis of the spoiled American tennis hero. In the midst of all the usual pressures and, in his case, some added ones, he has had the strength of character to go his own way—to enjoy his tennis and his friends as much as possible, and avoid the folly of trying to be all things to all men and all media. There couldn't have been a better winner of our historic first Open.

TO end on a light note: money. As an amateur, Ashe received only expenses—twenty dollars a day. Gonzales took home \$4,250 and Roswell \$9,000. The registered players made the largest hauls. Okker won \$14,000 and Miss Wade \$6,000. Okker is getting married and will use his prize money to buy a house. When Miss Wade was asked how she planned to use hers, she repeated the question thoughtfully, in her very English way, and then said in a rush, "Oh, I'll spend it. That's never a problem."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

There's nothing scientific about it and I may be 360 degrees off course but here's the way I read the various contests right now...—John McMillion in the *Albuquerque Journal*.

You've been around, McMillion. But you're right on the button.

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From "Life and Shape,"
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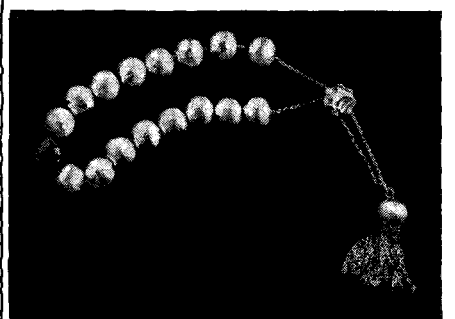
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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

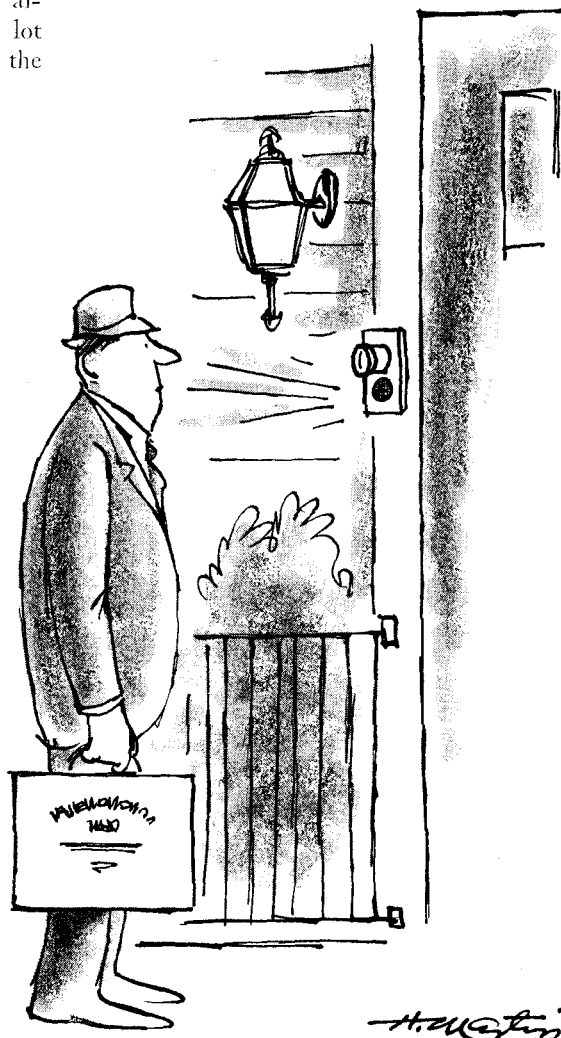
SEPTEMBER 21

BACK in the mid-fifties, when President Eisenhower had restored the peace and tranquilized the country, and when the only demagogue of any menace, Senator Joe McCarthy, had been slapped down by his colleagues in the Senate, there was a good deal of speculation about the character and beliefs of the then Vice-President, Richard M. Nixon. Early in 1955, some months before the President's first coronary seizure, which for several weeks put Nixon within a very faltering heartbeat of the highest office, it was quite clear that Eisenhower wished the Vice-President to be his ultimate heir. He had characterized Nixon, who was then forty-two, as "one . . . of the great leaders of men" and "the most valuable member of my team." It seemed almost as important in 1955 as it does in 1968 to take the measure of the man and to learn where in that day's spectrum of Republican political beliefs he stood. He had, to be sure, been in government for almost a decade. He had talked a lot and cast a good many votes in the House and Senate, but, aside from the fact that he had never done or said anything that gave serious offense to his party's leadership, he seemed to resist factional or ideological classification, having occupied positions well to the left and well to the right of his party's center, and at just about every point between the poles. His principal activity, especially as Vice-President, had been to mediate and resolve conflicts within the Party—of which there happened to be quite a few, despite the fact that the country as a whole was complacent about its lot and didn't much care how or whether the various Republican factions composed their differences over fiscal policy, over NATO policy, or over what we should or should not do to help the French in their war in Indo-China. But Nixon cared—that is to say, he cared not so much about the merits of one group's view or another's as about the settlement of differences and the elimination of them within the Party by just about any kind of compromise that could be obtained. This led many people to assume that Nixon believed in nothing at all

except Party solidarity, Party peace at almost any price. Or, as Robert Bendiner put it at the time, "It does not follow that he is a man without political principle. He has, indeed, an overriding principle, and it is altogether political. Quite simply, it is the unity . . . of the Republican Party."

It can be, and frequently has been, maintained that Nixon went through the ensuing thirteen years as an apostle of Party unity and nothing much else, except in the brief periods when he fought losing battles against John F. Kennedy in 1960, and against former Governor Brown of California two years later. But eight years ago, he had to run on his own Administration's record, and in 1962 he again ran as a regular Republican against a very regular Democrat. He brought little to either of his own campaigns that he had not previously brought to his extensive campaigning for hundreds of other Republicans for hundreds of other offices. As an agent of unity, by

far his greatest performance was the campaign that led to his nomination at Miami Beach six weeks ago, and while it can be said that nothing contributes so greatly to Republican unity today as the disintegration of the Democratic Party over the last four years, Nixon's achievement is still a remarkable one, in view of the fact that the Republicans as of, say, a year ago were almost as badly divided as the Democrats—and divided on the same issues, of which, of course, the war in Vietnam was not only the most important but the one that was almost inseparable from all the others. In the weeks since Miami, Nixon has done several things that appear to strengthen the view that he is the purest as well as the most adroit of partisans. It could have been no concern higher than partisanship that led him to urge delays in the Senate over the ratification of the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty—favored by eighty-one per cent of the American people, according to a Harris Poll issued shortly before the Republican Convention—and over the confirmation of Mr. Justice Fortas as Chief Justice. But even before his nomination there seemed to be some evidence that Nixon was facing up to the fact that his career as a forger of Party unity was coming to an end, and that, as one seeking leadership of the entire country, he would have to turn his mind toward the infinitely more important and perhaps insoluble problem of bringing at least some semblance of unity to this disintegrating republic. In two nationwide radio speeches, both entitled "Bridges to Human Dignity," which were delivered in late April and early May, he addressed himself to the problems of the cities and made a number of proposals that put him in the running with Robert Kennedy, then alive and an active candidate. The speeches won the approval of many people who up to then had dismissed him as a politician who, as he went about the country visiting with Party leaders and wealthy suburbanites, had seemed unaware of any urban problems that could not be brought under control by more police and a more punitive spirit in the criminal courts. Somewhat later, three weeks after Kennedy's assassination and after the tumult at Columbia, he



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addressed the country with a speech entitled "Toward an Expanded Democracy," in which he said, among other things, "I don't think we can suppress [the alienated] with more police," approvingly quoted the McCarthy-Kennedy adviser Richard Goodwin, and, in some moderately sympathetic allusions to the student militants, conspicuously refrained from the kind of Daleyesque rhetoric that seems increasingly to be the stock-in-trade of his running mate, Spiro Agnew. Before long, he was in Miami Beach and once again talking to Strom Thurmond and the plantation owners about what a disgrace to the Republic the present Attorney General is, about how in principle and practice he opposed federal open-housing laws, despite the tactical support he had earlier given them, and about how he might settle the war in Vietnam by reopening the Cold War in those parts of the world where belligerency had pretty well come to an end. This kind of talk, along with the choice of Agnew, seemed to some people to be evidence enough that the speeches of the spring and early summer had been made merely to disarm admirers of Nelson Rockefeller and John Lindsay—the work, no doubt, of some highly paid specialist in the marketing of cigarettes, whiskey, cars, and the like to the Thinking Man—and that the quintessential Nixon was the builder of Party unity who saw a way of becoming top dog by recruiting more men like Thurmond and by appealing to the heartland millions, surely a vast popular majority, who do not proclaim alienation from anything or anyone except those who loudly proclaim alienation from just about everything and everyone these days.

But to view Nixon solely in this light requires that he also be viewed as a very stupid man. For only a man of the lowest intelligence could really believe that this country can be governed by a President who sees no deep fissures in the society and thinks he can establish and maintain a Pax Americana. No one who has not been comatose since 1964 could entertain any such fantasies. Lyndon Johnson has seen all the fissures and has done his damndest to close them, with how little success we all know; abandoning the notion of a global Pax Americana, he has lately sought to impose our power only on one small, remote, and backward piece of territory—and has failed in this no doubt wicked but nevertheless, by most imperialist standards, modest enterprise as surely as he has failed (very largely on exactly this account) to hold his country, and even his party, together. It is



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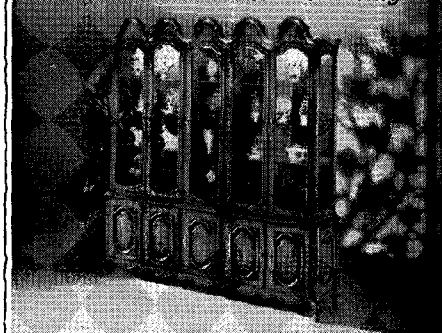


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inconceivable that Richard Nixon has not been instructed by the example of Lyndon Johnson and that he thinks he can govern by a Dulles-*cum*-Rusk diplomacy and by a hot pursuit of the American Dream of Dwight Eisenhower, with amendments by Spiro T. Agnew. He has given only the barest clues to what lessons he has absorbed, and if these are not particularly original or reassuring, it may be largely because the problem of how to get this country out of the fix it is currently in is one that would stagger the imaginations of the greatest imaginers of all time—of whom Nixon, alas, is clearly not one. Still, he does seem to be making an effort. In a speech to the nation two days ago, he discussed more seriously and more thoughtfully than anyone can recall his ever having done before his view of the office he seeks. Almost at the outset, he pledged himself not to be an Eisenhower. "The days of a passive Presidency belong to a simpler past," he said. "The next President must take an activist view of the office." (This must have sent quite a few shivers down quite a few spines. The incumbent is a super-activist, and Eugene McCarthy won friends and influenced people by giving the impression that the White House would be a quieter place if he got the next lease. He even went as far as to suggest that he might sublet it and make his own home elsewhere.) Nixon disowned Eisenhower again, though he surely had Johnson equally in mind, by saying, "The President cannot isolate himself from the great intellectual ferments of his time. On the contrary, he must consciously and deliberately place himself at their center. The lamps of enlightenment are lit by the spark of controversy; their flame can be snuffed out by the blanket of consensus." And he went on to say that he would not lead a purely Republican Administration but would seek to form some kind of national government "made up of Republicans, Democrats, and independents . . . drawn from politics, from career government service, from universities, from business, from the professions—one including not only executives and administrators but scholars and thinkers." There would be (get this, New Frontiersmen) "an unrelenting pursuit of excellence." And (attention, all who were impressed by McCarthy's theory of a Cabinet whose officers would have "constituencies" of their own) Nixon would appoint to his Cabinet "leaders in their own right and not merely by virtue of appointment—men who will command the



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public's respect and the President's attention. . . ."

It was an interesting speech, primarily because it showed Nixon trying to move from politics to statesmanship. Nothing that he said about the Presidency had not been said by others, and some of what he proposed as novel and promising seemed to be neither. Most headline writers, for example, singled out his assertion that in a Nixon Administration "dissent" would be heard. "We should bring dissenters into policy discussions, not freeze them out," he said. But almost every President of recent times, including Lyndon Johnson, has done this, and as often as not—as James C. Thomson, Jr., a former staff member of the National Security Council, contended in the *Atlantic Monthly* a few months ago—the dissenters who have been brought into "policy discussions" have found themselves merely strengthening the bureaucracy in its determination to proceed with the policies under criticism. Some government officials may be persuaded by the dissenters and join their ranks, but the general rule seems to be that most are fortified in their self-righteousness by having performed the virtuous act of lending an ear to their critics. Nixon's commitment to some kind of national, or coalition, government may portend a serious effort to restore at least political unity. Given our political system, though, it is hard even to imagine how such a government could be constructed. Dwight Eisenhower had a try at innovation when he made a Democratic union leader his Secretary of Labor, but the arrangement lasted less than a year and was accounted a mistake by all involved. John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson have been served by a number of marginal Republicans—most notably, Douglas Dillon and Robert McNamara—but if some of their records have been distinguished in administrative terms, their presence in the government contributed nothing at all to unity. If what Nixon has in mind is some kind of diffusion of executive power along the lines suggested by Senator McCarthy—the institutionalization of dissent by the recruitment of spokesmen for minority interests powerful enough not to be overridden by concurrent majorities—he may be on to something new not only in American political history but in political theory. This always seemed the most dubious of McCarthy's proposals, but at least McCarthy coupled it with a concept of the Presidency very different from the "activist" one that Nixon now contends is his. A government of activ-

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ists deliberately chosen to promote conflict in the highest reaches of the executive branch would indeed be novel, and would almost certainly call for a President with greater skill as a power broker than Nixon ever showed when he was trying to hold the Republican Party together.

AMONG students of the Presidency, it has generally been agreed that while the struggle for the power inherent in the office may be corrupting, the power, once obtained, is generally liberating, and in some cases ennobling. Any man as close to the Presidency as Nixon is today wants to do the best he can by the country, and if he fails, as Lyndon Johnson has failed, it will not be because he did not do his best according to his lights but because, owing to some failures of perception on his part or to events and circumstances beyond his control, he simply could not master the problems he confronted. Despite his sordid traffic with Strom Thurmond and others, Nixon undoubtedly wants to be an effective President of all the people. But if desire and determination were all that is needed, we would have had no ineffective Presidents and many great ones. In Nixon's case, there are many large questions about the soundness of his perceptions and many even larger and more ominous ones about the circumstances in which, if elected, he will find himself. It is alarming to hear him talk about ending the war by "negotiating from strength," and to hear him assure audiences that the cities can be rebuilt by "private enterprise." But even if we assumed that these were convictions that would be part of the intellectual baggage he would move into the White House, we would probably be misreading his past and present to suppose that they were irrevocable commitments in foreign and domestic policy. Nixon has up to now been a politician whose convictions have been characterized by their lack of firmness and whose commitments to policy have been—sometimes notoriously so—the opposite of irrevocable. In 1954, he made a famous public plea for American military intervention in Indo-China, and soon thereafter, when the President decided against this policy, Nixon was ready with a speech praising the wisdom of nonintervention, thus leading one observer to note, "If such a term as 'Nixonism' were given currency, it would suggest, perhaps, a manner and a mode of public behavior, but it would have no application to any vital issue." This still seems to be more or less the case, and if it could prove a fatal weak-



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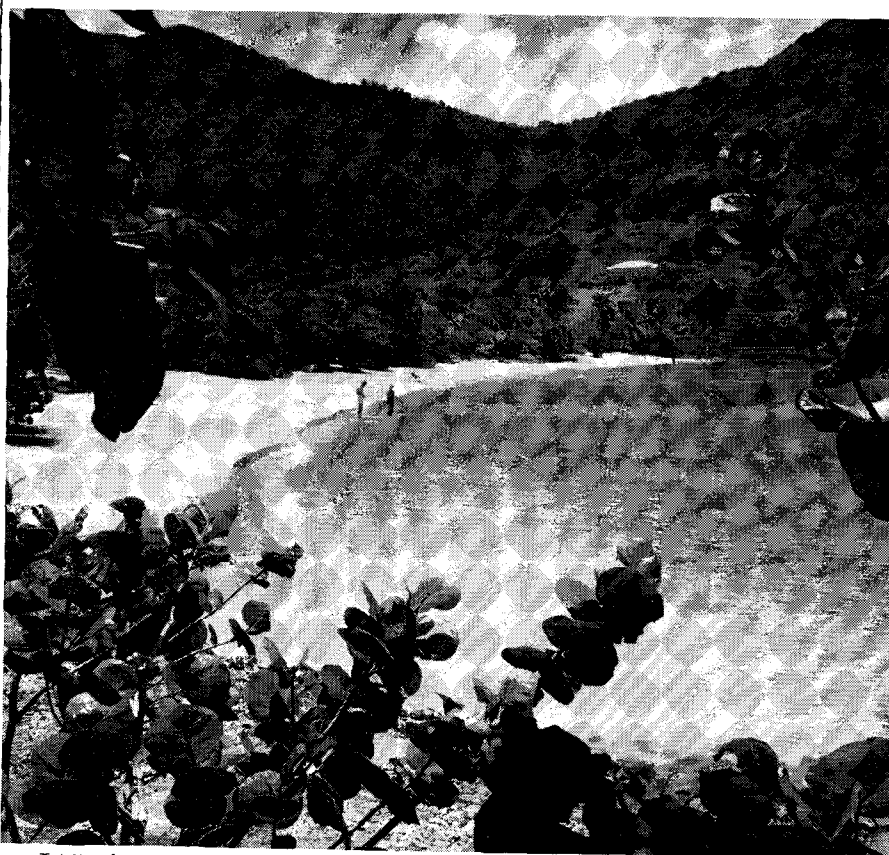
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ness to a Nixon Administration, it could also be a source of strength. Disengagement in Vietnam may require precisely the kind of flexibility that Nixon displayed in 1954, morally deplorable as it may seem to be. Nixon surely learned in his eight years under Eisenhower that nothing did so much to strengthen the Administration's hand as the negotiation, in its first few months in office, of what Senator William Knowland, Nixon's former Republican colleague from California, who was soon to become the Republican Majority Leader, insisted, as he no doubt still insists, was a "peace without honor."

Though Nixon now often talks as if he would be a more suitable continuator of the Johnson Administration's foreign policy than Hubert Humphrey, it seems almost inconceivable that, having watched Eisenhower succeed where Johnson has so demonstrably failed, he would choose the Johnson way, the futility of which the President implicitly conceded when he announced his retirement six months ago. Nor, unless his intelligence and the sharpness of his political instincts are being hugely overrated, does it seem likely that he would deliberately choose to fail in domestic policy by emulating Eisenhower rather than John Kennedy and the early Lyndon Johnson. The economy sagged badly in the years when Nixon served Eisenhower; the many promises of "fiscal responsibility" went unfulfilled, and the Republican Administration's inattentiveness to the signs of unrest, which became more and more numerous as the decade drew to a close, was to a measurable degree the cause of the mounting despair and alienation of this present decade. Nixon can hardly be less aware of this than Hubert Humphrey or anyone else; awareness showed through quite clearly in his speech on the Presidency and in what he said in both the ghettos and the suburbs of Philadelphia only today. He knows that private enterprise alone cannot remedy all the ills it has played so large a part in spreading, and that invocations of "law and order" will produce neither. He said as much in an impromptu and almost befogging attempt at "clarification" made necessary by Governor Agnew's stubborn refusal to accept Senator Brooke's suggestion that a good word be put in for "justice" when law and order were under discussion. "To me," Nixon said as he made his way into a rhetorical cloud bank, "law and order must be combined with justice. I have often said that you cannot have order unless you have justice. You cannot have order

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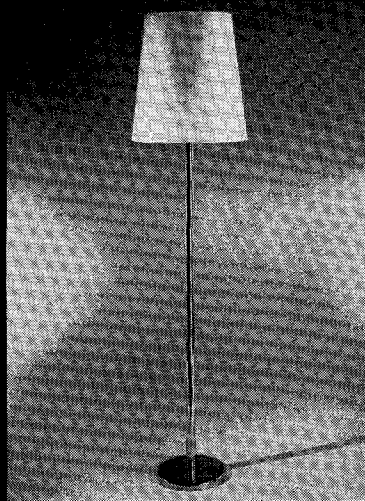


unless you have progress, because order without progress, if you just stifle the dissent, if you stifle the progress, you will have an explosion and you will have disorder. On the other hand, you cannot have progress without order because when you have disorder, revolution, what you do, you destroy all the progress that you have." The Washington Post found this hilarious, and commented, "Say what you will about Governor Agnew's persistence in using a 'code' term, at least the code is decipherable." But, with effort, one can get at Nixon's meaning, which, save for its lack of grace, is just about what John Lindsay seems to be saying day in and day out.

NOTHING is easier than to argue that Nixon is an empty vessel whose primary qualification for the Presidency is his record, considerably aided by luck, for staying afloat while so many others foundered. But men of high and sure principle have failed in the White House, and several who have drifted with the tides have been successful. What often makes the difference is the conditions under which a man is elected. In this city—where, despite the frequently cited injunctions to "remember 1948," it is pretty well taken for granted that Hubert Humphrey cannot possibly make it—the hope is that the seemingly inevitable Nixon victory will at least be a clear and relatively clean one. Even loyal Democrats are saying that if Nixon is to win it would be just as well to have him carry enough of the big and largely urbanized states to have a sizable electoral majority, and thus head off the threat of having the next House of Representatives choose the next President. And it is widely felt that, outrageous as the prospect is, it would be more desirable, in the event of a sure Nixon victory, to have George Wallace carry the South than to have its electoral votes contribute to the Republican total. If Strom Thurmond managed to carry the South for the Republicans, his influence in a Nixon Administration might be large; if he failed, he could be ignored. A Nixon victory is likely in any case to be accompanied by the election of a Congress even less responsive than the present one to the needs of the great cities, and this may make it impossible for the Nixon of the more recent speeches to function as some assume he would like to function. But a victory that he could claim as his own could make him master of his own party and—at least theoretically—free to be his own man. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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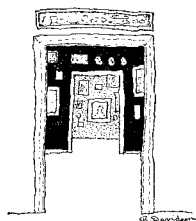
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THE ART WORLD

D.M.Z. Vanguardism



VALUES in art today presuppose the general values of originality and intellectual advance; that is to say, they assume the existence of a vanguard. The principle was formulated several decades ago by T. S. Eliot: "It is," he wrote, "exactly as wasteful for a poet to do what has been done already as for a biologist to rediscover Mendel's discoveries." Whatever one's opinion of Eliot's economics of novelty, there is no doubt that it dominates current thinking in painting and sculpture (or sculpture and painting, to put the arts in their present order of interest). A book presenting recent sculpture—Udo Kultermann's "The New Sculpture" (Praeger)—is subtitled "Environments and Assemblages" to differentiate it from the expressive structures of pre-nineteen-sixties sculpture, and the author attempts to explain how the creations of this decade constitute an "expansion of the artistic system"—a phrase fully in accord with the outlook of Eliot. Examples of the new sculpture are Robert Graham's realistic figurines of naked girls under Plexiglas domes, which, except for their sexiness, resemble mass-produced Victorian mantelpiece decorations; they are interpreted by Kultermann as representing, together with the sculptures of George Segal and Frank Gallo and the blue nude-prints of Yves Klein, "the thingness of the human body," and they are related by him both to the commercial mass media and to "the philosophy of Heidegger, Sartre, and Merleau-Ponty." (According to current American critical opinion, the latter association would push them back into the forties or fifties.) Another book, soon to be issued, gets the jump on "The New Sculpture" by calling its subject "Beyond Modern Sculpture" (Brazilier). Its author, Jack Burnham, is also concerned with systems and the "thingification" of human beings, but he is even more profoundly involved with Eliot's formula than Kultermann, since he sees contemporary art as "a psychical manifestation of the scientific demiurge, which moves ceaselessly in a single irreversible direction." While he includes several of the artists dealt with in "The New Sculpture," he ignores

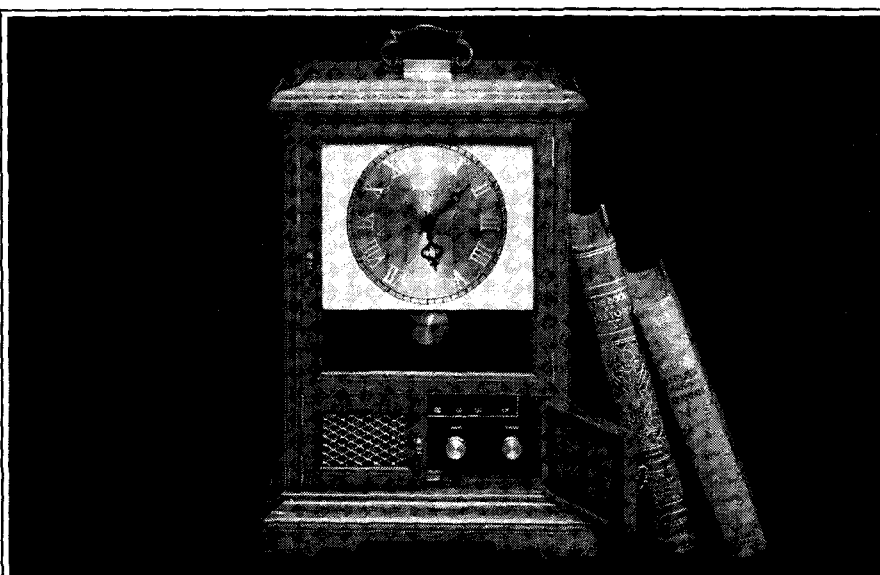


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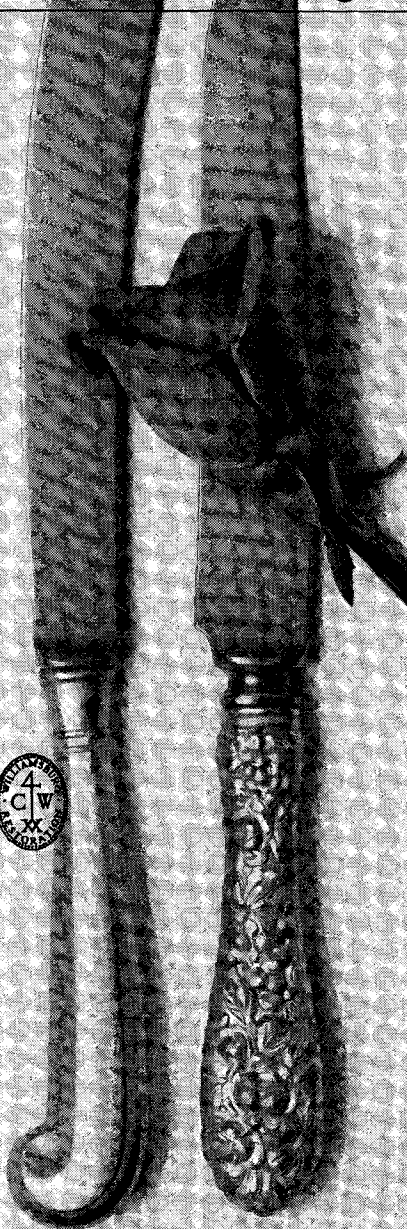
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the neo-naturalism and several other categories featured there, in order to concentrate on abstract constructions and kinetic, programmed, and light art—in sum, on works associated with new technologies. “Increasingly, pure energy and information seem to be the essences of art,” Burnham concludes his chapter on “Light as Sculpture Medium.” “All else is being dropped methodically by the wayside.”

Eliot would not have agreed with Burnham about the “essences” of art, but his analogy between poetry and science implies that in the arts, as in biology and physics, objective solutions are attained which ought not be repeated but from which it is necessary to go on to more advanced problems and solutions. If this is so, progress is inherent in art on the basis of its own past accomplishments. To embody this progress, a succession of avant-gardes must arise, each superseding the solvers of earlier questions. In the first years of the twentieth century, a dynamic of this sort apparently prevailed in all the arts; the presence of an avant-garde may still be taken for granted by those who link art with technological advances or with stylistic evolution. For some time, however, continued forward movement in the arts and the formation of vanguards have been a matter of dispute. Twenty-five years ago, the poet Randall Jarrell, in an article entitled “The End of the Line,” flatly concluded that “Modernism as we knew it . . . is dead,” and, twenty-five years before that, Paul Valéry’s intellectual Hamlet, contemplating “The Crisis of the Mind,” asked himself, “Have I not exhausted my desire for radical experiments, indulged too much in cunning compounds?” Comparable doubts about progress in the arts and the continued emergence of avant-gardes have been reëchoed in every decade since the First World War, often by vanguardists themselves. Any estimate of what is happening in painting and sculpture today will depend on one’s view of this question. The belief that art continues to advance to new positions is behind the common tendency among curators, dealers, collectors, critics, and artists to embrace the latest mode and “drop all else methodically by the wayside.” If, however, the end of the line has indeed been reached, each new vanguard only represents another way, in Jarrell’s phrase, to “go back and repeat the ride.” Such seems to be the character of much of the art being produced today, in the opinion of Hans Richter in his “Dada, Art, and Anti-Art,” published here as a paper-



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back by McGraw-Hill in 1965; as if in reply to Dr. Kultermann (as well as to the incredibly ill-conceived exhibition "The Art of the Real," which just closed at the Museum of Modern Art), he points out that "our time (as well as we ourselves?) has developed such a lust for physical presence that even the lavatory seat has become holy to us," adding, "We want not only to see it in a picture but also to *have* it physically." But, Richter recalls, citing specific object-works, such as Duchamp's bicycle wheel, the Dadaists perceived this forty years ago, and to repeat their transfer of everyday things into the museum "is not a rebellion but the opposite: an adjustment to so-called popular taste, a deliberate return to the garden dwarfs." In short, creations accepted as advanced may be simply fashionable—the work of an ersatz avant-garde that has revived the phrases and gestures of an earlier movement but is unable to go forward to a new concept. The effect produced by such decorations is not the shock of discovery but nostalgia—exactly the effect of the Grahams (as art, not as nudes) that I have mentioned above.

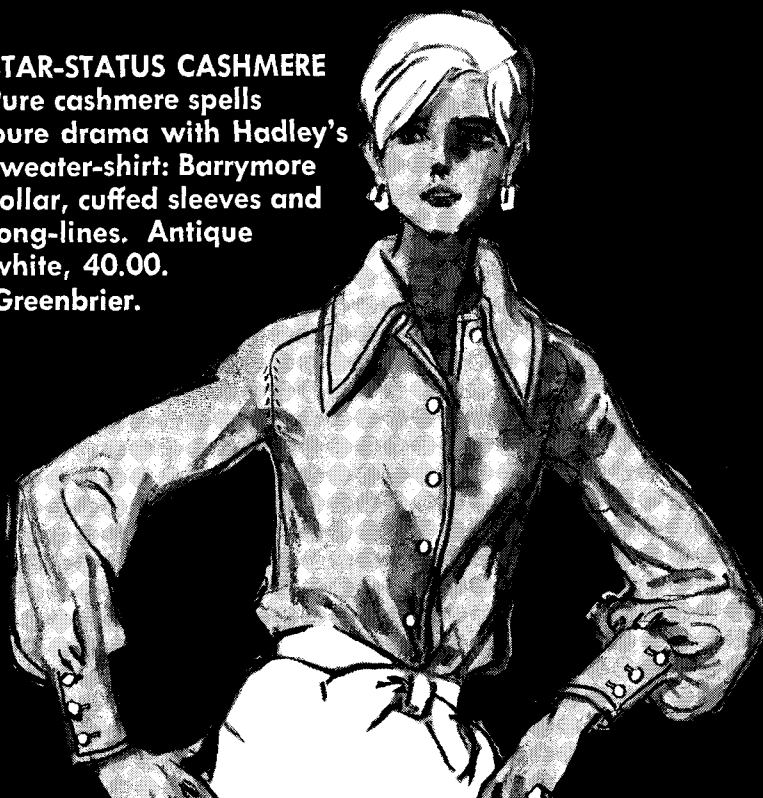
In literature, analysis of the phenomenon of vanguardism, or modernism, has been going on for years, but little of a similar nature has been undertaken in sculpture and painting. Perhaps in response to the ambiguous status of the avant-garde today, the *Artnews Annual* is devoting its next issue to the theme. Another study, which seems to be the most comprehensive theoretical examination to date of the aesthetic vanguards in their common historical, social, psychological, and philosophical aspects, is Renato Poggioli's "The Theory of the Avant-Garde" (Belknap-Harvard), which appeared posthumously a few months ago. The impulse to take an inventory of the avant-garde or to paint a composite portrait of it may itself be an evidence that the record of the avant-garde is suspected of being now complete.

Noting that some artists and critics believe that the vanguards have vanished or are about to vanish, Professor Poggioli rejects this judgment on historical grounds. The root of the vanguard movements, he holds, is alienation; all the attributes of vanguardism—its activism, antagonism, nihilism, futurism, anti-traditionalism, obscurity, iconoclasm, cerebralism, abstraction, unpopularity—flow from the estrangement of the artist in modern society. Poggioli quotes Mallarmé's remark about the isolation of the artist in "this

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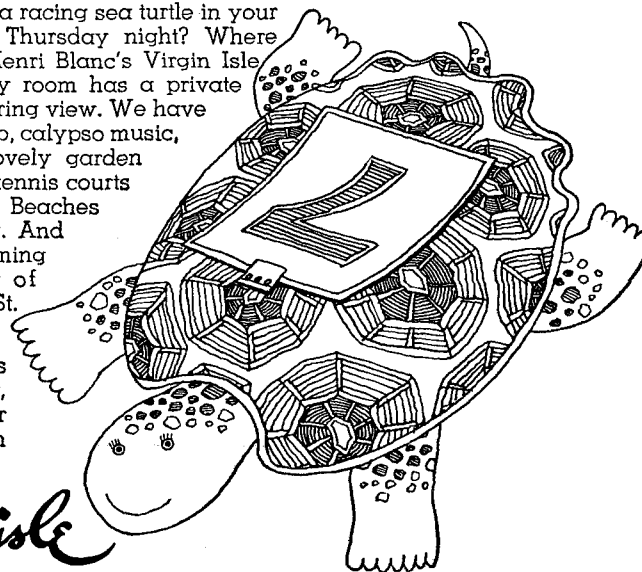
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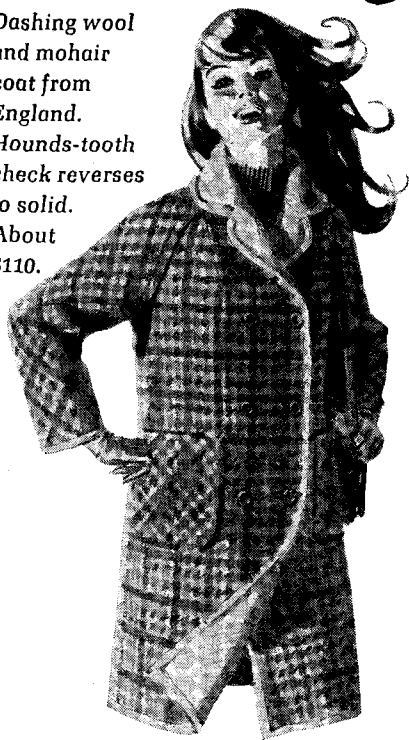
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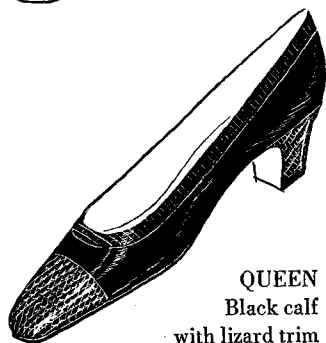
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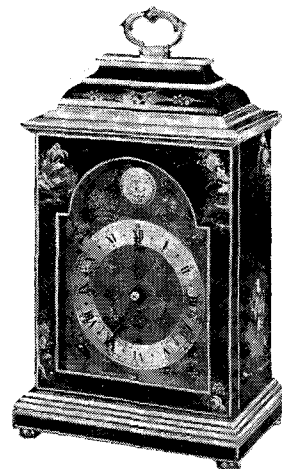
society that will not let him live" and Baudelaire's verdict that "the man of letters is the enemy of the world." It is the separation and hostility of the avant-garde that for Poggioli constitute the essence of avant-gardism and guarantee its survival as a "minority culture." To eliminate the vanguard, it would be necessary to eliminate alienation, and to eliminate alienation would require "a radical metamorphosis in our political and social system." As long as liberal-democratic capitalism remains intact, civilization will continue to be the scene of "a conflict between two parallel cultures." In the United States, the majority culture against which the hostility of the avant-garde is directed is the culture of the mass media—a "pseudo-culture" that destroys qualitative values and oppresses the artist by forcing him to produce for the market or exist as a parasite. Given the basic causes for antagonism between the artist and society, the vanguard can vanish only if our civilization is transformed into a totalitarian order that bans all intellectual minorities and allows only the mass media to function.

For all the insights in "The Theory of the Avant-Garde," Poggioli's analysis of the prospects of the vanguard seems to me to be based on conditions that are out of date. He sees the position of the artist in bourgeois society in the traditional perspective of the cultured European, supporting his outlook with quotations from Ortega y Gasset, Mann, Malraux, Lukács. Yet art today, especially in America, has ceased to be responsive to the dialectic of the alienation of the artist and the counterblows of a hostile mass culture. The notion of a vanguard embodying an "adversary culture" (to use Lionel Trilling's epithet) or a "culture of negation" (to use the one adapted by Poggioli from von Sydow) is no doubt applicable to the period between the Armory Show (1913) and the pre-affluent stages of Abstract Expressionism (1952-53); it reflects the kind of situation in which artists used to talk about "selling out" to Hollywood or Madison Avenue. In the forties and early fifties, artists like Gorky, Pollock, Rothko, Newman, Gottlieb, and de Kooning still carried on the tradition of cultural distance. Since the advent of Pop Art, however, no American art movement has been either overtly or tacitly hostile to the "majority culture." On the contrary, the leading idea in Pop, Op, color-field, minimal, and kinetic art and in Happenings has been to exorcise the negative impulses

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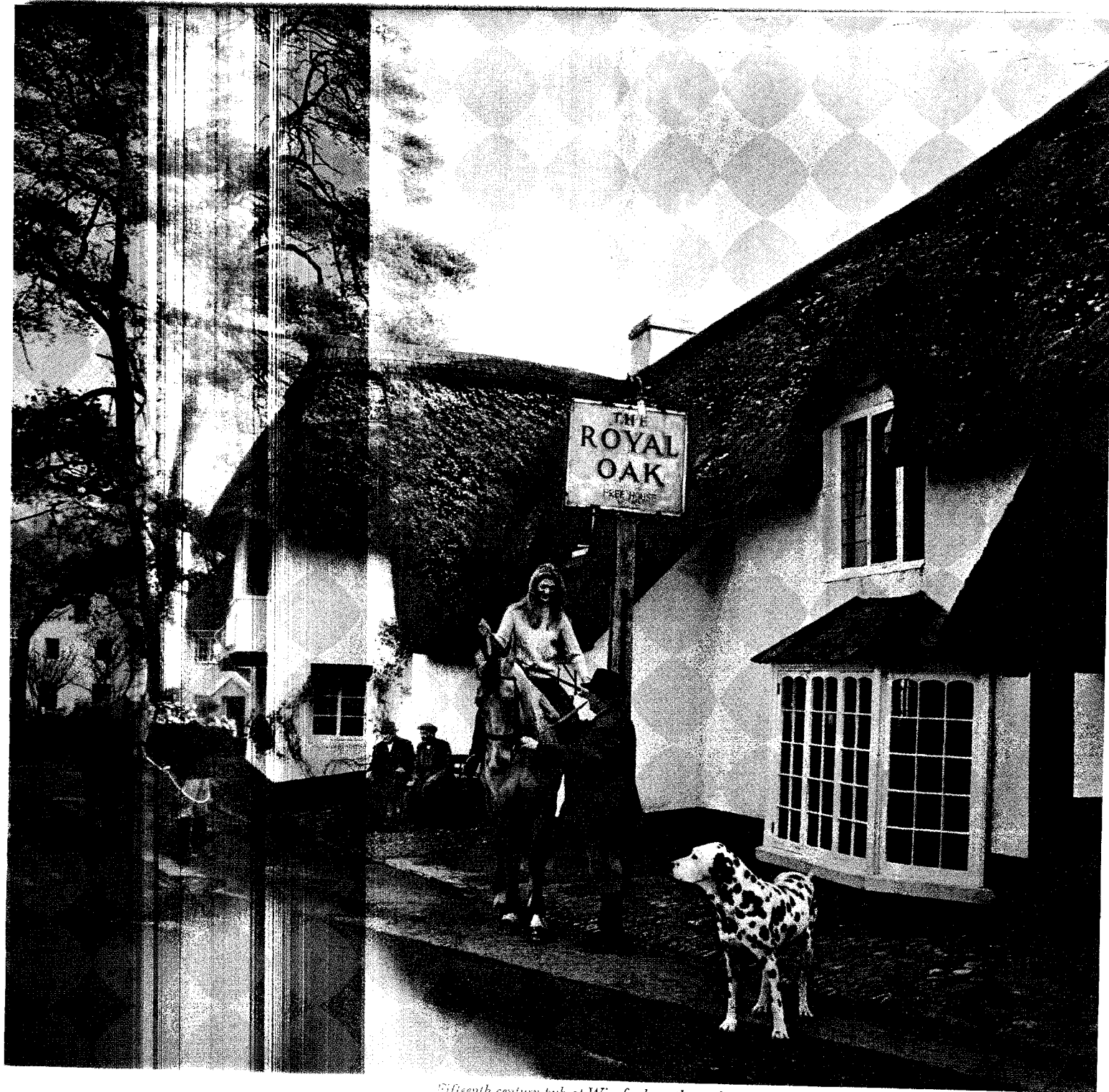
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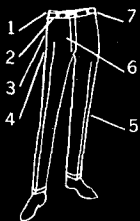
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that tormented the earlier vanguards. Today, both the alienation of the artist and the antagonism of public opinion have been successfully liquidated. The art of the sixties is both in and of the "environment" and eager to collaborate in extending its characteristic features, whether in the form of images of suntanned nudes or programmed mixtures of light and sound. This desire for pacific elaboration is the social meaning of the "thingness" of the new sculpture and of its technological orientation. The dour struggle for freedom has been superseded by the promise of progress implicit in the laser beam.

Accepting Poggioli's identification of the avant-garde as alienated and hostile, one would have to conclude that, whether or not we have entered into a phase of totalitarianism, the avant-garde has ceased to exist. As I have indicated, this is often suspected, but such a conclusion is too simple. Though the social and psychological negations essential to the formation of vanguards are no longer operative, vanguardism as an idea exerts a greater force in the creation and dissemination of art than ever before. It regulates the sponsorship of artists and modes of art by museums, galleries, international exhibitions, critics, and collectors; it stimulates the feverish search by young artists for new materials and extreme gestures; it determines the attention paid to works in the popular press. The socially reconciled avant-garde (an inconceivable self-contradiction in Poggioli's terms) enjoys the augmented prestige of a power distant from us in time; that is to say, of a myth, the myth of rebellion. The aura of defiance is effective in glorifying even prophets of participation, such as McLuhan and Kaprow, whose programs include leading strays back to the flock.

In sum, while art today is not avant-garde, neither has it been absorbed into the system of mass culture, as ordained by Professor Poggioli's analysis. The present art world is, rather, a demilitarized zone, flanked by avant-garde ghosts on one side and a changing mass culture on the other. This buffer area, immune to attack by both vanguard intransigence and philistine prejudice, contains an avant-garde public in which the alienation of the artist is muffled and which also provides a market for the expansion of mass culture into more sophisticated forms. In the aesthetic D.M.Z., all art is avant-garde, and all avant-garde works are simply art. In keeping with the pacific nature of the new avant-gardism, the ideas, attitudes,

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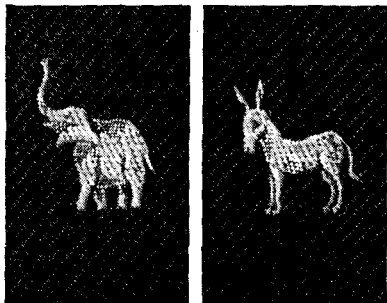
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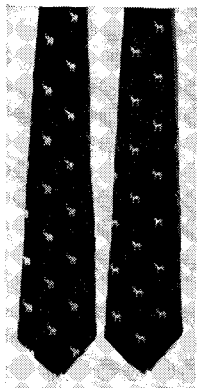


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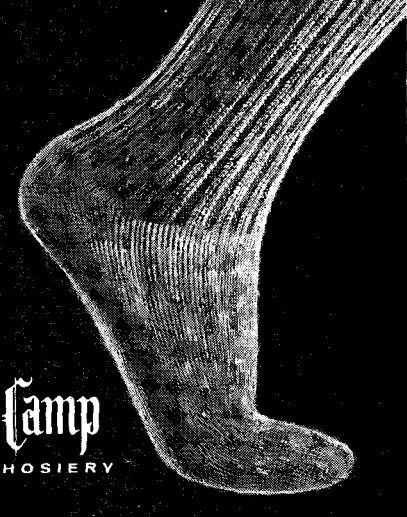
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and tastes of a century of experiments and revolts have been blended into a single tradition. All the advanced art modes of the last hundred years now constitute the modernism that is the normal mode of expression for a wing of popular taste. Like all traditions, this amalgamated modernism stimulates automatic responses, as illustrated by the wholesale acceptance by the avant-garde audience of the products of advanced movements, past and present, regardless of abysses between them—e.g., collectors equally enthusiastic about Vuillard and Duchamp.

Taken en masse, the innovations accumulated by the experimental movements from Impressionism to light shows are capable of generating an apparently inexhaustible variety of visual excitement, much of it on the level of the midway or amusement park. (That the younger generations of artists and spectators were born too late to enjoy the participation spectacles of Coney Island's Luna Park and Steeplechase accounts for a good deal of their innocent belief in the originality of kinetic art toys and engineered Happenings.) Like the New York skyline, sculpture and painting today form an impressive collective image composed of free-enterprise undertakings undistinguished in themselves. Seen up close, however, the works tend to sink back into their original formal categories, inviting such labels as Neo-Dada, Neo-Constructivism, Neo-Neo-Impressionism, or they arrange themselves in technological classifications—hard-edge, saturated-color, assemblage, electronics, robots. These clusters of modes identify trends competing for recognition as the newest. In sculpture, especially, the industrial proliferation of new materials and devices makes possible countless combinations in which originality of a sort is all but inevitable.

D.M.Z. avant-gardism has its own theory of art history: that the angst and anger of earlier vanguards were essentially superfluous, since, the argument goes, it is "as art" that the products of the vanguard have survived. (Outside the D.M.Z., it is plain that it is as vanguard that art has survived.) The practice of demilitarized-zone critics of interpreting the visual expressions of alienation, anxiety, and rage by Fauvists, Futurists, Dadaists, and so on as incidents in a victorious march toward new artistic heights accounts for much of the hallucinated rhetoric of the current art magazines.

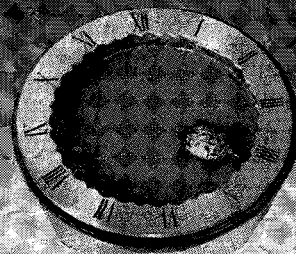
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a symbol of D.M.Z. originality, I should choose the colored plank of John McCracken, which has kept turning up leaning against the wall of almost every exhibition of advanced art in the past two years. (According to an unsubstantiated rumor, McCracken was offered an all-expenses-paid trip to Germany to install his board at Documenta.) Its most recent display was at the Museum of Modern Art in the "Art of the Real" show, for which it bore the title "There's No Reason Not To." The social acceptability of this creation emphasized by its label expresses most pungently the state of disarmament that has replaced the battle-front described by Poggioli.

Today, sculpture and painting constitute a profession one of whose aspects is the pretense of overthrowing it. Once the vanguard myth has faded, the pretense that art is engaged in self-immolation will have to be dropped. At that point, the bulk of production in museum art will, by a more circuitous route than that anticipated by Poggioli, probably have merged with the entertainment media and the commercial crafts. This development may leave room for the formation of new militant art vanguards—or at least for a freer (less socially managed) communication among individuals.

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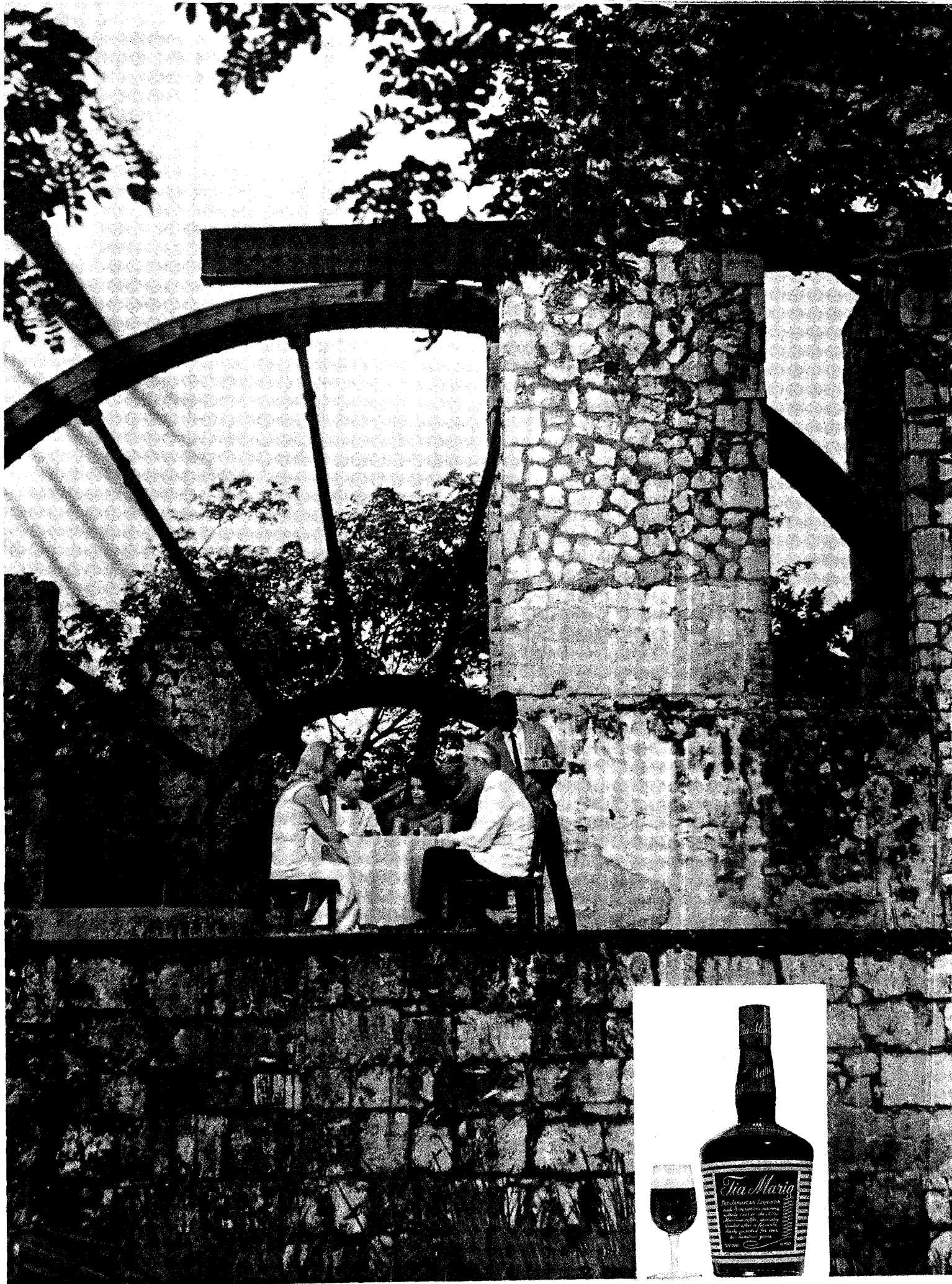
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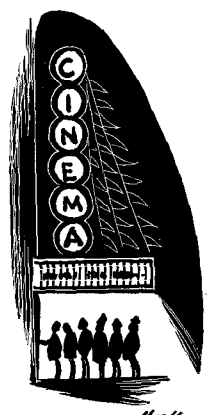


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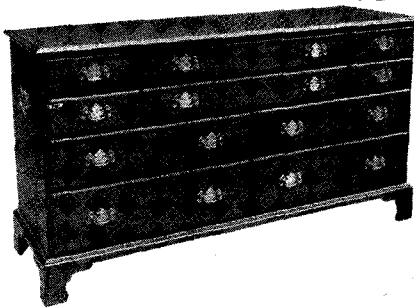
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al) demonstration of how uninteresting prettiness is should be at the expense of Omar Sharif, who goes as far as to demonstrate that good looks can be nothing.

Most Broadway musicals are dead before they reach the movies—the routines are so worked out they're stiff, and the jokes are embalmed in old applause. But Streisand has the gift of making old written dialogue sound like inspired improvisation; almost every line she says seems to have just sprung to mind and out. Her inflections are witty and surprising, and, more surprisingly, delicate; she can probably do more for a line than any screen comedienne since Jean Arthur, in the thirties. There hasn't been a funny girl on the screen for so long now that moviegoers have probably also got used to doing without one of the minor, once staple pleasures of moviegoing: the wise-cracking heroines, the clever funny girls—Jean Arthur, of course, and Claudette Colbert, and Carole Lombard, and Ginger Rogers, and Rosalind Russell, and Myrna Loy, and all the others who could be counted on to be sassy and sane. They performed a basic comic function—they weren't taken in by sham; they had the restorative good sense of impudence—and in the pre-bunny period they made American women distinctive and marvellous. The story and the situations of "Funny Girl" are even drearier than those of most big musicals, but we know the form is corrupt and we're used to the conventions of rags-to-riches-to-price-of-fame, and it's easy to take all that for granted and ignore it when a performer knows how to deliver a line. The form is corrupt but the spirit of the performer isn't—that's why a big, heavy, silly musical like this can still have some brute force in it. The comedy is the comedy of cutting through the bull, of saying what's really on your mind. Such comedy was usually derived from urban Jewish humor, even in the thirties; now the Midwestern mask has been removed. Though this comedy is often self-deprecating (not hostile or paranoid), it's *lightly* self-mocking, in a way that seems admirably suited to the genre. Here one can see the experience and tact of a good, solid director like William Wyler. Younger, less capable, more anxious directors will permit anything for a laugh, and material like this could easily become raucous and embarrassing; we're never in danger in Wyler's hands, and that sense of security puts us in the right mood for laughter.

It is Streisand's peculiar triumph that

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in the second half, when the routine heartbreak comes, as it apparently must in all musical biographies, she shows an aptitude for suffering that those clever actresses didn't. Where they became sanctimonious and noble, thereby violating everything we had loved them for, she simply drips as unself-consciously and impersonally as a true tragic muse. And the tears belong to her face; they seem to complete it, as Garbo's suffering in "Camille" seemed to complete her beauty. Much stronger and more dominating than the earlier comedienues, she skirts pathos because her emotions are so openly expressed. She doesn't "touch" us for sympathy in the Chaplinesque way by trying to conceal her hurt. She conceals nothing; she's fiercely, almost frighteningly direct.

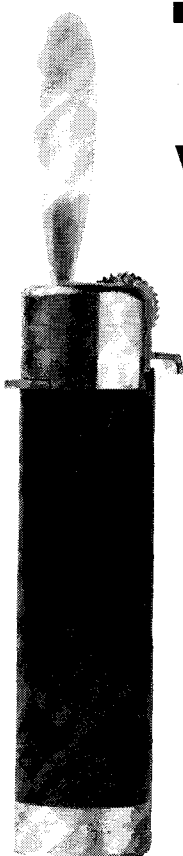
Whenever Streisand is not on the screen, the movie is stodgy, advancing the plot and telegraphing information in tedious little scenes of Sharif with servants, Sharif gambling, etc. We know that he's playing Nicky Arnstein, Fanny Brice's husband, but we can't make any sense of him. If shady gamblers are not going to be flashy and entertaining, what good are they as musical-comedy heroes? This Arnstein is too phlegmatic for a playboy and too proper for a gambler, and he seems not only devoid of humor but almost unaware of it. So what is supposed to draw him and a funny girl together? Sharif appears to be some sort of visiting royalty, with a pained professional smile to put the common people at their ease. The result is that no one seems to know how to talk to him. But then there's no one in the movie but Streisand anyway; the world of the movie is a stage full of stooges (with Walter Pidgeon stuck playing Ziegfeld like Mr. Miniver). In all these ways it's a terrible movie, and though Streisand's makeup and cos-



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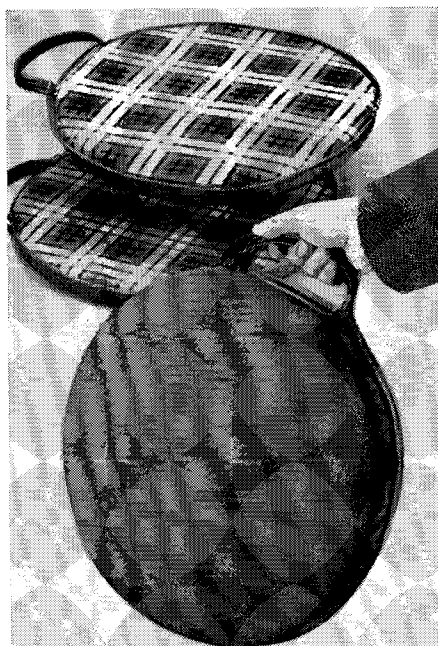
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tumes are beautiful and sumptuous (she sometimes resembles Monica Vitti), the other girls are not well served—partly, it appears, through a failure to decide whether the Ziegfeld girls should be glorified or parodied. (No definite tone is taken.) And the sets are not elegant and stylized; they're just bad period reconstructions. Sometimes all this gets in the way of enjoyment: the visual affront of square photography and a studio "alley" help to kill the "People" number (it's also strategically ill placed), and the shipboard sequences are damaged by their unappealing look. But one can fault everything else in the movie, too, and it doesn't really matter—not even the fact that the second half has to coast on the good will built up in the first. The crucial thing is that Wyler never makes the kind of mistake that Tony Richardson made in "The Entertainer" when he cut away from Laurence Olivier's great number to give us backstage business. We do not ask of a musical like "Funny Girl" that it give us the life story of Fanny Brice; we know that her story is simply the pretext for a show, a convention of our realistically rooted musical theatre, which seeks protection in great names or big properties from the past. What we do ask is that an actress who plays a star like Fanny Brice be able to live up to the image of a great star; if she isn't, we cannot accept the pretext, and the show is exposed as just an attempt to cash in on past glories. There is no such difficulty with "Funny Girl." The end of the movie, in a long single take, is a bravura stroke, a gorgeous piece of showing off, that makes one intensely, brilliantly aware of the star as performer and of the star's pride in herself as performer. The pride is justified.

—PAULINE KAEI

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CONSERVATIONIST

[From the Izaak Walton Outdoor America]

ATTENTION ALL WALTONIANS

Naturally, some problems have resulted in connection with the recently instituted procedure which involves the use of a computer in League Membership maintenance.

In an effort to solve some of these problems, the League's Membership Department solicits the assistance of all Waltonians who paid their 1968 dues on or before May 8 and who have not yet received their 1968 Membership credentials.

Please follow this procedure:

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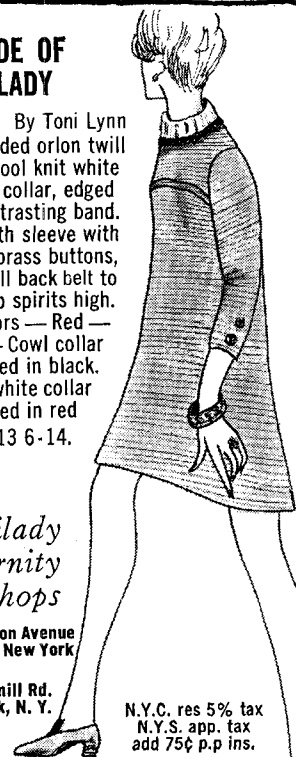
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To the photocopy (or the check itself) should be attached a note explaining the problem which lists your Member number, name, address and Zip Code (as well as the Secretary's name, address and Zip Code if he sends the cancelled check itself).

3. If, as a Chapter Member or as a Member-at-Large, you mailed your check directly to P. O. Box 389, Glenview, Illinois, send a photocopy of the front and back sides of your cancelled check, or the cancelled check itself (provided the check was endorsed by the Continental-Illinois Bank on or before May 11) to The Izaak Walton League of America, 1326 Waukegan Road, Glenview, Illinois-60025. To the photocopy (or the check itself) attach a note listing your name, address and Zip Code number, plus an explanation of your problem. If you happen to know your Member number or can copy it from your portion of the Dues Notice, list it also. Cancelled checks will be returned to you promptly.

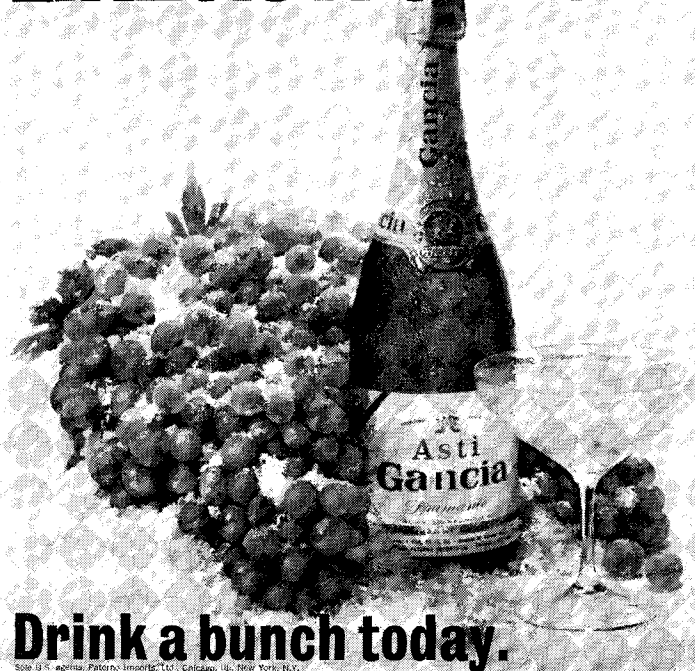
4. You will not accomplish anything if the Continental-Illinois Bank stamp is May 13 or later for such payments will not be handled by the computer service firm until the June 15 "transaction rosters" are run off after which time your Membership credentials will be mailed directly to you if you are a Member-at-Large or they will be mailed in bulk to the Chapter Secretary for Chapter Members and he should have them on or before July 1.

Errors made by "key punch" operators in translating information onto tabulator cards to be fed into the computer result in some real problems. It is entirely possible for a Member in California to pay his dues and have them credited to a Member in New York or some Chapter other than his own any place else in the United States. If the Member who is erroneously credited happens to have already paid his 1968 dues and is so recorded the computer will then print out a refund check to him in the amount of the excess dues erroneously credited to him.

In other words, the computer can be only as accurate as is the information fed into it. Because these types of human error (in translating information into forms which are suitable to be fed into computers) are so prevalent, computer manufacturers are making valiant efforts to produce equipment which can introduce information into computers by simply "scanning it." Until these are perfected, it is important a vigilant effort be made to correct such human errors by all means possible and the League's Membership Department solicits your aid to this goal.

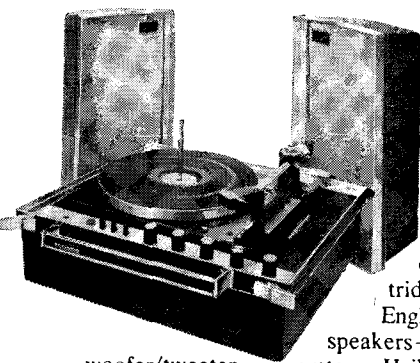
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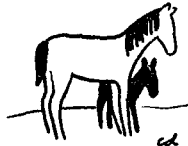
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THE RACE TRACK

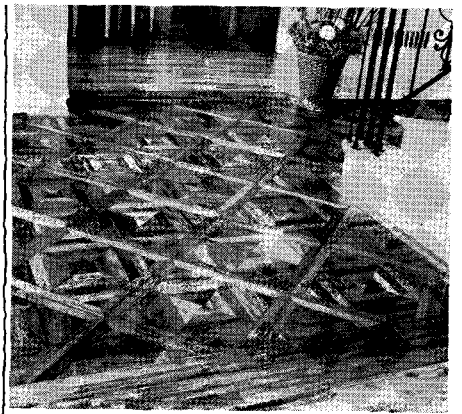
The Futurity



ALTHOUGH there were only six starters in the Futurity at Belmont Park last Saturday, it was a thriller quite up to the traditions of the event, and Top Knight, who won it by six lengths, had the air of superiority that is more often than not the mark of an exceptional race horse. He made a misstep from his post position, No. 1, as the doors of the starting gate opened, and in spite of a quick recovery was boxed in on the rail behind Distinctive, Never Confuse, and Cicada's Pride. However, Ycaza, who rode him, made no attempt to get clear until he reached the far turn, at which point he eased his mount to the outside. The colt was under pressure for a moment as he went around the leaders, but once in the stretch he forged majestically ahead. At the end, True North came up fast to take second place by half a length from Never Confuse. The six and a half furlongs was run in 1:16 1/5, which is a fifth of a second slower than the course mark and a fifth slower than the time of the Hopeful when Top Knight won it last month, at Saratoga. A big, handsome dark chestnut by Vertex out of Ran-Tan, Top Knight is owned by Steven B. Wilson, a retired manufacturer, who bought the dam, in foal to Vertex, for \$23,000 in 1965. It wasn't a bad investment, for Top Knight, the progeny, has earned \$184,238 in prize money, \$88,283 of it in the Futurity.

To close this account of the race, a few words about the luck of the Wheatley Stable-Ogden Phipps establishment and Ed Neloy, its trainer. Not so long ago, it looked as if its horses could run one, two, but King Emperor developed leg trouble, so did Reviewer, and Neloy had nothing to send out for the blue ribbon. That's racing.

THERE is no pleasanter place I can think of to go racing than Belmont Park, and last week it opened for its autumn meeting, which will run through October 26th. An innovation I like is the odds board in the paddock. It's not large, and it has two faces, so it can be read both by patrons in the grandstand area and by those in



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the clubhouse section. On opening day, for the long-shot players who had him, Waxhaw Brave started things off on the right foot by leading all the way, winning by a neck and paying a \$275.60 mutuel. Later that afternoon, a colt from the Argentine named Grace Born (his mama was True Grace) sprang a milder surprise (he was only 9-1) in the Stymie Handicap, which he won by lengths from Mr. Right, Spoon Bait, and nine others. Two days later, there was an upheaval in the Jerome Handicap: Forward Pass finished fourth. This observer of such things noted that the horse went to the post wearing tight bandages on both forelegs—and they weren't put on to keep the speed in. I doubt if we'll see him under colors for some time to come. Iron Ruler won the Jerome, Captain's Gig was second, and Dewan was third.

ALL the jumping races last week were first-rate. In fact, you couldn't ask for a livelier contest than that in the Charles L. Appleton Memorial Steeplechase, in which China Run brought off a 20-1 chance (he paid \$45.20), beating Spooky Joe, the even-money favorite. By the way, the other morning I stopped at Barry Ryan's barn for a look at Quick Pitch, who was voted the best jumper last season, and who, in my book, is the best we've seen in many a day. I am pleased to report that he couldn't look better—he's good enough to eat, as the horsemen say—and that he is coming along nicely in light training. I hope he continues to improve.

IT is expected that the Woodward Stakes at Belmont Park this weekend will go a long way toward deciding whether Dr. Fager or Damascus will be Horse of the Year. As the record stands, honors are even at two all. Well, if anyone cares to know, I believe Dr. Fager will take the odd one. He's been working impressively. Besides, I don't think Damascus is as good as he was this time last year. Still, it wouldn't be the first time I was wrong.

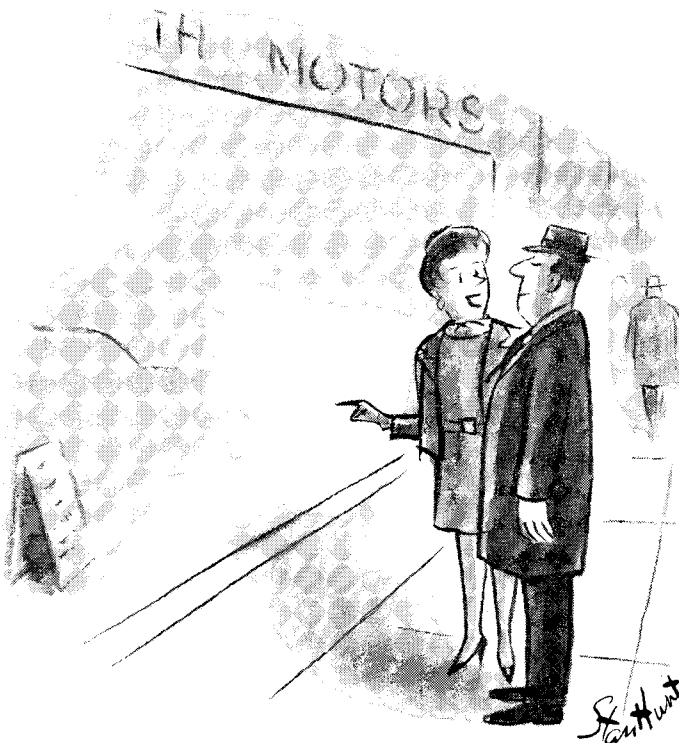
—AUDAX MINOR

MISS WORLD NAMED
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POULTNEY—Patricia G. World has accepted appointment as an instructor in biology at Green Mountain College for the 1968-69 academic year.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

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BOOKS

Tom Swift in Hell

THE nameless narrator and chief character of Flann O'Brien's "The Third Policeman" (Walker) dies in the course of the action, but we do not know it at the time. It comes as a surprise, and yet is plausible in retrospect—a flash of light at the end of the tunnel by which we can retrace our route. It is not an easy route to follow, forward or back: the landscape is bizarre, the events have the cliff-hanging aspects of a boy's adventure story as well as the frightening conviction of a nightmare, and time is distorted. The three days that pass in the narrator's life, or death, turn out to be twenty years for his hired hand, John Divney, and an eternity for three policemen—Policeman Fox, the third policeman of the novel's title, and his two colleagues, Sergeant Pluck and Policeman MacCruiskeen.

Starting out as a realistic novel, "The Third Policeman" rapidly changes into a book of magic deeds and transformations. Divney and the narrator kill a rich old man, Phillip Mathers, in order to get their hands on a black box containing three thousand pounds. The narrator is finishing Mathers off with a spade when Divney disappears, taking the black box with him; he returns, empty-handed, a few moments later. He eludes the narrator's questions about its whereabouts for months, then finally leads him to Mathers' house, where the box has been hidden under the floorboards. Divney remains outside, and the narrator enters the house, but when he reaches in under the floorboards to get the box it slips out of his hands. (We learn later that Divney has substituted explosives for the pounds.) Immediately, the narrator becomes aware of Mathers' presence in the room—a ghost, the narrator thinks, though, unknown to him and the reader, he is now a ghost himself. During a conversation between Mathers and the narrator, a third character speaks up—the narrator's soul, called Joe, who provides an intermittent, subterranean commentary on the narrator's behavior from then on. Complicity in Mathers' murder leads the narrator to a kind of Hell dominated by a surrealistic police barracks—one-dimensional from one point of view, three-dimensional from another—that is

the governing center of a countryside populated by people who are in part bicycles. An exchange of atoms between a cyclist and his machine produces various percentages of man-bike or bike-man, and it is one of the chief tasks of the policemen to keep track of the percentages from moment to moment. (Sergeant Pluck, whose main activity is the recovery of stolen bicycles, actually steals them himself.) A scaffold is built for the narrator's execution, which never takes place. He is led down a secret road by Pluck and MacCruiskeen to an underground structure—"eternity," a complex of repeated rooms, wires, mechanisms, and lights. It has a weighing machine, an elevator, and bank vaults from which any object of desire can be released for the asking—but only to be seen and handled, not removed. To exit from "eternity," one must weigh what one weighed on entering it; it is a place of wish fulfillment and disappointment. Time has stopped in "eternity." Cigarettes, though smoked, remain the same length; the outside world stays exactly as it was—a jammed movie frame—during the narrator's underground sojourn. The policemen's world is one of tantalizing nonsense and dis-

ruptive shocks—a world in which science and magic have got mixed up and horrible fates are narrowly escaped time after time.

Joe is not O'Brien's only means of digressing from the action in order to throw light on it; his most successful creation is a dead physicist-philosopher, de Selby, about whose life and work the narrator is compiling an index. In fact, it is for the sake of the de Selby index that he is lured into murder by Divney, who robs him of his farm and pub, and, eventually, his life—the last-minute revelation in the novel that jiggles its enigmatic patterns into a meaningful whole. De Selby is presented to us, most often in footnotes, as a scientific genius with theories about everything imaginable: houses, roads, journeys, hammering, water, and so on. Along with de Selby comes an army of de Selby specialists—historians, biographers, and scientists, such as the Englishmen Hatchjaw and Bassett; a Swiss, Le Clerque; a mocking Frenchman, Du Garbandier, whose attacks on de Selby are often answered by a shadowy German named Kraus. Kraus is, on the weight of the evidence, merely Du Garbandier in disguise, rushing back and forth between Hamburg and



W. Miller

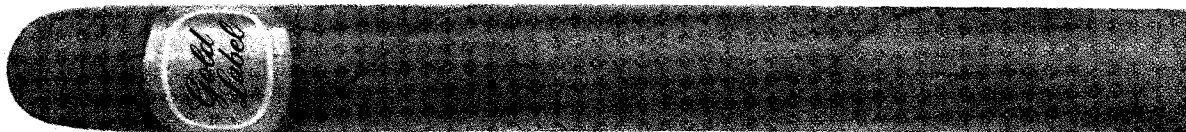
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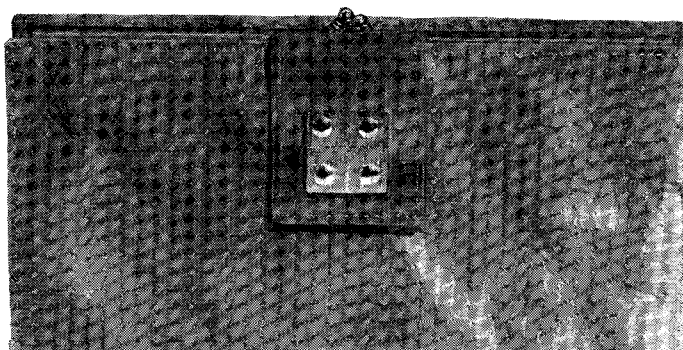
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Paris. There are others, including Henderson, an explicator not of de Selby but of Hatchjaw and Bassett. One could easily imagine a commentator on Henderson commenting on Hatchjaw and Bassett commenting on de Selby—a phenomenon familiar to scholarship and similar to the parallel mirrors that repeat images to infinity (which de Selby arranges for one of his experiments) or to the chest that contains exact but successively smaller reproductions of itself to the point of intangibility (a creation of Policeman MacCruiskeen, who works on miniature models with invisible tools).

O'Brien's finest moments involve de Selby and the crew of indefatigable scribblers who have devoted their lives to his theories. The footnotes change, like so many things in "The Third Policeman," from a credible literalness at the beginning of the book into an absurd hodgepodge of contradiction as we pursue the clues to de Selby's—and the narrator's—existence and identity. The narrator's deadpan sobriety in dealing with de Selby in the peculiar language of pedantry is as revealing in unmasking the genius as a crank as the actual content of de Selby's theories:

¹Not excepting even the credulous Kraus (see his *De Selbys Leben*), all the commentators have treated de Selby's disquisitions on night and sleep with considerable reserve. This is hardly to be wondered at since he held (a) that darkness was simply an accretion of "black air," i.e., a staining of the atmosphere due to volcanic eruptions too fine to be seen with the naked eye and also to certain "regrettable" industrial activities involving coaltar by-products and vegetable dyes; and (b) that sleep was simply a succession of fainting-fits brought on by semi-asphyxiation due to (a). Hatchjaw brings forward his rather facile and ever-ready theory of forgery, pointing to certain unfamiliar syntactical constructions in the first part of the third so-called "prosecution" in *Golden Hours*. He does not, however, suggest that there is anything spurious in de Selby's equally damaging rhodomontade in the *Layman's Atlas* where he inveighs savagely against "the insanitary conditions prevailing everywhere after six o'clock" and makes the famous *gaffe* that death is merely "the collapse of the heart from the strain of a lifetime of fits and fainting." Bassett (in *Lux Mundi*) has gone to considerable pains to establish the date of these passages and shows that de Selby was *hors de combat* from his long-standing gall-bladder disorders at least immediately before the passages were composed. One cannot lightly set aside Bassett's formidable table of dates and his corroborative extracts from contemporary newspapers which treat of an unnamed "elderly man" being assisted into private houses after having fits in the street. For those who wish to hold the balance for themselves, Henderson's *Hatchjaw and Bassett* is not



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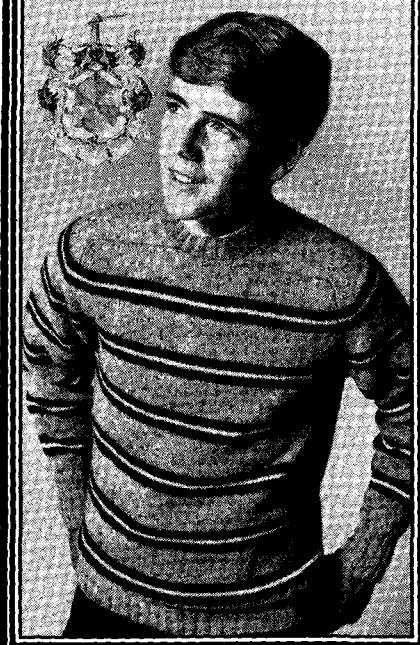
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unuseful. Kraus, usually unscientific and unreliable, is worth reading on this point. (*Leben*, pp. 17-37.)

Gradually, we come to realize that the de Selby footnotes are not merely fancy fingerwork—O'Brien's little joke—but a series of clues to the very heart of the matter. De Selby's test-tube universe, a pastiche of half fact and half fiction, is not very different from the pseudo-scientific and fantastic world in which the narrator finds himself. Both are strange to the reader but real to their respective protagonists. Our narrator is hellish to begin with: he has a wooden leg and is crippled, he has no name and no identity, and desire, sex, and love never concern him in the least. (Footnote: One of de Selby's many peculiar attributes is his inability to distinguish one sex from the other.) Human relationships in "The Third Policeman" are limited to those of plotter and complicitor, murderer and victim, executioner and condemned—each a distorted mirror image of the other, like the narrator and de Selby. De Selby is finally unmasked as a comic fraud; it is through the narrator's very interest in de Selby that the person we first take to be a scholar we finally come to know as a schoolboy and a dud.

Just as MacCruiskeen's chest keeps repeating itself, so one of O'Brien's major devices is doubling, or tripling; he is writing a "Chinese box" of a novel, in which appearances are not what they seem and each image is pregnant with another. The black box first contains money, then explosives, and finally "omnium," a source of energy from which, we are told, all the action and magic of the novel proceed; the narrator contains Joe, his soul; a second police barracks, the domain of Policeman Fox, is built inside the walls of Mathers' house; in "eternity" there is an actual place called eternity; Du Garbandier contains Kraus; the vaults of "eternity" contain the objects of our wishes, never to be possessed. The images of boxes, barracks, chests, and underground rooms recur, and we begin to associate the idea of enclosure, of containment and confinement, with the idea of Hell—an idea in sharp contrast to O'Brien's open and fresh descriptions of the natural world. Ultimately, the narrator's death contains his life, or—if we read O'Brien's book for its counterpoint rather than for its ostensible theme—his life embodies his death. At the end of the novel, he stands on the threshold of the police barracks once more—this time with Divney, who has died of a heart attack, beside him. Repeating the exact words



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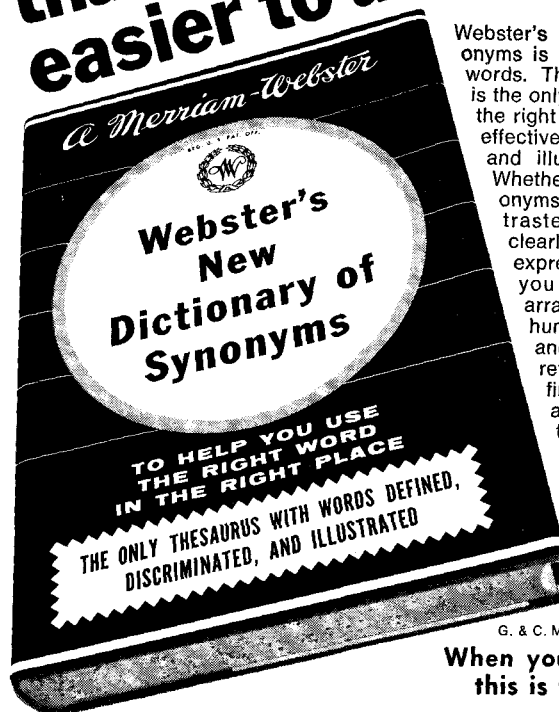
he has used to describe the narrator's first arrival at the barracks, O'Brien lets us know that the action of the novel is about to unwind itself again, ad infinitum.

"The Third Policeman" is a comic but sinister invention: on the one hand, a regional farce in which a criminal struggles with an entrenched rural bureaucracy, and, on the other, a mysterious allegory of universal pitfalls. It is a metaphysical comedy in which tricky camerawork and fleet ballet maneuvers of style bear the stamp of a technical master who has an occasional Irish weakness for blarney. Wit sometimes descends into whimsy. Completely original, it paradoxically brings to mind, as so many less original works do not, the world and the tone of other writers, and of Joyce and "Finnegans Wake" in particular. (A one-legged man who first tries to murder the narrator and then befriends him is named Finnuccane.) Though O'Brien's book makes no claim to the grandeur and sweep of Joyce's epic, its hero is dead, Joyce's asleep. Both books are circular in construction, slyly erudite in a similar fashion, and depend for a good deal of their force and comedy on linguistic invention. The outsize, cardboard caricatures of the three policemen suggest Kafka's "assistants" in managing simultaneously to appear both innocent and forbidding, and their cryptic dialogue owes more than a little to "Alice in Wonderland."

O'Brien belongs to a school of fiction more interested in archetype than in character and in metamorphosis than in action. His puppetlike figures do not suffer as individuals in any ordinary sense; they suffer for everyone in some general amusement park of the soul while confronting their unexpected fates. In O'Brien's Hell, guilt is a moral implication, not a matter of psychological anguish, and intimidation is the major terror, not humiliation. O'Brien mines and transforms; he takes the weather of other writers and creates a climate of his own. "The Third Po-



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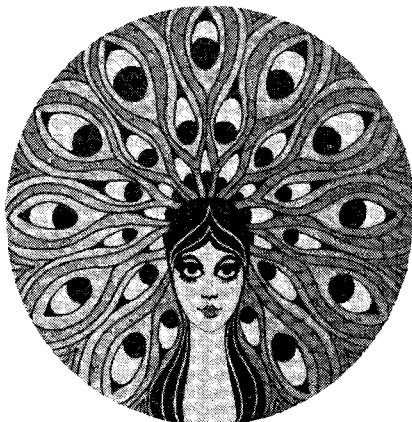
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liceman," written in Ireland in 1940 and published here a year after the author's death, is both *sui generis* and the product of a literary convention. And for no reason one can definitely point to, it is as strangely emotionally affecting as it is funny.

—HOWARD MOSS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

STEPHEN CRANE: A BIOGRAPHY, by R. W. Stallman (Braziller). Mr. Stallman, professor of literature at the University of Connecticut, is probably our leading authority on Crane, and this probably definitive study has all the usual faults and virtues of a work by an academician and a specialist. Its virtues are comprehensiveness, accuracy (Mr. Stallman has sifted and positioned every fact), honesty (he deals plainly with Crane's penchant for prostitutes and with Cora Taylor's often soft-pedalled occupation as the proprietress of a whorehouse), and a real enthusiasm for the subject. Its faults are chiefly two. One is a tiresome tendency to wrangle with other biographers and critics over microscopic points. The other fault is more formidable. The book is much too long (five hundred pages are devoted to Crane's eight adult years), and there is much too much about Crane's work (every last piece of his writing is described and analyzed). Since Mr. Stallman's powers of expression are merely functional, they lack the strength of style to carry those burdens of length and deadweight detail. Photographs. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE BRAINS TRUST, by R. G. Tugwell (Viking). This fascinating memoir, too, has its faults—in this case the natural faults of an elder statesman (a spot of peevishness here and there, for instance). On the other hand, it has the virtue of great freedom; with nothing more to win or lose, Mr. Tugwell can be, and is, entirely candid. The period of the book is March through November, 1932. Mr. Tugwell, then teaching economics at Columbia, was enlisted by Raymond Moley, a colleague, to serve as one of several idea men for Franklin Roosevelt, the Governor of New York, who was working for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Mr. Tugwell educated the Governor in the newest economic

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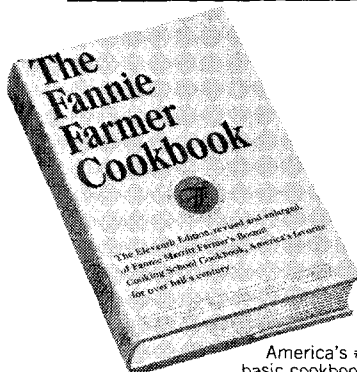
SCOTTS, the grass people

ideas, and Roosevelt, in return, taught Mr. Tugwell about the ancient arts of politics. The latter believes that Roosevelt, as President, could and should have remodelled the nation's economic institutions, and throughout the campaign he tried (and failed) to persuade him to promise some such thorough reconstruction. Tugwell's closest friends, who might be described either as radical eggheads or as far-sighted intellectuals, looked on Roosevelt with contempt, considering him a creature of bosses and moneyed interests—a compromiser or a point-misser. They could not see why Tugwell worked for him, and Tugwell, who had to admit that his grand plans might not be adopted, could not explain why he did. This book is, in a sense, that explanation, and it is an intimate, understanding portrait of one of the most interesting Presidents in our history. Ten dollars.

BLACK RAGE, by William H. Grier, M.D., and Price M. Cobbs, M.D. (Basic Books). Two Negro psychiatrists tell us that the symptoms of the emotional disturbances of American blacks are similar to those of American whites but that the causes of Negro neuroses lie as much—or more—in American society as in the individual's personality. The authors believe that "an attitude, shared by black and white alike, that blacks are inferior" has "become imbedded in the national character." Therefore, they look to a national social solution rather than to psychotherapy for a means of helping Negroes overcome their fear and rage. The relation of Negro mothers to their sons, as the authors describe it, resembles an acute form of what used to be considered the general American problem of momism, and other minority groups have felt, as Grier and Cobbs say Negroes have felt, that they are physically unattractive. But, for the most part, the doctors prove their point: American Negroes' emotional problems are unique.

LONG BEFORE FORTY, by C. S. Forester (Little, Brown). An autobiographical fragment by the creator of Horatio Hornblower—written thirty years ago and discovered only after the author's death in 1966—that covers his cosseted London boyhood, his dissolute failure as a medical student, and his hungry, pre-Hornblower period as a writer. Forester sets it all forth with honesty

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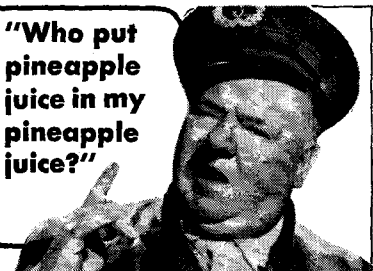
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and candor. For some years, because of an altercation with his parents, he matter-of-factly notes, he was so poor that in order to eat he stole an armchair from a club, begged as a hat-in-hand street singer, and worked as a gigolo. His candor extends even to his work: "With my own example before me, I know it is possible for a young man without influence or any apparent talent in boyhood to achieve a competency in literature." The publishers have fattened this interesting book by the quite unnecessary addition of the long, deadly-detailed essay on the genesis of the Hornblower series that Forester produced in 1964 for "The Hornblower Companion."

THOSE REMARKABLE CUNARDS: EMERALD AND NANCY, by Daphne Fielding (Atheneum). An engaging, affecting double biography. Emerald (b. 1872; m. Sir Bache Cunard 1895; d. 1948) had one daughter, Nancy (1896-1965). Both women were social cynosures—beautiful and witty, inventive hostesses and discerning patrons—and for most of their lives they were at odds with each other. Their personalities were similar, and so were their troubled destinies, but their ages, and perhaps their similarities, brought them into conflict. Though any generation-gap tale is inevitably sad, Mrs. Fielding remembers that both her spunky charmers had some fine times, and that both, in sorrow as in joy, defy sentimentalizing.

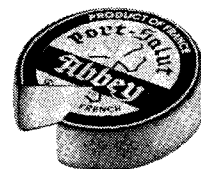
THE CASE AGAINST CONGRESS, by Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson (Simon & Schuster). There are laws that define (and punish) corruption in the executive branch of government, but there are, say the authors, no similar statutes affecting Congress except the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925, which is concerned with election spending. This book aims to show why there ought to be a law—or at least a recognized code of ethics—to keep congressmen honest. The work is a rogues' gallery of members of both Houses who are said to have enriched themselves and their supporters, wasted public moneys, got drunk on the job, and, in almost every other way conceivable, failed their duty to the public. The authors think that the sloppy moral attitude of both Houses encourages the full flowering of human frailty. They take care to mention several honorable legislators, and they do propose a few plausible remedies, but the over-



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whelming effect of their report is shocking, not hopeful.

THE GREAT RAPPROCHEMENT: ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES, 1895-1914, by Bradford Perkins (Atheneum). A profound, witty history of the development of Anglo-American friendship. Professor Perkins reminds us that feelings between the ex-colony and its sometime mother country ranged from bad to terrible throughout most of the nineteenth century, and that the affinity between the two nations, which nowadays seems self-evident, was long invisible. Why the change? he asks, and answers his question with a fine mix of fact and insight. The predominant cause was British statesmanship. The years before the First World War were crammed with occasions for Anglo-American disputes, but each issue was smothered before it blazed. Mr. Perkins recalls a host of half-forgotten matters (the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, Venezuela), and makes them as memorable as Sherlock Holmes' dog that did not bark in the night: they were all quarrels that did not occur.

THE NEW LANGUAGE OF POLITICS: AN ANECDOTAL DICTIONARY OF CATCHWORDS, SLOGANS, AND POLITICAL USAGE, by William Safire (Random House). This entertaining book records and defines the slang, jargon, and cant words of contemporary American politics. There are anecdotal etymologies, and while these may be educational they are rarely edifying, since they mainly recount tales of nastiness or silliness. The entries range from words like "gerrymander," which has securely established itself as the way to say "gerrymander," down to such recent coinages as "Medicare"—a name, Mr. Safire says, that was long resisted by its proponents, on the ground that it misrepresented the program. Many of the latest borrowings ("dialogue," for example) seem to have done no more than debase perfectly good words, but one may hope that a few, at least, will settle down and perform the same sort of useful function as "fence-mending" and "caucus." Ten dollars.

NOTE: Atheneum has published "Second Nature," a collection of poems by Howard Moss, most of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Super-Drummer: A Profile of Buddy Rich," by Whitney Balliett, with photographs by Fred Seligo, has been published by Bobbs-

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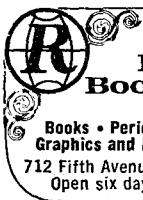
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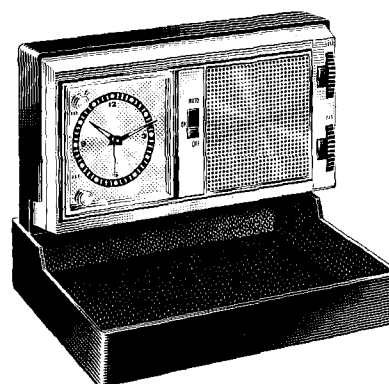
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Merrill. The text was first printed in this magazine, in somewhat different form... "What's Your Name?," a collection of some twenty paintings done by Edna Eicke as covers for *The New Yorker*, has been published by Windmill.

ALFRED FRUEH

PRINTED in full, his name is that of a stranger, since nobody ever spoke the second syllable of "Alfred," or thought of his surname except as it was pronounced—"free." It was a name that suited him, for by a wise exercise of his talent he was able from youth to age to lead precisely the sort of life he wished, and the pleasure that this freedom gave him he shared, in his ebullient drawings, with all the rest of us. He was a tall, sandy-haired, blue-eyed man, much of whose conversation consisted of comfortable silences. In his Paris days, he had been a friend of Matisse and Braque, and his eye and hand responded with genial acuteness to the urban scene, but he chose to become, in the best sense, countrified. During most of the past forty years, he lived on a farm in northwestern Connecticut, loping barefoot among his cherished trees and, to the astonishment of city friends, munching on pine cones and other debris. On his visits to New York, he wore with relish the mask of a bumpkin; this was a device more subtle than it looked at first glance, for behind the mask was a person authentically rural, though as little a bumpkin as Thomas Jefferson.

Al Frueh had two drawings in the first issue of this magazine, in 1925, and he drew its second cover. The magazine published many hundreds of contributions by him in the decades that followed. For years, his caricatures of actors and actresses appearing in the plays of the moment were a weekly adornment of the theatre department. He drew simply and boldly, in pen and ink, and, as has been true of so many artists, the older he grew, the simpler and bolder his drawings became. He made his last drawing for us six years ago, at the age of eighty-one, and we did not suspect that it would be his last, because he seemed to have outwitted age; the vigor of his body and the undiminished youthfulness of his art had lured us into the happy assumption that he would go on living and drawing forever.



PATTI PAGE

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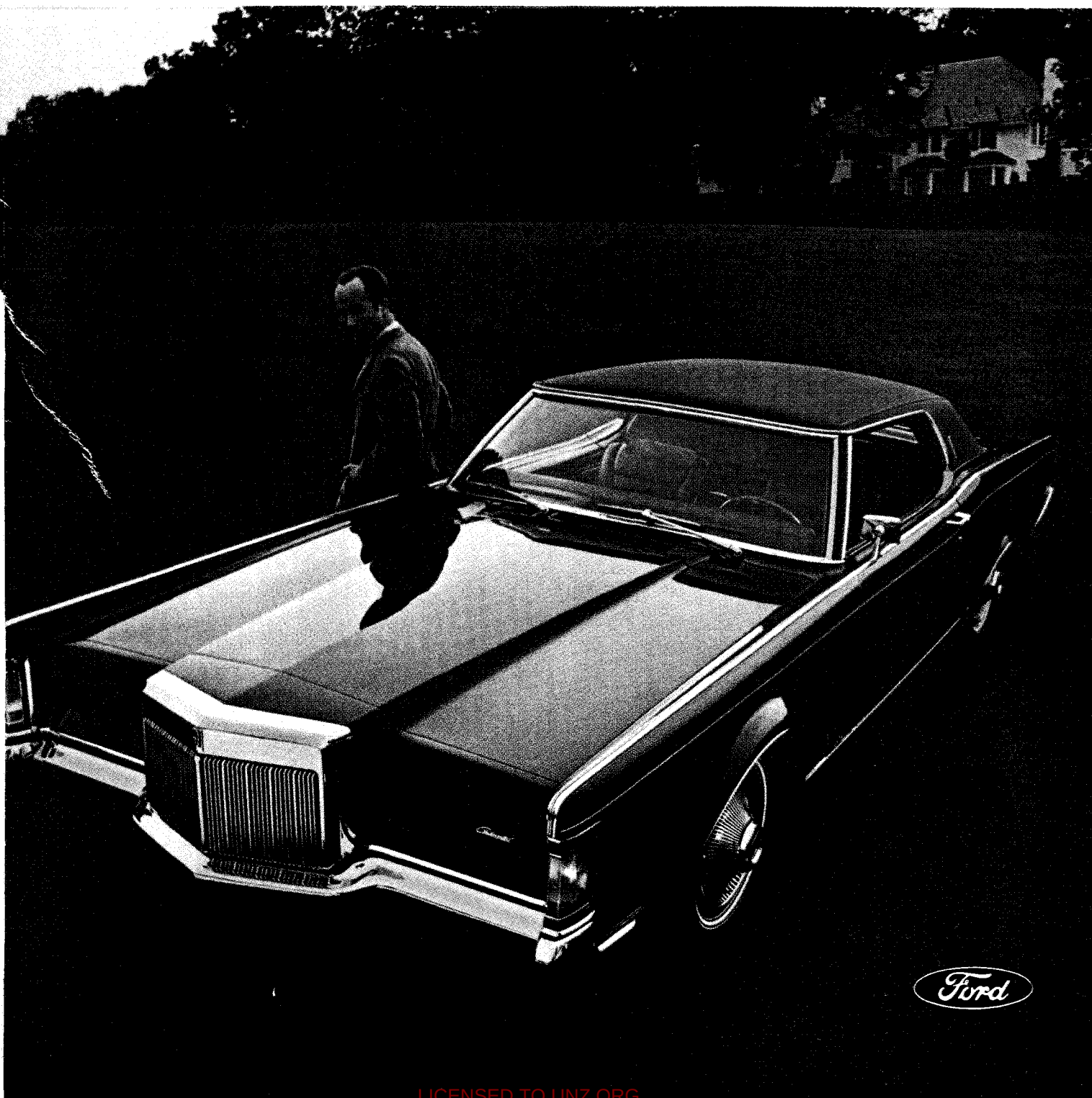
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